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SPINDRIFT

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SPINDRIFT

SALT FROM THE OCEAN OF
ENGLISH PROSE

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PREFACE

THIS book is not a volume of Sea Prose or of Seamen's Prose. Such a book, if compiled, would be found on inspection to be stuffed with quaint words and larded with strange oaths. To some the dish might prove not unpalatable. Indeed it is probable that Ned Ward dissector of *The Wooden World*, Parson Teonge the naval Diarist, and Jack Nastyface the unraveller of *Nautical Economy*, might attract a wider audience to-day than they could draw from their own generation. But the passages here presented are the traffics of authors on the ocean ways, not the wanderings of seafarers in the thorny labyrinths of language.

The present anthology, it is hoped, may help in some measure to show how the masters of English Prose have been affected by the sea; how soon they waked responsive to its influence; how faithfully they have pictured it in storm and calm; how skilfully they have used it for stage effect or to create an atmosphere; how deeply they have plumbed its sundering floods; how subtly they have been lured by the spell of its colour or the thrall of its music; how far they have followed like mendicant sea-gulls in the wake of its painted ships.

Some men of letters have at best betrayed a casual or curious interest in the subject. Some with contemptuous deliberation have passed it by on the other side. Some in their environment have found no occasion for so much as a passing reference to it. Izaak Walton never left the

dimpled willow-shaded waterbrooks to follow the leaping salmon past brackish estuaries out into the deep beyond. John Bunyan dreamed no vision of Christian endeavour labouring through rocks and shoals and waterspouts to be beguiled by dreamy lotos-isles and sweet-voiced mermaids.

But although some illustrious names are absent from the list, the great majority of famous authors have something to contribute. There are those who have wrapped themselves in the shadows of the deep as a troubadour in his cloak of romance; Ossian whose hero plunges through the mist to battle with the spirit of the storm; Malory whose sable barge of death moves with mystery out of the unknown with majesty into the unseen. There are those who, to enhance the realism of their story, have grappled boldly and successfully with matters properly beyond their ken; none with more baffling skill than Shakespeare in the first scene of *The Tempest*, where the efforts of the Master [through his mouthpiece the boatswain] to work his ship off a dead lee shore are suggested by a few deft touches. There are those too, less scrupulous, who have lifted their material, with little alteration and no acknowledgment, from some professional work on seamanship or pilotage. Such was Dean Swift, who stole a passage from *The Mariner's Jewel* by James Love, mathematician, and so brought Gulliver's ship, well handled, through the teeth of a snoring gale. Then there are those who in search of health have overcome their repugnance to salt water; and those who in pursuit of ambition or gain have mastered a natural disinclination to embark. Fielding, to wile away the tedium of a voyage to Lisbon, propped up his sickly frame in the cabin of the *Queen of Portugal* and with brave but failing fingers sketched for us the most trivial incidents with bright-eyed animation. Pepys

under date, 23 March, 1660, plaintively whispers to his diary, "The weather being good, I was not sick at all yet. I know not what I shall be"; and under date, 22 May, "Holding my head too much over the gun, I had almost spoiled my right eye." But inconveniences greater than these would not have deterred him from describing in detail the fleet that brought the King to his own again.

And there are those who have owed all, or almost all, to the ocean, and paid their debt to mankind; patient Hakluyt, cheerfully enduring restless nights and painful days, searching famous libraries, redeeming from obscurity old records, patents, privileges and letters; seeking acquaintance with many mariners, neglecting fair opportunities of private gain, preferment and ease, to preserve the principal navigations of the English nation from the "greedy and devouring jaws of oblivion"; Defoe, with his unrivalled genius for "lying like truth," calling from his inner consciousness such invention of plausible circumstance that he lives as the creator of an immortal tale instead of perishing as an ill-starred pamphleteer; Smollett, with an empty purse in one pocket and an unpublished tragedy in another, at the happiest and most miserable moment of his life pressed by the gang to gather afloat "copy" for his facile and vitriolic pen; Marryat, by no means the only naval-officer novelist, but by far the ablest and most talented, carrying his readers through the turmoil of battle with a precision of detail that converts fiction into fact, and alternating moments of danger and excitement with welcome glimpses of life below deck and the gun-room's bubbling fun.

This last group unite with their literary talent so remarkable an acquaintance with the sailor's life, with seamen, or with ships that they have received in this volume, as is justly due, an allowance of space more generous than their fellows.

When attention is turned from mind to matter, from men to material, certain topics may be noted that meet with special favour. There is the aspect of ocean; to Addison, the throne of the eternal, the mirror of the infinite; to Lamb, touring on a cockney's trip to Margate, so absurdly disappointing in its magnitude as to extort from him the question, "Is this *all*?" There is the beauty of the deep, its colour, its motion; and the stateliness of ships. Michael Scott saw in the gun-brig leaning over to the breeze, with her burnished copper glinting through the liquid green, such loveliness that he described her under every aspect so that others might feast upon her beauty through his eyes. Ruskin teaches the most careful observers how little they have noticed in the shape of a breaking wave, and sets in a glowing mosaic of words the tints of a southern sea.

The privations of a sailor's existence invite frequent comment, provoking sometimes disgust and sometimes pity. "Their bread is so hard," wrote Lyly in 1584, "that one must carry a whetstone in his mouth to grind his teeth; the meat so salt, that one would think after dinner his tongue had been powdered ten days. Oh! thou hast a sweet life, Mariner, to be pinned in a few boards and to be within an inch of a thing bottomless."

The seafaring man by his visits ashore has afforded literary artists many a notable opportunity for study. Sometimes he has been treated with respect, more often with chaff and badinage. "He is careful," writes Fuller, "in observing the Lord's Day. He hath a watch in his heart though no bells in a steeple to proclaim that day by ringing to prayers." "His body and his ship," writes Sir Thomas Overbury, "are both of one burden. Nor is it known who stows most wine or rolls most. . . . A barnacle and he are bred together; both of one nature and, 'tis feared, one reason. . . . In a storm 'tis disputable whether

the noise be more his or the elements' and which will first leave scolding." From which it will be seen that the sailorman, off duty, was not always at pains to create a good impression. Nevertheless observers from Sir Thomas More to Leigh Hunt agree to describe him as a droll whimsical fellow, bronzed by sun and wind, ready with his fists and clever with his fingers, good-natured, kindly, tolerant, generous and helpful to the last conceivable degree, and blest with an inexhaustible supply of yarns as incredible as they are entertaining.

Not less pleasing than the likenesses of tar and wappineer are the portraits, real and imaginary, of historic characters; Evelyn's delightful pictures of Lord Sandwich and Pepys, Clarendon's half-lengths of Batten and Pennington, Landor's vision of the Commonwealth Admiral and Froude's of Francis Drake. To these must be added studies of real men under fanciful nicknames and disguises; the divine Commodore Trunnion, Commodore Flip, Commodore Sir Oliver Oakplank and his crony Lieutenant Sprawl, Captain Mizzen, Captain Oakum and Captain Capperbar, Dirk Hatteraick the smuggler and Cleveland the "Pirate," Congreve's Ben Legend, Wycherley's Captain Manly, Assistant-Surgeon Morgan of the *Thunder*, Jack Rattlin, and last but not least Mr. Chucks the Boatswain. In this goodly company Captain Cuttle should find a place, if the canvas that contains him were not too large for such a gallery.

The collection stops abruptly at 1870, because it is thought that the widely circulated, carefully treasured, well thumbed pieces of the past are appreciated more highly in a setting of their own, than when mixed with golden specimens of present currency whose glittering lustre, and clearer-cut impression, are in part at least to be attributed to their recent issue from the mint.

The pieces are arranged—so far as available know-

ledge permits—in the order of their composition or publication. Historical sequence everywhere gives way to the unfolding pageant of English prose or the development of an individual author's style. Thus Clarendon's cameos of the Civil War are placed after Pepys and Evelyn, and Carlyle's footnote to the "Glorious First of June" precedes Blake's destruction of Spanish argosies. Resort has been had—so far as possible—to the most scholarly and definitive editions of text; and this procedure has been followed even in the case of Malory who usually suffers from a surfeit of transliteration. For the reader's convenience, the punctuation from the outset has been modernized. But in pre-Renaissance passages the author's spelling is retained; partly because by its elimination much of the charm and naïveté of the original is lost; and partly [a more practical reason] because such words as "oostis," "stieth," and "swolowis" have no exact equivalents in the modern reader's vocabulary.

G. C.

R.N. COLLEGE,
OSBORNE,
ISLE OF WIGHT,
June 1915.

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JOHN WYCLIFFE

1320 (?)—1384

THE STORY OF JONAH

AND the word of the Lord was maad to Jonas¹, sone of Amathi, and seide, "Rise thou, and go in to Nynyue, the greet citee, and preche thou ther ynnere, for the malice therof stieth² vp bifore me." And Jonas roos for to fle in to Tharsis³, fro the face of the Lord. And he cam down to Joppe⁴, and foond a schip⁵ goynge in to Tharsis, and he gaf schip hire to hem; and he wente down in to it, for to go with hem in to Tharsis, fro the face of the Lord. Forsothe the Lord sente a greete wynd in the see, and a greet tempest was maad in the see, and the schip was in perel for to be al to-brokun⁶. And schip men dredden, and men crieden to her God; and senten vessels, that weren in the schip, in to the see, that it were maad li3tere of hem. And Jonas wente down in to the ynnere thingis of the schip, and slepte bi⁷ a greuouse⁸ sleep. And the

¹ Queen Elizabeth christened her first fighting ship [1559] *Elizabeth Jonas* "in remembrance of her owne deliverance from the furye of her enemyes from which in one respect she was no lesse myraculously preserved than was the prophet Jonas from the belly of the whale."

² Mounteth. ³ Andalusia [?].

⁴ Where, according to the Greek myth, Perseus rescued Andromeda from a great sea monster.

⁵ Perhaps a Phoenician vessel.

⁶ *Al to-brokun*. Broken all to pieces; cp. *Judges*, ix. 53, "And a certain woman cast a piece of a millstone upon Abimelech's head and all to brake his scull."

⁷ By [=with]. ⁸ Heavy.

gouernour¹ cam to him, and seide to hym, "Whi art thou cast doun in sleep? Rise thou, clepe² thi God to help, if perauenture God aȝen thenke of vs, and we perische not." And a man seide to his felowe, "Come ȝe, & caste we lottis, & witte³ we, whi this yuel is to vs." And thei kesten lottis, & lot felle on Jonas. And thei seiden to hym, "Schewe thou to vs, for cause of what thing this yuel is to vs; what is thi werk, which is thi lond, & whidur goist thou, ether of what puple art thou?" And he seide to hem, "Y am an Ebrew, and Y drede the Lord God of heuene, that made the see and the drie lond." And the men dredden with greet drede, and seiden to him, "Whi didist thou this thing?" For the men knewen that he flei fro the face of the Lord, for Jonas hadde schewide to hem. And they seiden to hym, "What schulen we do to thee, and the see schal seesse fro vs?" For the see wente, and wexe greet on hem. And he seide to hem, "Take ȝe me, and throwe in to the see, and the see schal ceesse fro ȝou; for Y woot, that for me this greet tempest is on ȝou." And men rowiden, for to turne aȝen to the drie lond, and thei miȝten not, for the see wente, & wexe greet on hem. And thei crieden to the Lord, & seiden, "Lord, we bisechen, that we perische not in the lijf of this man, and that thou ȝyue not on vs innocent blood; for thou, Lord, didist as thou woldist." And thei token Jonas, and threwen in to the see; & the see stood of his buylyng⁴. And the men dredden the Lord with greet drede, and offriden⁵ oostis⁶ to the Lord and vowiden avowis.

And the Lord maad redi a greet fisch, that he shulde swolowe Jonas; & Jonas was in the wombe of the fisch thre daies & thre niȝtis. And Jonas preiede to the Lord his God fro the fischis wombe, and seide, "Y cride to

¹ Master.² Call.³ Know.⁴ Boiling.⁵ Offered.⁶ Sacrifices.

God of my tribulacioun, & he herde me; fro the wombe of helle Y criede, and thou herdist my vois. Thou castidist me doun in to depnesse, in the herte of the see, & the flood cumpasside me; alle thi swolowis¹ and thi wawis passiden on me. And Y seide, 'Y am cast awei fro sijt of thin iȝen; netheles eftsoone Y schal see thin hooli temple. Watris cumpassiden me til to my soule, depnesse enuyrownede me, the see hilide² myn heed. Y wente doun to the vtmoste places of hillis, the barris³ of erthe closiden me togidere, in to withouten ende; and thou, my Lord God, schalt reise vp my lijf from corrupcioun.' Whanne my soule was angwisched in me, Y bithouȝte on the Lord, that my preier come to thee, to thin hooli temple. Thei that kepen vanytees forsaken his merci idili. But Y in vois of heriying schal offre to thee; what euer thingis Y vowide, Y schal ȝelde to the Lord for myn helthe." And the Lord seide to the fisch, and it castide out Jenas in to the drie lond.

Translation from the Vulgate.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER

1340 (?)—1400

THE ASTROLABE

LITEL LOWIS my sone, I have perceived wel by certeyne evidences thyn abilite to lerne sciencez touchinge noumbres and proporciouns; and as wel considere I thy bisy preyere in special to lerne the Tretis of the Astrolabie. Than, for as mechel⁴ as a filosofre seith, "he wrappeth him in his frend, that condescendeth to the rightful

¹ Whirlpools.

² Hid. . . . ³ Bars.

⁴ Much.

preyers of his frend," ther-for have I geven thee a suffisaunt Astrolabie as for oure orizonte, compownded after the latitude of Oxenford; up-on which, by mediacion of this litel tretis, I purpose to teche thee a certain nombre of conclusiouns apertening to the same instrument.

And Lowis, yif so be that I shewe thee in my lighte English as trewe conclusiouns touching this matere, and naught only as trewe but as many and as subtil conclusiouns as ben shewed in Latin in any commune tretis of the Astrolabie, con¹ me the more thank; and preye God save the King, that is lord of this langage, and alle that him feyth bereth and obeyeth, ever-ech in his degree, the more and the lasse

Descripcion of the Astrolabie.

Thyn Astrolabie hath a ring to putten on the thombe of thy right hand in taking the heighte of thinges. And tak keep², for from hennes-forthward, I wol clepe the heighte of any thing that is taken by thy rewle³, the altitude, withoute mo wordes.

A lyne cometh dessendinge fro the ring down to the nethereste⁴ bordure. The whiche lyne, fro the for-seide⁵ ring un-to the centre of the large hole amide, is cleped the south lyne, or elles the lyne meridional. And the remenant of this lyne downe to the bordure is cleped the north lyne, or elles the lyne of midnight. And for the more declaracioun, lo here the figure.

Overthwart this for-seide longe lyne, ther crosseth him another lyne of the same lengthe from est to west. Of the whiche lyne, from a litel croys + in the bordure un-to the centre of the large hole, is cleped the Est lyne,

¹ Grant.

² Take heed.

³ See below.

⁴ Lowest.

⁵ Aforesaid.

or elles the lyne Orientale; and the remenant of this lyne fro the foreseid + un-to the bordure, is cleped the West lyne, or the lyne Occidentale. Now hastow here the four quarters of thin astrolabie, devyded after the four principals plages¹ or quarters of the firmament. And for the more declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

The est side of thyn Astrolabie is cleped the right side, and the west side is cleped the left side. Forget nat this, litel Lowis. Put the ring of thyn Astrolabie upon the thombe of thy right hand, and thanne wole his right syde be toward thy left syde, and his left syde wol be toward thy right syde. Upon the ende of this est lyne, as I first seide, is marked a litel +, wher-as² evere-mo³ generaly is considered the entring of the first degree in which the sonne aryseth. And for the more declaracioun, lo here the figure.

Fro this litel + up to the end of the lyne meridional under the ring, shaltow finden the bordure devyded with 90 degrees; and by that same proporcioun is every quarter of thin Astrolabie devyded. Over the whiche degrees ther ben nombres of augrim⁴, that devyden thilke same degrees fro fyve to fyve, as sheweth by long strykes by-twene. And for more declaracioun, lo here the figure.

Thanne hastow a brood rewle⁵ that hath on either ende a square plate perced with a certein holes, some more and some lesse, to resseyven the stremes of the sonne by day, and eek by mediacioun of thyn eye, to knowe the altitude of sterres by night⁶. And for the more declaracioun, lo here thy figure.

¹ Regions.

² Where.

³ Always.

⁴ Enumeration.

⁵ See below.

⁶ The lesser holes for an observation of the sun, the greater for an observation of the stars.

To knowe the altitude of the sonne, or of othre celestial bodies.

Put the ring of thyn Astrolabie up-on thy right thombe, and turne thy lift syde agayn the lighte of the sonne. And remeve thy rewle up and down, til that the stremes of the sonne shyne thorgh bothe holes of thy rewle. Loke thanne how many degrees thy rewle is areised fro the litel crois up-on thy est line, and tak ther the altitude of thy sonne. And in this same wyse maistow knowe by nighte the altitude of the mone, or of brighte sterres. This chapitre is so general ever in oon¹, that ther nedith no more declaracion; but forget it nat. And for the more declaracioun, lo here the figure².

A Treatise on the Astrolabe.

¹ *Ever in oon*, invariably.

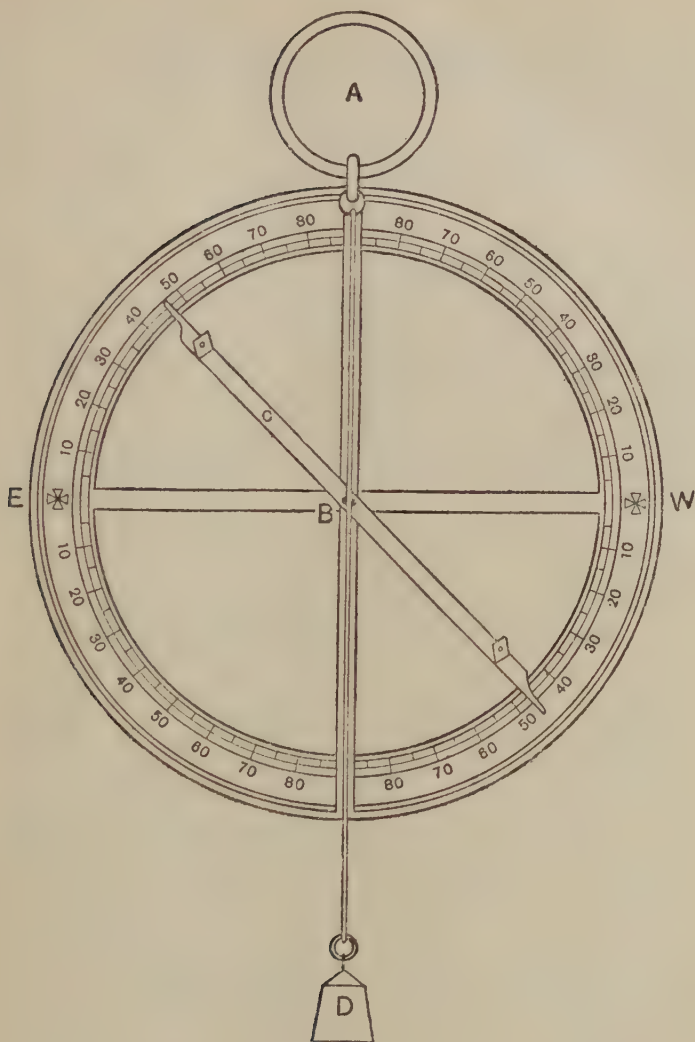
² The Astrolabe was at first an astronomer's instrument and as such was known in the East at an early date. It may have been in use among the Arabs during the eighth century. It was probably adopted in Western Europe during the fourteenth. In 1480 or thereabouts, a simplified form of the Astrolabe was constructed for the use of navigators by Martin Behaim of Nuremberg. This was employed by Columbus on his famous voyage in 1492. With its aid and with the aid of a table of the sun's declination calculated for the years 1475-1566 by Johann Müller [called *Regiomontanus*] Columbus constantly took a meridian altitude of the sun. But for accuracy he seems to have preferred an altitude of the Pole Star.

The Astrolabe as described by Chaucer is the complicated instrument of the astronomers. But the passage quoted describes those parts only which were made use of in the navigator's instrument.

"And for the more declaracioun, lo here the figure."

Observations taken with the Astrolabe were lacking in exactness and precision. In fact at times they must have been almost impossible on a rolling deck at sea. The Astrolabe in consequence never developed. A clumsier instrument called the Cross-Staff, invented about the same time, shared the attention of mariners for a century after Columbus. In 1594 it was developed by John Davis, the famous navigator, into the Back-Staff or Davis's Quadrant; and this held the field until the invention by Hadley of the reflecting Quadrant in 1731. In 1757 Captain Campbell, finding the Quadrant needlessly cumbersome, devised an instrument of his own that had its arc not the fourth part of a circle [90°] but the sixth part [60°]. Hence arose the modern Sextant.

It has been said that the Astrolabe was an imperfect instrument. Columbus may possibly in his calculations have been correct within a degree. Tycho Brahe at the end of the next century carried accuracy forward to the third of a degree [20']. Hadley's Quadrant brought observations within a minute of arc. But the Sextant with its powerful magnifier renders possible a reading to ten seconds of arc and makes even the Quadrant seem clumsy.



EXPLANATION

- A.* Thumb Ring. *B.* The Centre or "hole amidee."
C. The "Rewle" or Rule, a movable limb pivoted upon the centre of the Astrolabe, with an eye-piece for peep-holes at either end.
D. A plumb line to ensure that E. . . . W. is truly horizontal.

SIR THOMAS MALORY

flor.

[1469—70]¹

I

KING ARTHUR'S DREAM²

Now leue we of Lucius the emperour and speke we of kynge Arthur that commaunded alle them of his retenue to be redy atte³ utas of hyllary⁴ for to holde a parlement at Yorke. And at that parlement was concluded to areste alle the nauye of the lond⁵ & to be redy within xv dayes at Sandwyche: and there he shewed to his armye how he purposed to conquere th'empyre whiche he ought to haue of ryght. And there he ordeyned two gouernours of his Royame that is to say Syre Bawdewyn of Bretayne for to counceille to the best and Syr Constantyn sone to Syre Cador of Cornewaylle whiche after the dethe of Arthur was kyng of this Royamme. And in the presence of alle his lordes he resyned the rule of the Royame & Gweneuer his quene to them. . . . Thenne the quene Gweneuer made grete sorowe for the departynge of her lord and other and swouned in suche wyse that the ladyes bare her in to her chambre. Thus the kyng with his grete armye departed leuyng the quene & Royamme in the gouernaunce of Syre Bawduyn & Constantyn. And whan he was on his hors he sayd

¹ Sir Thomas Malory's dates are unknown: but the Epilogue to *Morte Darthur* states that the book was finished in the ninth year of King Edward IV.

² This and the following extract are copied from Dr. H. Oskar Sommer's page for page reprint of Caxton's text.

³ At the.

⁴ Octave of Hilary, i.e., 21 January.

⁵ It was resolved to lay an embargo on all the shipping of the kingdom.

with an hyhe voys, "Yf I dye in this iourney I wyl that Syre Constantyn be myn heyer and kyng crowned of this Royame as next of my blood"; and after departed and entred in to the see atte Sandwyche with alle his armye with a greete multitude of shyppes, galeyes, cogges and dromoundes¹ sayllynge on the see.

And as the kyng laye in his caban² in the shyp he fyll in a slomerynge and dremed a merueyllous dreme. Hym semed that a dredeful dragon dyd drowne moche of his peple and he cam fleynge oute of the west. And his hede was enameled with asure and his sholders shone as gold: his belly lyke maylles of a merueyllous hewe, his taylle ful of tatters, his feet ful of fyne sable & his clawes lyke fyne gold. And an hydous flamme of fyre flewe oute of his mouthe lyke as the londe and water had flammed all of fyre. After hym semed there came oute

¹ Nautical archaeologists are still unable to say with any certainty how the "Cog" and the "Dromon" differed in construction and rig from other vessels. On his passage to the Holy Land, Richard Lion Heart had a tremendous duel with a Dromon. The Cog is first mentioned in the reign of John. The great ships of the Middle Age were of two main classes, sailing vessels and oared vessels. The former, broad of beam and roomy, were employed as merchantmen and transports: the latter, lithe and speedy, were used for war. It is not at all unlikely that the Cog, deriving her name from the French for "cockle-shell," was an outstanding type of sailing vessel; and that the Dromon, deriving her name from the Greek for "to run," was an outstanding type of galley. The Cog was certainly employed to carry Pilgrims from England to the coasts of Europe: and a poem by one of Malory's contemporaries [*The Libel of English Policie*], describing Henry V's descent on Harfleur, says,

Whan at Hampton he made the great dromons

Which passed other great ships of all the commons,
suggesting that the Dromon was the speediest engine of warfare afloat.

² The earliest mention of cabins in British ships is under date 1242. In that year King Henry III journeyed to Gascony with his Queen "and among the preparations made for the voyage, convenient cabins or chambers were ordered to be built in the ship in which the King and Queen were about to embark, and which were to be wainscoted." Sir Harris Nicolas, *Hist. of Royal Navy*, Vol. I. p. 223.

of th'oryent a grymly bore al blak in a clowde and his pawes as bygge as a post. He was rugged lokynge roughly. He was the foulest beest that euer man sawe. He rored and romed soo hydously that it were merueill to here. Thenne the dredeful dragon auanced hym and cam in the wynde lyke a fawcon, gyuyngre grete strokes on the bore: and the bore hytte hym ageyne with his grysly tuskes that his brest was al blody and that the hote blood made alle the see reed of his blood.

Then the dragon flewe away al on an heyzte and come doune with suche a swough and smote the bore on the rydge which was x foote large fro the hede to the taylle and smote the bore all to powdre bothe flesshe and bonys that it flutteryd al abroad on the see. And therwith the kynge awoke and was sore abasshed¹ of this dreme and sente anone for a wyse philosopher commaundyngre to telle hym the sygnyfycacion of his dreme. "Syre," sayd the philosopher, "the dragon that thow dremedest of betokeneth thyn owne persone that sayllest here & the colours of his wynges ben thy Royames that thow haste wonne: and his taylle whiche is al to tattered sygnefyeth the noble knyghtes of the round table. And the bore that the dragon slough comyng fro the clowdes betokeneth some tyraunt that tormenteth the peple or else thow arte lyke to fyghte with somme Geaunt thy self, beyngre horryble and abhomynable whoos pere ye sawe neuer in your dayes. Wherefore of this dredeful dreme doubte the no thyngre. But as a conquerour come forth thy self." Thenne after this soone they had syghte of londe and saylled tyl they arryued atte Barflete in Flaundres². And whanne they were there he fond many of his grete lordes redy as they had ben commaunded to awayte vpon hym.

Morte Darthur.

¹ Horrified.

² Barfleur, in Normandy. Malory's geography is here at fault.

II

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR¹

THEREFORE sayd Arthur vnto Syr Bedwere, "Take thou Excalybur my good swerde and goo with it to yonder water syde & whan thou comest there, I charge the, throwe my swerde in that water & come ageyn & telle me what thou there seest." "My lord," sad Bedwere, "your commaundement shal be doon & lyghtly brynge you worde ageyn." So Syr Bedwere departed & by the waye he behelde that noble swerde that the pomel & the hafte was al of precyous stones. And then he sayd to hym self, "Yf I throwe this ryche swerde in the water, therof shal neuer come good but harme and losse." And thenne Syr Bedwere hydde Excalybur vnder a tree: and so as sone as he myght he came ageyn vnto the kyng and sayd he had ben at the water & had throwen the swerde in to the water.

"What sawe thou there?" sayd the kyng. "Syr," he sayd, "I sawe no thyng but wawes & wyndes." "That is vntrewly sayd of the," sayd the kyng. "Therefore goo thou lyghtelye ageyn and do my commaundemente as thou arte to me leef & dere. Spare not, but throwe it in!" Than Syr Bedwere retorned ageyn & took the swerde in hys hande: and than hym thought synne and shame to throwe awaye that nobyl swerde and so efte² he hydde the swerde and retorned ageyn & tolde to the kyng that he had ben at the water & done his commaundemente. "What sawe thou there?" sayd the kyng.

¹ "Like the three damoysels, Malory is skilled 'to teach men unto strange adventures,' to instruct in all courage, chastity, endurance, and true love, nor can we estimate what his influence must have been in training the fathers of Elizabeth's Englishmen."

ANDREW LANG.

² Again.

"Syr," he sayd, "I sawe no thyng but the waters wappe¹ & wawes wanne²." "A! traytour vntrewe," sayd kyng Arthur; "now hast thou betrayed me twyse. Who wold haue wente³ that thou that hast been to me so leef & dere & thou arte named a noble knyghte & wold betraye me for the richesse of the swerde. But now goo ageyn lyghtly for thy longe taryeng putteth me in grete ieopardye of my lyf. For I haue taken colde and but yf thou do now as I byd the, yf euer I may see the I shal slee the myn owne handes for thou woldest for my ryche swerde see me dede."

Thenne Syr Bedwere departed & wente to the swerde & lyghtly took hit vp and wente to the water syde & there he bounde the gyrdyl aboute the hyltes & thenne he threwe the swerde as farre in to the water as he myght. And there cam an arme & an hande above the water & mette it & caught it & so shoke it thryse and braundysshed. And than vanysshed awaye the hande wyth the swerde in the water. So Sir Bedwere came ageyn to the kyng & tolde hym what he sawe.

"Alas!" sayd the kyng, "helpe me hens. For I drede me I haue taryed ouer longe." Than Syr Bedwere toke the kyng vpon his backe & so wente wyth hym to that water syde. And whan they were at the water syde, euen fast by the banke houed a lytyl barge⁴ wyth many fayr ladyes in hit & emonge hem al was a quene. And al they had blacke hoodes & al they wepte and shryked whan they sawe Kyng Arthur.

"Now put me in to the barge," sayd the kyng. And so he dyd softelye. And there recyued hym thre quenes

¹ Lap.

² Ebb.

³ Weened, supposed.

⁴ Not a ship's boat as in Nelson's day: but a ship. Inferior in size to the Cog and Dromon but ranging from 60 to 80 tons; a long low vessel for sails and oars.

wyth grete mornynge & soo they sette hem doun & in one of their lappes kyng Arthur layed hys heed & than that quene sayd, "A! dere broder, why haue ye taryed so longe from me. Alas! this wounde on your heed hath caught ouermooche colde." And soo than they rowed from the londe & Syr Bedwere beheld all tho ladyes goo from hym.

Than Syr Bedwere cryed, "A! my lord Arthur, what shal become of me now ye goo from me and leue me here allone emonge myn enemyes?" "Comfort thy self," sayd the kyng, "and doo as wel as thou mayst, for in me is no truste for to truste in. For I wyl in to the vale of Auylyon to hele me of my greuous wounde. And yf thou here neuer more of me, praye for my soule."

But euer the quenes & ladyes wepte & shryched, that hit was pyte to here. And assone as Syr Bedwere had loste the syght of the baarge, he wepte & waylled & so took the forest & so he wente al that nyght & in the mornynge he was ware betwyxte two holtes¹ hore² af a chapel and an ermytage.

Morte Darthur.

¹ Woods.

² Leafless.

CARDINAL WOLSEY¹

1475 (?)—1530

This Cardinal,
 Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
 Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle.
 He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one.
SHAKESPEARE.

A LETTER TO THE BISHOP OF WORCESTER

FARNHAM, 26 *August*, 1512.

AND to ascerteayne yow of the lamentabyll and sorowfull tydyngs and chance wych hath fortunyd by the see, owr folks, on Tuysday was fortynyth, met with 21 gret shyppys of Frawnce, the best with sayle and furnyshyd with artyllery and men that evyr was seyn. And after innumerabyll shotyng of gunnys and long chasyng one another, at the last the gret *Caryke of Brest*, wherin wer 4 lords, 300 gentylmen, 800 solgers & maryners, 400 crossbowemen, 100 guners, 200 tonnes of wyne, 100 pypys of befe, 60 barells of gonepowder and 15 gret brasyn cortawds² with so marvelose nombyr of schot and other gunys of every sorte. Owr men so valyently

¹ With Cardinal Wolsey we reach the Renaissance and the days of the New Learning. It will be observed that Wolsey's spelling differs widely from modern usage. But in his day and for long afterwards there was no standard orthography. Indeed until the publication of Dr. Johnson's *Dictionary* in 1755 there was no standard of comparison. On the other hand there is little or nothing mediaeval in Wolsey's vocabulary. In this respect his successors are still more modern; and their spelling, therefore, though often quaint no longer calls for reproduction.

² A curtal or courtauld was a short, heavy gun of brass or iron weighing about 3000 lbs. It was essentially a gun of position and was seldom carried at sea.

acquyt themsylfe that within one ower fygth they had utterly vanquyshyd with schot of gonnys and arows the said caryke, and slayne moste parte of the men within the same. And sodenly as they war yelding themsylf, the caryke was one a flamyng fyre, & lyke wyse the *Regent* within the turnyng of one hand. She was so ankyrryd and fastyd to the caryke that by no meanys possybyll she mygth for hyr salfgarde depart from the same & so bothe in fyght within three owrys war burnt, and moste parte of the men in them. Sir Thomas Knyvet, which most valyently acquit hymself that day, was slayne with one gonne. Sir John Carewe, with dyverse others whos namys be not yet knowne, be lycke wyse slayne.

The resydue of the French flete, after longe chasyng, was by owr folks put to flyght & drevyn of into Brest havyn. There were 6 as gret shyppes of the said flet as the *Regent* or *Soverayn*, howbeyt as cowards they fiede. Sir Edward hath made hys vowe to God that he wyl nevyr se the Kyng in the face tyl he hath revengyd the deth of the nobyll and valyant knyght Sir Th. Knyvet¹.

Letters.

¹ When Henry VII came to the throne in 1485 he inherited some six royal ships which constituted the Navy of his predecessors. To this nucleus he added at least four of his own construction: and one of these, the *Regent*, is celebrated in the annals of ship-building. In size, in rig and in armament she eclipsed all her predecessors. Instead of the customary single mast, she had four masts, two topmasts, a bowsprit and a main top-gallant. Instead of the customary score or so of small guns, she had two hundred and twenty-five. She saw no service in Henry VII's reign but, when Henry VIII resolved to play a part in continental politics, she formed one of a squadron of twenty-five ships under the Lord Admiral, Sir Edward Howard.

A French fleet of twenty-two ships was sighted off Brest on August 10, 1512, and Sir Edward with the wind ordered an engagement. The French admiral would have retired without a blow. But two of his ships, both of them Bretons, turned to fight. These were the *Nef de Dieppe* and the *Carack of Brest*, the latter better known as the

THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER

[1549]

I

GOD'S MERCY TO MARINERS

THEY that go down to the sea in ships and occupy their business in great waters; these men see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep. For at his word the stormy wind ariseth which lifteth up the waves thereof.

They are carried up to the heaven, and down again to the deep. Their soul melteth away because of the trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man; and are at their wit's end. So when they cry unto the Lord in their trouble he delivereth them out of their distress. For he maketh the storm to cease, so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad, because they

Cordelière. Upon these the English made a furious assault, the *Regent* and others crowding round the *Nef de Dieppe*, the *Sovereign* and the *Mary James* combining against the *Cordelière*. The *Regent* was on the point of enforcing the submission of the *Nef* when her commander, Captain Sir Thomas Knyvet, noticed that the *Cordelière* had slipped through the fingers of the *Sovereign* and *Mary James*. She left her prey to grapple the fugitive and a hot fight ensued at close quarters. But, as the might of the *Regent* began to make itself felt, the *Cordelière* suddenly burst into flames. Some say that one of her gunners threw a torch into the magazine: some say that the captain of the *Mary James* hurled combustibles on board. Whatever the cause of the conflagration, the *Regent* was unable to extricate herself and perished alongside of her enemy. About six of the *Cordelière's* company escaped: about 180 of the *Regent's* were rescued. Many fanciful French stories commemorate the fame of the *Cordelière*, as if like Samson she had deliberately planned the destruction of her foe. It is perhaps true that she saved the French fleet, for the loss of the *Regent* filled the British with consternation and left them no heart to fight further.

are at rest, and so he bringeth them unto the haven where they would be.

O that men would therefore praise the Lord for his goodness and declare the wonders that he doeth for the children of men!

*Psalm cvii.*¹

II

A PRAYER

O ETERNAL LORD GOD, who alone spreadest out the heavens, and rulest the raging of the sea; who hast compassed the waters with bounds until day and night come to an end; be pleased to receive into thy Almighty and most gracious protection the persons of us thy servants and the Fleet in which we serve. Preserve us from the dangers of the sea, and from the violence of the enemy; that we may be a safeguard unto our most gracious Sovereign Lord the King and his dominions, and a security for such as pass on the seas upon their lawful occasions; that the inhabitants of our island may in peace and quietness serve thee our God: and that we may return in safety to enjoy the blessings of the land with the fruits of our labours, and with a thankful remembrance of thy mercies to praise and glorify thy holy Name.

*Forms of Prayer to be used at Sea.*¹

¹ The Prayer Book version of the Psalms was taken from the *Great Bible* of Henry VIII, published in 1539. The *Forms of Prayer to be used at Sea* were not added to the service book until the Savoy Conference in Charles II's time.

SIR THOMAS MORE

1478—1535

AND

RALPH ROBINSON¹

1521—[?]

HYTHLODAY HOME FROM UTOPIA

UPON a certain day², when I had heard the divine service in our Lady's church, which is the fairest, the most gorgeous and curious church of building in all the city and also most frequented of people³, and the service being done was ready to go home to my lodging, I chanced to espy this foresaid Peter⁴ talking with a certain stranger, a man well stricken in age, with a black sunburnt face, a long beard, and a cloak cast homely about his shoulders, whom by his favour and apparel forthwith I judged to be a mariner. But the said Peter, seeing me, came unto me and saluted me.

And as I was about to answer him, "See you this man?" saith he (and therewith he pointed to the man that I saw him talking with before); "I was minded," quoth he, "to bring him straight home to you."

"He should have been very welcome to me," said I, "for your sake."

"Nay," quoth he, "for his own sake, if you knew him;

¹ More's *Utopia* was not translated from the Latin original during the author's lifetime. It was first "done" into English by Ralph Robinson in 1551. A second and revised edition, from which the present passage is taken, was issued in 1556.

² In 1516.

³ Notre Dame, Antwerp.

⁴ Peter Giles [1486(?)–1533], a distinguished scholar and close friend of Erasmus and More; in 1510 Town Clerk of Antwerp.

for there is no man this day living that can tell you of so many strange and unknown peoples, and countries, as this man can. And I know well that you be very desirous to hear of such news."

"Then I conjectured not far amiss," quoth I, "for even at the first sight I judged him to be a mariner."

"Nay," quoth he, "there ye were greatly deceived: he hath sailed indeed, not as the mariner Palinurus¹, but as the expert and prudent prince Ulysses: yea, rather as the ancient and sage philosopher Plato. For this same Raphael Hythloday² (for this is his name) is very well learned in the Latin tongue: but profound and excellent in the Greek language. Wherein he ever bestowed more study than in the Latin, because he had given himself wholly to the study of philosophy. Whereof he knew that there is nothing extant in Latin, that is to any purpose, saving a few of Seneca's, and Cicero's doings³. His patrimony that he was born unto he left to his brethren (for he is a Portugal born) and, for the desire that he had to see and know the far countries of the world, he joined himself in company with Amerigo Vespucci, and in the three last voyages of those four that be now in print and abroad in every man's hands⁴ he continued still in his company, saving that in the last

¹ Helmsman of Aeneas.

² Not a real personage. The name was invented by More [Greek, *Hythlodæus*, a garrulous babblers].

³ Works.

⁴ Amerigo Vespucci [1451-1512] made four voyages which are described in a Latin work *Cosmographiae Introductio* to which More refers. His name was given to the New World because men believed that he was the first explorer to disembark on the mainland of America. If this was correct—and it has been proved to be false—the honour of christening the new-found continent still belonged by every standard of justice to Columbus and Columbus alone, even if he landed on the tiniest discoverable rock, nay, even if he never for a single moment set foot outside his ship.

voyage he came not home again with him. For he made such means and shift, what by entreatance and what by importune suit, that he got licence of master Amerigo (though it were sore against his will) to be one of the twenty-four which in the end of the last voyage were left in the country of Gulike¹. He was therefore left behind for his mind's sake, as one that took more thought and care for travelling than dying; having customably in his mouth these sayings: 'he that hath no grave is covered with the sky,' and, 'the way to heaven out of all places is of like length and distance.' Which fantasy of his (if God had not been his better friend) he had surely bought full dear. But after the departing of master Vespucci, when he had travelled through and about many countries with five of his companions Gulikians², at the last by marvellous chance he arrived in Taprobane³, from whence he went to Calicut, where he chanced to find certain of his country ships, wherein he returned again into his country, nothing less than looked for."

All this when Peter had told me, I thanked him for his gentle kindness, that he had vouchsafed to bring me to the speech of that man, whose communication he thought should be to me pleasant and acceptable. And therewith I turned me to Raphael. And when we had hailed the one the other, and had spoken these common words that be customably spoken at the first meeting and acquaintance of strangers, we went thence to my

¹ The translator has here gone astray. At the conclusion of his last voyage Amerigo built a fort ["castellum"] not far from the modern Rio de Janeiro, and left twenty-four men to garrison it. Ralph Robinson has translated "castellum" "the country of Gulike," apparently because Jülich in the Holy Roman Empire by reason of its antiquity was entitled in Latin documents to that name. For "the country of Gulike" read "the fort," or "Amerigo's fort."

² "Of his companions Gulikians," i.e., fellow-members of the garrison.

³ Ceylon.

house, and there in my garden upon a bench covered with green turfs we sat down talking together.

There he told us how that, after the departing of Vespucci, he and his fellows that tarried behind in Gulike began by little and little, through fair and gentle speech, to win the love and favour of the people of that country, insomuch that within short space they did dwell amongst them not only harmless, but also occupying with them very familiarly. He told us also that they were in high reputation and favour with a certain great man (whose name and country is now quite out of my remembrance) which of his mere liberality did bear the costs and charges of him and his five companions; and besides that gave them a trusty guide to conduct them in their journey (which by water was in boats, and by land in waggons) and to bring them to other princes with very friendly commendations. Thus after many days' journeys, he said, they found towns and cities and weal publics, full of people, governed by good and wholesome laws. For under the line equinoctial¹, and on both sides of the same, as far as the sun doth extend his course, lieth (quoth he) great and wide deserts and wildernesses, parched, burned and dried up with continual and intolerable heat. All things be hideous, terrible, loathsome, and unpleasant to behold: all things out of fashion and comeliness, inhabited with wild beasts and serpents, or at the leastwise with people that be no less savage, wild, and noisome than the very beasts themselves be. But a little farther beyond that all things begin by little and little to wax pleasant: the air soft, temperate, and gentle: the ground covered with green grass: less wildness in the beasts. At the last shall ye come again to people, cities, and towns wherein is continual intercourse and occupying of merchandise and chaffer², not only among themselves

¹ Equator.

² Trade.

and with their borderers, but also with merchants of far countries, both by land and water.

"There I had occasion," said he, "to go to many countries of every side. For there was no ship ready to any voyage or journey but I and my fellows were into it very gladly received." The ships that they found first were made plain, flat and broad in the bottom, trough-wise. The sails were made of great rushes, or of wickers, and in some places of leather. Afterward they found ships with ridged keels¹, and sails of canvas, yea and, shortly after, having all things like ours: the shipmen also very expert and cunning, both in the sea and in the weather. But he said that he found great favour and friendship among them for teaching them the feat and the use of the lodestone, which to them before that time was unknown². And therefore they were wont to be very timorous and fearful upon the sea, not to venture upon it but only in the summer time. But now they have such a confidence in that stone that they

¹ "Ridged keels," with curved sides sloping to a keel.

² By "lodestone" the translator does not mean a magnetized needle obedient to the Pole. He refers to the Compass Card. The properties of hardened steel rubbed with a lodestone were known in western Europe at an early date. An English Professor of Richard Lion Heart's time describes them as if they were matter of common knowledge. But the Compass Card came later. When Roger Bacon demonstrated at Oxford in the middle of the thirteenth century, a listener remarked that even if the needle could be converted into a practicable instrument for sailormen, they were as a class far too superstitious to use it.

The first definite evidence of the Mariner's Compass is supplied by the Sea Maps, *Portulani*, or Charts. The earliest charts extant date from the beginning of the fourteenth century. They include in addition to coast and harbours a network of loxodromes or compass lines. What loxodromes were used for cannot be said. But their existence implies clearly enough that the Compass Card is older than the oldest chart. Tradition assigns the honour of adapting the needle for navigational purposes to the town of Amalfi in Southern Italy. "Prima dedit nautis usum magnetis Amalphis."

fear not stormy winter: in so doing farther from care than danger¹; insomuch that it is greatly to be doubted lest that thing, through their own foolish hardiness, shall turn them to evil and harm, which at the first was supposed should be to them good and commodious.

But what he told us that he saw in every country where he came, it were very long to declare; neither is it my purpose at this time to make rehearsal thereof. But peradventure in another place I will speak of it, chiefly such things as shall be profitable to be known, as in special be those decrees and ordinances that he marked to be well and wittily provided and enacted among such peoples as do live together in a civil policy and good order. For of such things did we busily inquire and demand of him, and he likewise very willingly told us of the same. But as for monsters, because they be no news, of them we were nothing inquisitive. For nothing is more easy to be found than be barking Scyllas, ravening Caelaenos², and Laestrygonians³ devourers of people, and such like great and incredible monsters. But to find citizens ruled by good and wholesome laws, that is an exceeding rare and hard thing. But as he marked many fond and foolish laws in those new found lands, so he rehearsed divers acts and constitutions whereby these our cities, nations, countries, and kingdoms may take example to amend their faults, enormities, and errors. Whereof in another place (as I said) I will entreat.

Utopia.

¹ "Securi magis quam tuti." *More.*

² Harpies.

³ Giants that destroyed all the vessels but one of Ulysses' fleet in order to eat the ships' companies.

JOHN LYLY

155 $\frac{3}{4}$ ¹—1606

BOXING THE COMPASS

SCENE—*The outskirts of a forest on the Lincolnshire shore of the Humber estuary.*

MARINER, RALPH, ROBIN AND DICK².

ROBIN. Now Mariner, what callest thou this sport on the sea?

MARINER. It is called a wreck.

RALPH. I take no pleasure in it. Of all deaths I would not be drowned. One's clothes will be so wet when he is taken up.

DICK. What callest thou the thing we were bound to?

MARINER. A rafter.

RALPH. I will rather hang myself on a rafter in the house than be so haled in the sea,—there one may have a leap for his life. But I marvel how our Master speeds.

DICK. I'll warrant by this time he is wet-shod. Did you ever see water bubble as the sea did? But what shall we do?

MARINER. You are now in Lincolnshire where you can want no fowl if you can devise means to catch them. There be woods hard by, and at every mile's end houses; so that if you seek on the land, you shall speed better than on the sea.

ROBIN. Sea? Nay, I will never sail more. I brook not their diet. Their bread is so hard, that one must carry a whetstone in his mouth to grind his teeth: the

¹ Born between October 9, 1553 and October 8, 1554.

² Ralph, Robin and Dick, three brothers, sons of a miller.

meat so salt, that one would think after dinner his tongue had been powdered ten days.

RALPH. Oh! thou hast a sweet life, Mariner: to be pinned in a few boards, and to be within an inch of a thing bottomless. I pray thee how often hast thou been drowned?

MARINER. Fool, thou seest I am yet alive.

ROBIN. Why, be they dead that be drowned? I had thought they had been with the fish and so by chance been caught up with them in a net again. It were a shame a little cold water should kill a man of reason, when you shall see a poor minnow lie in it, that hath no understanding.

MARINER. Thou art wise from the crown of thy head upwards. Seek you new fortunes now. I will follow mine old. I can shift the moon and the sun, and know by one Card, what all you cannot do by a whole pair¹. The lode-stone that always holdeth his nose to the North, the two and thirty points for the wind, the wonders I see, —would make all you blind. You be but boys. I fear the sea no more than a dish of water. Why, fools, it is but a liquid element. Farewell. [*Going.*]

ROBIN. It were good we learned his cunning at the Cards; for we must live by cosenage. We have neither lands nor wits, nor masters, nor honesty.

RALPH. Nay, I would fain have his thirty-two, that is, his three dozen lacking four points. For you see betwixt us three there is not two good points².

DICK. Let us call him a little back that we may learn those points. Sirrah, a word. [*Mariner rejoins them.*] I pray thee show us thy points.

MARINER. Will you learn?

¹ Properly "set"; as in "pair of stairs" meaning "flight of stairs": here "a *pack* of cards."

² Laces with metal tags used before the introduction of buttons.

DICK. Ay.

MARINER. Then, as you like this, I will instruct you in all our secrets. For there is not a clout¹, nor card, nor board, nor post that hath not a special name, or singular nature.

DICK. Well. Begin with your points, for I lack only points in this world.

MARINER. North. North and by East. North North-East. North-East and by North. North-East. North-East and by East. East North-East. East and by North. East.

DICK. I'll say it. North, North-East, North-East, Nore Nore and by Nore-East—I shall never do it!

MARINER. This is but one quarter.

ROBIN. I shall never learn a quarter of it. I will try. North. North-East is by the West side. North and by North.

DICK. Passing ill!

MARINER. Hast thou no memory? Try thou. [*To Ralph.*]

RALPH. North North and by North. I can go no farther.

MARINER. O dullard, is thy head lighter than the wind, and thy tongue so heavy it will not wag? I will once again say it.

RALPH. I will never learn this language. It will get but small living, when it will scarce be learned till one be old.

MARINER. Nay. Then Farewell. And if your fortunes exceed not your wits, you shall starve before ye sleep.

RALPH. Was there ever such cozening? Come let us to the woods and see what fortune we may have before they be made ships². As for our Master, he is drowned.

¹ Sail.

² This topical allusion is supposed to refer to the extensive ship-building programme of 1584. Froude, *Hist.* xii. 428.

DICK. I will this way.

ROBIN. I this.

RALPH. I this, and this day twelvemonth let us all meet here again. It may be we shall either beg together or hang together.

DICK. It skills not, so we be together. But let us sing now, though we cry hereafter.

SONG.

OMNES. Rocks, shelves and sands, and seas farewell.

Fie, who would dwell

In such a hell

As is a ship, which drunk doth reel,

Taking salt healths from deck to keel?

ROBIN. Up were we swallowed in wet graves,

DICK. All sowked in waves

RALPH. By Neptune's slaves.

OMNES. What shall we do being toss'd to shore?

ROBIN. Milk some blind tavern and there roar.

RALPH. 'Tis brave, my boys, to sail on land,

For being well manned,

We can cry "Stand!"

DICK. The trade of pursing ne'er shall fail

Until the hangman cries "Strike sail!"

OMNES. Rove then no matter whither

In fair or stormy weather.

And as we live, let's die together.

One Hempen Caper cuts a feather¹. [*Exeunt.*]

Gallathea.

¹ *Cut a feather* = to split hairs. The line means, "One dance at the rope's end divides the indivisible, viz., our friendship." The nautical jargon is kept up; for "cuts a feather" was said in the sixteenth century of a vessel when she curdled the waves into cream at her bows.

RICHARD HAKLUYT¹

1552 (?)—1616

I

PREFACE TO THE PRINCIPAL NAVIGATIONS,
VOYAGES, TRAFFICS AND DISCOVERIES OF
THE ENGLISH NATION

HAVING for the benefit and honour of my country zealously bestowed so many years, so much travail and cost, to bring antiquities smothered and buried in dark silence, to light, and to preserve certain memorable exploits, of late years by our English nation achieved, from the greedy and devouring jaws of oblivion: to gather likewise, and as it were to incorporate into one body, the torn and scattered limbs of our ancient and late navigations by sea, our voyages by land, and traffics of merchandise by both: and having (so much as in me lieth) restored each particular member, being before displaced, to their true joints and ligaments; I mean by the help of Geography and Chronology (which I may call the Sun and Moon, the right eye and the left of all History) referred each particular relation to the due time and place: I do this second time² (friendly Reader, if not to satisfy, yet at least for the present to allay and hold in suspense thine expectation) presume to offer unto thy view this first part of my threefold discourse³.

For the bringing of which into this homely and rough-hewn shape, which here thou seest, what restless nights, what painful days, what heat, what cold I have endured;

¹ Pronounced Hacklewit.

² In this second edition.

³ This the first of three volumes: two more to follow at intervals.

how many long and chargeable journeys I have travelled; how many famous libraries I have searched into; what variety of ancient and modern writers I have perused; what a number of old records, patents, privileges, letters etc. I have redeemed from obscurity and perishing; into how manifold acquaintance I have entered; what expenses I have not spared; and yet what fair opportunities of private gain, preferment, and ease I have neglected; albeit thyself canst hardly imagine, yet I by daily experience do find and feel, and some of my entire friends can sufficiently testify. Howbeit (as I told thee at first) the honour and benefit of this commonweal wherein I live and breathe, hath made all difficulties seem easy, all pains and industry pleasant, and all expenses of light value and moment unto me.

For (to contain myself only within the bounds of this present discourse, and in the midst thereof to begin) will it not in all posterity be as great a renown unto our English nation, to have been the first discoverers of a Sea beyond the North Cape (never certainly known before) and of a convenient passage into the huge Empire of Russia¹, by the bay of S. Nicolas² and the river of Dwina; as for the Portugals to have found a Sea beyond the Cape of Buona Esperanza, and so consequently a passage by sea into the East Indies; or for the Italians and Spaniards to have discovered unknown lands, so many hundred leagues westward and south-westward of the Straits of Gibraltar and pillars of Hercules?

¹ Sir Hugh Willoughby in the *Bona Esperanza* with Richard Chancellor in the *Edward Bonaventure* set out in 1553 to find a N.E. passage to China. The ships kept together till the Lofoten Isles were reached. They were then dispersed by a storm. Willoughby perished on the coast of Lapland but Chancellor reached Archangel on the White Sea and journeyed from there overland to Moscow. This was a solid achievement; for the more natural route to Russia through the Baltic was still a close preserve of the Hanseatic League.

² Dwina Bay into which the River Dwina flows.

Be it granted that the renowned Portugal Vasco da Gama traversed the main ocean southward of Africa: did not Richard Chancellor and his mates perform the like northward of Europe? Suppose that Columbus, that noble and high-spirited Genoese, escried unknown lands to the westward of Europe and Africa; did not the valiant English knight Sir Hugh Willoughby, did not the famous pilots Stephen Borough, Arthur Pet, and Charles Jackman¹, accoast² Nova Zembla, Colgoieve³ and Vaigatz, to the north of Europe and Asia?

Howbeit you will say perhaps, "Not with the like golden success, not with such deductions of colonies, nor attaining of conquests."

True it is, that our success hath not been correspondent unto theirs: yet in this our attempt the uncertainty of finding was far greater, and the difficulty and danger of searching was no whit less. For hath not Herodotus (a man for his time most skilful and judicial in cosmography, who writ above 2000 years ago) in his fourth book called *Melpomene*, signified unto the Portugals in plain terms, that Africa, except the small Isthmus between the Arabian gulf and the Mediterranean sea, was on all sides environed with the Ocean?

And for the further confirmation thereof, doth he not make mention of one Neco an Egyptian King, who (for trial's sake) sent a fleet of Phœnicians down the Red Sea; who setting forth in autumn and sailing southward till they had the sun at noon-tide upon their starboard (that is to say, having crossed the equinoctial and the southern tropic)⁴ after a long navigation, directed their

¹ These explorers carried on the work of Willoughby and Chancellor. Stephen Borough (1525-84), brother to Drake's Vice-Admiral at Cadiz, christened the North Cape and discovered the entrance into the Kara Sea.

² Or "accost," to go close to, or obtain access to.

³ Kolguev.

⁴ The Equator and Tropic of Capricorn.

course to the north, and in the space of three years environed all Africa, passing home through the Gaditan straits¹ and arriving in Egypt?² And doth not Pliny tell them, that noble Hanno, in the flourishing time and estate of Carthage, sailed from Gades in Spain to the coast of Arabia Felix, and put down his whole journal in writing?³ Doth he not make mention, that in the time of Augustus Caesar, the wreck of certain Spanish ships was found floating in the Arabian Gulf?

And, not to be over-tedious in alleging of testimonies, doth not Strabo in the second book of his Geography, together with Cornelius Nepos and Pliny in the place before named, agree all in one, that one Eudoxus fleeing from king Lathyrus, and valing⁴ down the Arabian bay, sailed along, doubled the southern point of Africa, and at length arrived at Gades?

And what should I speak of the Spaniards? Was not divine Plato (who lived so many ages ago, and plainly described their West Indies under the name of Atlantis) was not he, I say, instead of a Cosmographer unto them?

Were not those Carthaginians mentioned by Aristotle

¹ The strait of Gades (Cadiz), i.e., Gibraltar.

² Niku, ruler of Egypt, 610-594 B.C., was (according to Herodotus) anxious to know whether it was practicable by a circumnavigation of Africa to join his Red Sea fleet with his fleet in the Mediterranean. Herodotus rejects the mariners' story that they had seen the sun to the north of them. And the modern enquirer will ask himself how ships of that date could possibly carry a food supply sufficient for three years. Herodotus tells us that periodically the Phoenician sailors went ashore and, sowing a tract of land with corn, waited till the grain was fit to cut. In considering the probability of this it must be remembered that in Africa a crop of Indian Corn can be garnered six weeks after planting.

³ Hanno did not reach Arabia by a circumnavigation of Africa. But he certainly did show the way to the Portuguese: for he sailed (about 500 B.C.) along the west coast of Africa as far south as Sierra Leone. His account of his voyage survives in a *Periplus* translated from the Punic into Greek.

⁴ Drawing away.

. . . their fore-runners? And had they not Columbus to stir them up, and prick them forward unto their Western discoveries; yea, to be their chief lodes-man and pilot? Sithens therefore these two worthy nations had those bright lamps of learning (I mean the most ancient and best Philosophers, Historiographers, and Geographers) to show them light; and the lode-star of experience (to wit, those great exploits and voyages laid up in store and recorded) whereby to shape their course: what great attempt might they not presume to undertake?

But alas! our English nation, at the first setting forth for their North-eastern discovery, were either altogether destitute of such clear lights and inducements, or if they had any inkling at all, it was as misty as they found the Northern Seas, and so obscure and ambiguous, that it was meet rather to deter them, than to give them encouragement.

But besides the foresaid uncertainty, into what dangers and difficulties they plunged themselves . . . I tremble to recount. For first they were to expose themselves unto the rigour of the stern and uncouth Northern Seas, and to make trial of the swelling waves and boisterous winds which there commonly do surge and blow: then they were to sail by the ragged and perilous coast of Norway, to frequent the unhaunted¹ shores of Finmark², to double the dreadful and misty North Cape, to bear with Willoughby's land, to run along within kenning of the countries of Lapland and Corelia³, and as it were to open and unlock the seven-fold mouth of Dwina.

Moreover in their north-easterly navigations upon the seas and by the coasts of Condora, Colgoieve, Petzora, Joughoria, Samoedia³, Nova Zembla etc. and their

¹ Uninhabited.

² The north coast of Norway.

³ Names attaching to various parts of the north coast of Russia from North Cape to the Gulf of Obi.

passing and return through the straits of Vaigatz, unto what drifts of snow and mountains of ice even in June, July, and August, unto what hideous over-falls¹, uncertain currents, dark mists and fogs, and divers other fearful inconveniences they were subject and in danger of, I wish you rather to learn out of the voyages of Sir Hugh Willoughby, Stephen Burrough, Arthur Pet and the rest, than to expect in this place an endless catalogue thereof. And here by the way, I cannot but highly commend the great industry and magnanimity of the Hollanders, who within these few years have discovered to 78° yea, as themselves affirm, to 81° of northerly latitude: yet with this proviso: that our English nation led them the dance, brake the ice before them, and gave them good leave to light their candle at our torch.

Principal Navigations.

II

THE CORPOSANT

ABOUT the beginning of January, [1556] we departed thence [from San Domingo] towards the bay of Mexico and New Spain, toward which we set our course, and so sailed twenty-four days till we came within fifteen leagues of San Juan de Ulloa, which was the port of Mexico of our right discharge.

And being so near our said port, there rose a storm of northerly winds, which came off from Terra Florida, which caused us to cast about into the sea again, for fear lest that night we should be cast upon the shore before

¹ "A rippling or race in the sea, where, by the peculiarities of bottom, the water is propelled with immense force, especially when the wind and tide, or current, set strongly together." Admiral Smyth, *Sailor's Word-Book*.

day did break, and so put ourselves in danger of casting away. The wind and sea grew so foul and strong, that within two hours after the storm began, eight ships that were together were so dispersed that we could not see one another. One of the ships of our company being of the burthen of five hundred ton, called the *Hulk of Carion*, would not cast about to sea as we did, but went that night with the land, thinking in the morning to purchase the port of San Juan de Ulloa, but missing the port went with the shore and was cast away. There were drowned of that ship seventy-five persons, men, women and children, and sixty-four were saved that could swim, and had means to save themselves. Among those that perished in that ship was a gentleman who had been present the year before in San Domingo, his wife and four daughters, with the rest of his servants and household.

We with the other seven ships cast about into the sea, the storm during¹ ten days with great might, boisterous winds, fogs and rain. Our ship being old and weak was so tossed that she opened at the stern a fathom under water, and the best remedy we had was to stop it with beds and pilobiers², and for fear of sinking we threw and lightened into the sea all the goods we had or could come by: but that would not serve.

Then we cut our mainmast and threw all our ordnance into the sea, saving one piece, which early in a morning, when we thought we should have sunk, we shot off. And as pleased God there was one of the ships of our company near unto us, which we saw not by means of the great fog, which hearing the sound of the piece; and understanding some of the company to be in great extremity, began to make towards us; and when they came within hearing of us, we desired them for the love of God to help to save us, for that we were all like to perish. They

¹ Lasting.

² Pillows (?).

willed us to hoise our foresail as much as we could and make towards them, for they would do their best to save us, and so we did. And we had no sooner hoised our foresail, but there came a gale of wind : and a piece of a sea struck in the foresail and carried sail and mast all overboard, so that then we thought there was no hope of life.

And then we began to embrace one another, every man his friend, every wife her husband, and the children their fathers and mothers, committing our souls to Almighty God, thinking never to escape alive ; yet it pleased God in the time of most need when all hope was past, to aid us with his helping hand, and caused the wind a little to cease, so that within two hours after, the other ship was able to come aboard us, and took into her with her boat, man, woman, and child, naked without hose or shoe upon many of our feet.

I do remember that the last person that came out of the ship into the boat was a woman black Moor, who leaping out of the ship into the boat with a young sucking child in her arms, leapt too short and fell into the sea, and was a good while under the water before the boat could come to rescue her, and with the spreading of her clothes rose above water again, and was caught by the coat and pulled into the boat, having still her child under her arm, both of them half drowned, and yet her natural love towards her child would not let her let the child go. And when she came aboard the boat, she held her child so fast under her arm still, that two men were scant able to get it out.

So we departed out of our ship and left it in the sea : it was worth four hundred thousand ducats, ship and goods when we left it. And within three days after, we arrived at our port of San Juan de Ulloa in New Spain.

I do remember that in the great and boisterous storm

of this foul weather, in the night, there came upon the top of our mainyard and mainmast a certain little light, much like unto the light of a little candle, which the Spaniards called the Cuerpo santo, and said it was S. Elmo, whom they take to be the advocate of sailors. At the which sight the Spaniards fell down upon their knees and worshipped it, praying God and S. Elmo to cease the torment, and save them from the peril that they were in, with promising him that, at their coming on land, they would repair unto his Chapel, and there cause Masses to be said, and other ceremonies to be done. The friars cast relics into the sea, to cause the sea to be still, and likewise said Gospels, with other crossings and ceremonies upon the sea to make the storm to cease; which (as they said) did much good to weaken the fury of the storm....

This light continued aboard our ship about three hours, flying from mast to mast and from top to top; and sometime it would be in two or three places at once. I informed myself of learned men afterward what that light should be, and they said that it was but a congelation of the wind and vapours of the sea congealed with the extremity of the weather, which flying in the wind, many times doth chance to hit on the masts and shrouds of the ships that are at sea in foul weather. And in truth I do take it to be so; for that I have seen the like in other ships at sea, and in sundry ships at once¹.

Principal Navigations.

¹ Cp. below, p. 407.

III

MARTIN FROBISHER'S SECOND VOYAGE

ON Whit Sunday, being the six-and-twentieth of May, in the year of our Lord God 1577, Captain Frobisher departed from Blackwall—with one of the Queen's Majesty's ships called the *Aid*, of nine score ton or thereabout, and two other little barques likewise, the one called the *Gabriel*, whereof Master Fenton, a gentleman of my Lord of Warwick's, was captain; and the other the *Michael*, whereof Master York, a gentleman of my Lord Admiral's¹, was captain, accompanied with seven score gentlemen, soldiers, and sailors, well furnished with victuals and other provision necessary for one half year—on this, his second voyage for the further discovering of the passage to Cathay² and other countries thereunto adjacent, by west and north-west navigations, which passage or way is supposed to be on the north and north-west part of America, and the said America to be an island environed with the sea, where through our merchants may have course and recourse with their merchandise from these our northernmost parts of Europe, to those Oriental coasts of Asia in much shorter time and with greater benefit than any others, to their no little commodity³ and profit that do or shall frequent the same. Our said Captain and General of this present voyage and company, having the year before, with two little pinnaces to his great danger, and no small commendations, given a worthy attempt towards the performance thereof, is also pressed—when occasion shall be ministered to the benefit of his prince and native country—to adventure himself further therein. As for this second voyage, it

¹ The Earl of Lincoln.² China.³ Advantage.

seemeth sufficient that he hath better explored and searched the commodities of those people and countries, with sufficient commodity unto the adventurers¹, which, in his first voyage the year before, he had found out.

Upon which considerations the day and year before expressed, we departed from Blackwall to Harwich, where making an accomplishment of things necessary, the last of May we hoised up sails, and with a merry² wind the 7th of June we arrived at the islands called Orcades, or vulgarly Orkney, being in number thirty, subject and adjacent to Scotland, where we made provision of fresh water, in the doing whereof our General licensed the gentlemen and soldiers, for their recreation, to go on shore. At our landing the people fled from their poor cottages with shrieks and alarms, to warn their neighbours of enemies, but by gentle persuasions we reclaimed them to their houses. It seemeth they are often frightened with pirates, or some other enemies, that move them to such sudden fear. Their houses are very simply builded with pebble stone, without any chimneys, the fire being made in the midst thereof. The good man, wife, children, and other of their family, eat and sleep on the one side of the house, and the cattle on the other, very beastly and rudely in respect of civility. They are destitute of wood. Their fire is turfs and cow shards. They have corn, bigg³, and oats, with which they pay their king's rent to the maintenance of his house. They take great quantity of fish, which they dry in the wind and sun; they dress their meat very filthily, and eat it without salt. Their apparel is after the rudest sort of Scotland. Their money is all base. Their Church and religion is reformed according to the Scots. The fishermen of England can better declare the dispositions of those

¹ Persons who had financed the voyage as a commercial speculation.

² Favourable.

³ Barley.

people than I, wherefore I remit other their usages to their reports, as yearly repair thither in their course to and from Iceland for fish.

We departed here hence the 8th of June, and followed our course between west and north-west until the 4th of July, all which time we had no night, but that easily, and without any impediment, we had, when we were so disposed, the fruition of our books, and other pleasures to pass away the time, a thing of no small moment to such as wander in unknown seas and long navigations, especially when both the winds and raging surges do pass their common and wonted course. This benefit endureth in those parts not six weeks, whilst the sun is near the tropic of Cancer, but where the pole is raised to 70 or 80 degrees¹ it continueth the longer.

All along these seas, after we were six days sailing from Orkney, we met, floating in the sea, great fir trees, which, as we judged, were, with the fury of great floods, rooted up, and so driven into the sea. Iceland hath almost no other wood nor fuel but such as they take up upon their coasts. It seemeth that these trees are driven from some part of the New Found Land, with the current that setteth from the west to the east.

The 4th of July we came within the making of Friesland². From this shore, ten or twelve leagues, we met great islands of ice of half a mile, some more, some less in compass, showing above the sea thirty or forty fathoms, and as we supposed fast on ground, where, with our lead, we could scarce sound the bottom for depth.

Here, in place of odoriferous and fragrant smells of

¹ Sixteenth century mariners "raised the Pole" by the number of degrees they approached it. If they advanced to 75° N. latitude the Pole was raised seventy-five degrees.

² Greenland.

sweet gums and pleasant notes of musical birds, which other countries in more temperate zones do yield, we tasted the most boisterous Boreal blasts, mixed with snow and hail, in the months of June and July, nothing inferior to our untemperate winter: a sudden alteration, and especially in a place or parallel, where the pole is not elevate above 61 degrees, at which height other countries more to the north, yea unto 70 degrees, show themselves more temperate than this doth. All along this coast ice lieth as a continual bulwark, and so defendeth the country, that those that would land there incur great danger. Our General, three days together, attempted with the ship boat to have gone on shore, which, for that without great danger he could not accomplish, he deferred it until a more convenient time. All along the coast lie very high mountains, covered with snow, except in such places where, through the steepness of the mountains, of force it must needs fall. Four days coasting along this land we found no sign of habitation. Little birds which we judged to have lost the shore, by reason of thick fogs which that country is much subject unto, came flying into our ships, which causeth us to suppose that the country is both more tolerable and also habitable within than the outward shore maketh show or signification.

From hence we departed the 8th of July, and the 16th of the same we came with the making of land, which land our General the year before had named the Queen's Foreland, being an island¹, as we judge, lying near the supposed continent with America², and on the other side, opposite to the same, one other island, called Halles Isle, after the name of the Master of the ship,

¹ The S.E. extremity of Baffin Land.

² *Supposed continent with America*, land supposed to be joined to America.

near adjacent to the firm¹ land, supposed continent with Asia. Between the which two islands there is a large entrance or strait, called Frobisher's Strait, after the name of our General, the first finder thereof. This said strait is supposed to have passage into the sea of Sur², which I leave unknown as yet³.

It seemeth that either here, or not far hence, the sea should have more large entrance than in other parts within the frozen or untemperate zone, and that some contrary tide, either from the east or west, with main force casteth out that great quantity of ice which cometh floating from this coast, even unto Friesland, causing that country to seem more untemperate than others much more northerly than the same⁴.

I cannot judge that any temperature under the Pole, the time of the sun's northern declination being half a year together, and one whole day (considering that the sun's elevation surmounteth not twenty-three degrees and thirty minutes), can have power to dissolve such monstrous and huge ice, comparable to great mountains, except by some other force, as by swift currents and tides, with the help of the said day of half a year.

Before we came within the making of these lands, we tasted cold storms, insomuch that it seemed we had changed summer with⁵ winter, if the length of the days had not removed us from that opinion.

At our first coming, the straits seemed to be shut up with a long mure⁶ of ice, which gave no little cause of discomfort unto us all; but our General (to whose

¹ Main. ² *Sea of Sur*, Sea of the South, i.e., Pacific.

³ *Frobisher's Strait* is carefully described in the text because the author hoped that it would prove the northerly counterpart to Magellan's Strait as an avenue to India. Unfortunately it was not a thoroughfare at all, but a vast inlet on the east coast of Baffin Land, parallel to and north of the entrance to Hudson Bay.

⁴ Ergo, there is a N.W. Passage!

⁵ Into.

⁶ Wall.

diligence, imminent dangers and difficult attempts seemed nothing in respect of his willing mind for the commodity of his prince and country), with two little pinnaces prepared of purpose, passed twice through them to the east shore, and the islands thereunto adjacent; and the ship, with the two barques, lay off and on, something farther into the sea from the danger of the ice.

Whilst he was searching the country near the shore, some of the people of the country showed themselves, leaping and dancing, with strange shrieks and cries, which gave no little admiration to our men. Our General, desirous to allure them unto him by fair means, caused knives and other things to be proffered unto them, which they would not take at our hands; but being laid on the ground, and the party going away, they came and took up, leaving something of theirs to countervail the same. At the length, two of them, leaving their weapons, came down to our General and Master, who did the like to them, commanding the company to stay, and went unto them, who, after certain dumb signs and mute congratulations, began to lay hands upon them, but they deliverly¹ escaped, and ran to their bows and arrows and came fiercely upon them, not respecting the rest of our company, which were ready for their defence, but with their arrows hurt divers of them. We took the one, and the other escaped.

Whilst our General was busied in searching the country, and those islands adjacent on the east shore, the ships and barques, having great care not to put far into the sea from him, for that he had small store of victuals, were forced to abide in a cruel tempest, chancing in the night amongst and in the thickest of the ice, which was so monstrous that even the least of a thousand had been of force sufficient to have shivered our ship and barques into small portions, if God (who in all necessities

¹ Nimbly

hath care upon the infirmity of man) had not provided for this our extremity a sufficient remedy, through the light of the night, whereby we might well discern to flee from such imminent dangers, which we avoided with fourteen boards¹ in one watch, the space of four hours. If we had not incurred this danger amongst these monstrous islands of ice, we should have lost our General and Master, and the most of our best sailors, which were on the shore destitute of victuals; but by the valour of our Master Gunner, [and] Master Jackman and Andrew Dier, the Master's Mates, men expert both in navigation and other good qualities, we were all content to incur the dangers afore rehearsed, before we would, with our own safety, run into the seas, to the destruction of our said General and his company.

The day following, being the 19th of July, our Captain returned to the ship with report of supposed riches, which showed itself in the bowels of those barren mountains, wherewith we were all satisfied. A sudden mutation. The one part of us being almost swallowed up the night before, with cruel Neptune's force, and the rest on shore, taking thought for their greedy paunches how to find the way to Newfoundland; at one moment we were racked with joy, forgetting both where we were and what we had suffered. Behold the glory of man: to-night contemning riches, and rather looking for death than otherwise, and to-morrow devising how to satisfy his greedy appetite with gold.

Within four days after we had been at the entrance of the straits, the north-west and west winds dispersed the ice into the sea, and made us a large entrance into the Straits, so that without impediment, on the 19th July, we entered them; and the 20th thereof our General and Master, with great diligence, sought out and sounded

¹ By going about fourteen times.

the west shore, and found out a fair harbour for the ship and barques to ride in, and named it after our Master's Mate, Jackman's Sound, and brought the ship, barques, and all their company to safe anchor, except one man which died by God's visitation.

Principal Navigations.

IV

VALIANT ENTERPRISE OF THE TALL SHIP *PRIMROSE*

It is not unknown unto the world what danger our English ships have lately escaped, how sharply they have been entreated, and how hardly they have been assaulted: so that the valiance of those that managed them is worthy remembrance.

And therefore, in respect of the courageous attempt and valiant enterprise of the ship called the *Primrose* of London, which hath obtained renown, I have taken in hand to publish the truth thereof, to the intent that it may be generally known to the rest of the English ships, that by the good example of this, the rest may, in time of extremity, adventure to do the like: to the honour of the realm, and the perpetual remembrance of themselves. The manner whereof was as followeth.

Upon Wednesday being the six and twentieth day of May 1585, the ship called the *Primrose*, being of one hundred and fifty tons, lying without the bay of Bilbao, having been there two days, there came a Spanish pinnace to them, wherein was the Corrigidor and six others with him. These came aboard the *Primrose*, seeming to be merchants of Biscay, or such like, bringing cherries with them: and spake very friendly to the Master of the ship,

whose name was Foster, and he in courteous wise bade them welcome; making them the best cheer he could with beer, beef, and biscuit, wherewith that ship was well furnished. And while they were thus in banqueting with the Master, four of the seven departed in the said pinnace, and went back again to Bilbao.

The other three stayed, and were very pleasant for the time. But Master Foster, misdoubting some danger, secretly gave speech that he was doubtful of these men, what their intent was. Nevertheless he said nothing, nor seemed in any outward wise to mistrust them at all. Forthwith there came a ship-boat wherein were seventy persons, being merchants and such like of Biscay: and besides this boat, there came also the pinnace which before had brought the other three, in which pinnace there came four and twenty, as the Spaniards themselves since confessed. These made towards the *Primrose*, and being come thither, there came aboard the Corrigidor with three or four of his men.

But Master Foster seeing this great multitude, desired that there might no more come aboard, but that the rest should stay in their boats, which was granted. Nevertheless they took small heed of these words: for on a sudden they came forth of the boat, entering the ship, every Spaniard taking him to his rapier, which they brought in the boat with other weapons, and a drum wherewith to triumph over them.

Thus did the Spaniards enter the ship, plunging in fiercely upon them, some planting themselves under the deck, some entering the cabins, and a multitude attending their prey.

Then the Corrigidor having an officer with him which bare a white wand in his hand, said to the Master of the ship, "Yield yourself, for you are the King's prisoner." Whereat the Master said to his men, "We are betrayed!"

Then some of them set daggers to his breast, and seemed in furious manner as though they would have slain him, meaning nothing less than to do any such act, for all that they sought was to bring him and his men safe alive to shore. Whereat the Master was amazed, and his men greatly discomfited to see themselves ready to be conveyed even to the slaughter.

Notwithstanding, some of them respecting the danger of the Master, and seeing how with themselves there was no way but present death if they were once landed among the Spaniards, they resolved themselves either to defend the Master, and generally to shun that danger, or else to die, and be buried in the midst of the sea, rather than to suffer themselves to come into the tormentor's hands: and therefore in very bold and manly sort some took them to their javelins, lances, boar-spears, and shot, which they had set in readiness before, and having five calivers¹ ready charged, which was all the small shot they had, those that were under the hatches or the grate² did shoot up at the Spaniards that were over their heads, which shot so amazed the Spaniards on the sudden, as they could hardly tell which way to escape the danger, fearing this their small shot to be of greater number than it was.

Others in very manlike sort dealt about among them, showing themselves of that courage with boar-spears and lances that they dismayed at every stroke two or three Spaniards. Then some of them desired the Master to command his men to cease and hold their hands, but he answered that such was the courage of the English nation in defence of their own lives, that they would slay them and him also: and therefore it lay not in him to do it.

¹ The same word as *calibre*. In the sixteenth century a hand-gun or *harquebus*, the forerunner of the musket.

² Gratings that covered the hatchways.

Now did their blood run about the ship in great quantity, some of them being shot in between the legs, the bullets issuing forth at their breasts, some cut in the head, some thrust into the body, and many of them very sore wounded; so that they came not so fast in on the one side, but now they tumbled as fast over-board on both sides with their weapons in their hands, some falling into the sea, and some getting into their boats, making haste towards the city.

And this is to be noted, that although they came very thick thither, there returned but a small company of them. Neither is it known as yet, how many of them were slain or drowned. Only one Englishman was then slain whose name was John Tristram, and six other hurt. It was great pity to behold how the Spaniards lay swimming in the sea, and were not able to save their lives. Four of them, taking hold of the ship, were for pity's sake taken up again by Master Foster and his men, not knowing what they were.

All the Spaniards' bosoms were stuffed with paper to defend them from the shot, and these four having some wounds were dressed by the surgeon of the ship. One of them was the Corrigidor himself, who is governor of a hundred towns and cities in Spain, his living by his office being better than six hundred pounds yearly.

This skirmish happened in the evening about six of the clock, after they had laden twenty ton of goods and better out of the said ship; which goods were delivered by two of the same ship, whose names were John Burrell and John Brodbanke, who being on shore, were apprehended and stayed.

After this valiant enterprise of eight and twenty Englishmen against ninety-seven Spaniards, they saw it was in vain for them to stay, and therefore set up sails, and by God's Providence avoided all danger,

brought home the rest of their goods, and came thence with all expedition, and (God be thanked) arrived safely in England, near London, on Wednesday, being the eighth day of June 1585.

Principal Navigations.

V

A WATER FAMINE

Now we went merrily before the wind with all the sails we could bear, insomuch that in the space of twenty-four hours, we sailed near 47 leagues, that is, seven score English miles, betwixt Friday at noon and Saturday at noon (notwithstanding the ship was very foul, and much grown with being long at sea) which caused some of our company to make account they would see what running at tilt there should be at Whitehall upon the Queen's Day. Others were imagining what a Christmas they would keep in England with their shares of the prizes we had taken.

But so it befell that we kept a cold Christmas with the Bishop and his Clerks (rocks that lie to the westwards from Scilly and the western parts of England), for soon after, the wind scanting, came about to the eastwards (the worst part of the heavens for us, from which the wind could blow) in such sort, that we could not fetch any part of England.

And hereupon also, our allowance of drink, which was scant enough before, was yet more scanted, because of the scarcity thereof in the ship. So that now a man was allowed but half a pint at a meal, and that many times cold water, and scarce sweet.

Notwithstanding, this was a happy estate in comparison of that which followed: for from half a pint,

we came to a quarter, and that lasted not long neither, so that by reason of this great scarcity of drink, and contrariety of wind, we thought to put into Ireland, there to relieve our wants. But when we came near thither, lying at hull¹ all night (tarrying for the daylight of the next morning, whereby we might the safer bring our ship into some convenient harbour there) we were driven so far to leeward, that we could fetch no part of Ireland, so as with heavy hearts and sad cheer, we were constrained to return back again, and expect till it should please God to send us a fair wind, either for England or Ireland.

In the mean time, we were allowed every man three or four spoonsful of vinegar to drink at a meal: for other drink we had none, saving only at two or three meals, when we had instead hereof as much wine which was wringed out of wine-lees that remained. With this hard fare (for by reason of our great want of drink, we durst eat but very little) we continued for the space of a fortnight, or thereabouts, saving that now and then we feasted. . . . And that was, when there fell any hail or rain.

The hail-stones we gathered up and did eat more pleasantly than if they had been the sweetest comfits in the world.

The rain-drops were as carefully saved, that so near as we could, not one was lost in all our ship. Some hanged up sheets, tied with cords by the four corners, and a weight in the midst, that the water might run down thither, and so be received into some vessel set or hanged underneath. Some that wanted sheets, hanged up napkins and clouts, and watched them till they were thorough wet, then wringing and sucking out the water. And that water which fell down, and washed away the

¹ *Lying at hull*, with all sails furled.

filth and soiling of the ship, trod under foot, as bad as running down the kennel many times when it raineth, was not lost I warrant you, but watched and attended carefully (yea sometimes with strife and contention) at every scupper hole and other place where it ran down, with dishes, pots, cans, and jars, whereof, some drunk hearty draughts, even as it was, mud and all, without tarrying to cleanse or settle it. Others cleansed it first, but not often, for it was so thick, and went so slowly through, that they might ill endure to tarry so long, and were loath to lose too much of such precious stuff.

Some licked with their tongues (like dogs) the boards under feet, the sides, rails and masts of the ship. Others that were more ingenious, fastened girdles or ropes about the masts, daubing tallow between them and the mast, that the rain might not run down between, in such sort, that those ropes or girdles, hanging lower on the one side, than on the other, a spout of leather was fastened to the lowest part of them, that all the raindrops that came running down the mast might meet together at that place and there be received. He that got a can of water, by these means, was spoken of, sued to, and envied as a rich man....

Some of the poor Spaniards that we had taken (who notwithstanding had the same allowance that our own men had) would come and crave of us, for the love of God, but so much water as they could hold in the hollow of their hand; and they had it, notwithstanding our great extremity, to teach them some humanity, instead of their accustomed barbarity both to us, and other nations heretofore. They put also bullets of lead into their mouths to slake their thirst.

Now in every corner of the ship were heard the lamentable cries of sick and wounded men, sounding woefully in our ears, crying out and pitifully complaining for

want of drink, being ready to die, yea many dying from lack thereof; so as by reason of this great extremity, we lost many more men than we had done all the voyage before. Having before this time been so well and sufficiently provided for, that we lived in manner as well and healthfully, and died as few as if we had been in England, whereas now, lightly every day, some were cast over-board.

But December 2nd 1589, was a festival with us, for then it rained a good pace and we saved some pretty store of rain water (though we were well wet for it, and that at midnight) and filled our skins full besides, notwithstanding it were muddy and bitter with washing the ship; but with some sugar which we had to sweeten it withal, it went merrily down. Yet remembered we and wished for (with all our hearts) many a conduit, pump, spring and stream of clear sweet running water in England.

Principal Navigations. —

VI

“VIXERE FORTES ANTE AGAMEMNONA”

(There were *Centurions* before Lord Anson)

IN the month of November, 1590, there were sundry ships appertaining to several merchants of London, which were rigged and fraught with merchandise for sundry places within the Strait of Gibraltar: who, together having wind and weather which oft-time fell out very uncertain, arrived safely in short space, at such places as they desired.

Among whom was the *Centurion* of London, a very tall ship of burden, yet but weakly manned, as appeareth by this discourse following.

This aforesaid ship called the *Centurion*, safely arrived at

Marseilles, where after they had delivered their goods, they stayed about the space of five weeks and better, and then took in lading, intending to return to England.

Now when the *Centurion* was ready to come away from Marseilles, there were sundry other ships of smaller burden, which entreated the Master thereof (whose name is Robert Bradshaw dwelling at Limehouse) to stay a day or two for them, until they were in readiness to depart with them, thereby persuading them that it would be far better for them to stay and go together, in respect of their assistance, than to depart of themselves without company, and so haply for want of aid, fall into the hands of their enemies in the Spanish galleys.

Upon which reasonable persuasion, notwithstanding that this ship was of such sufficiency as they might hazard her in the danger of the sea, yet they stayed for those little ships, according to their request, who together did put to sea from Marseilles, and vowed in general not to fly from one another, if they should happen to meet with any Spanish galleys.

These small ships, accompanied with the *Centurion*, sailing along the coast of Spain, were upon Easter Day in the Strait of Gibraltar suddenly becalmed, where immediately they saw sundry galleys make towards them, in very valiant and courageous sort. The chief leaders and soldiers in those galleys, bravely apparelled in silk coats, with their silver whistles about their necks, and great plumes of feathers in their hats, . . . with their calivers shot at the *Centurion* as fast as they could, so that by ten of the clock, and somewhat before, they had boarded the *Centurion*, who before their coming had prepared for them, and intended to give them so sour a welcome as they might.

And thereupon, having prepared their close fights¹,

¹ *Close fights*, temporary screens or barricades to prevent the enemy from boarding.

and all things in a readiness, they called upon God, on whom only they trusted. And having made their prayers, and cheered up one another to fight so long as life endured, they began to discharge their great ordnance upon the galleys, but the little ships durst not come forward, but lay aloof, while five galleys had boarded them: yea, and with their grappling irons, made their galleys fast to the said ship called the *Centurion*.

The galleys were grappled to the *Centurion* in this manner: two lay on one side, and two on another, and the Admiral lay full in the stern, which galled and battered the *Centurion* so sore, that her main mast was greatly weakened, her sails filled with many holes, and the mizzen and stern made almost unserviceable.

During which time there was a sore and deadly fight on both sides; in which the trumpet of the *Centurion* sounded forth the deadly points of war, and encouraged them to fight manfully against their adversaries. On the contrary part, there was no warlike music in the Spanish galleys but only their whistles of silver, which they sounded forth to their own contentment.

In which fight, many a Spaniard was turned into the sea, and they in multitudes came crawling and hung upon the side of the ship, intending to have entered into the same, but such was the courage of the Englishmen, that so fast as the Spaniards did come to enter, they gave them such entertainment, that some of them were glad to tumble alive into the sea, being remediless for ever to get up alive. In the *Centurion* there were in all, of men and boys forty and eight, who together fought most valiantly, and so galled the enemy that many a brave and lusty Spaniard lost his life.

The *Centurion* was fired¹ five several times with

¹ Set on fire.

wildfire¹ and other provision, which the Spaniards threw in for that purpose. Yet, God be thanked, by the great and diligent foresight of the Master, it did no harm at all. In every of the galleys there were about two hundred soldiers: who together with the shot, spoiled, rent and battered the *Centurion* very sore, shot through her main mast, and slew four of the men in the said ship, the one of them being the Master's Mate.

Ten other persons were hurt, by means of splinters, which the Spaniards shot: yea, in the end when their provision was almost spent, they were constrained to shoot at them hammers, and the chains from their slaves, and yet, God be thanked, they received no more damage. But by spoiling and over-wearying of the Spaniards, the Englishmen constrained them to ungrapple themselves and get them going.

And sure, if there had been any other fresh ship or succour to have relieved and assisted the *Centurion*, they had slain, sunk or taken all those galleys and their soldiers.

The *Dolphin* lay aloof off, and durst not come near, while the other two small ships fled away, so that one of the galleys went from the *Centurion* and set upon the *Dolphin*, which ship immediately was set on fire with their own powder, whereby both men and ship perished. But whether it was with their good wills or no, that was not known unto the *Centurion*; but sure, if it had come forward and been an aid to the *Centurion*, it is to be supposed that it had not perished.

Five hours and a half this fight continued, in which time both were glad to depart only to breathe themselves. But when the Spaniards were gone, they never durst return to fight. Yet the next day six other galleys came and looked at them, but durst not . . . meddle with them.

¹ An inextinguishable composition made of sulphur, naphtha and pitch.

Thus God delivered them from the hands of their enemies, and gave them the victory, for which they heartily praised him, and not long after, safely arrived in London.

Principal Navigations.

VII

THE TAKING OF THE MADRE DE DIOS

IN this sort they lay¹ from the 29th of June to the third of August², what time Captain Thomson, in the *Dainty*, had first sight of the huge carrack called the *Madre de Dios*, one of the greatest receipt belonging to the Crown of Portugal. The *Dainty* being of excellent sail, got the start of the rest of our fleet, and began the conflict somewhat to her cost, with the slaughter and hurt of divers of her men.

Within a while after, Sir John Burgh, in the *Roebuck* of Sir Walter Raleigh's, was at hand to second her: who saluted her with shot of great ordnance, and continued the fight within musket-shot, assisted by Captain Thomson and Captain Newport³, till Sir Robert Crosse, Vice-Admiral of the fleet, came up⁴, being to leeward,—at whose arrival Sir J. Burgh demanded of him what was best to be done. Who answered, that if the carrack were not boarded, she would recover the shore, and fire herself as the other had done⁵.

Whereupon Sir J. Burgh concluded to entangle her, and Sir R. Crosse promised also to fasten himself to her together at the instant, which was performed. But after a while, Sir John receiving a shot with a

¹ At Flores in the Azores.

² 1592, just twelve months after the loss of the *Revenge*.

³ Of the *Dragon*.

⁴ In the *Foresight*.

⁵ The *Santa Cruz* which arrived before her consort and burned herself to avoid capture.

cannon perier¹ under water, and ready to sink, desired Sir R. Crosse to fall off, that he might also clear himself, and save his ship from sinking, which with difficulty he did. For both the *Roebuck* and the *Foresight* were so entangled as with much ado could they clear themselves.

The same evening Sir R. Crosse, finding the carrack then sure, and drawing near the island, persuaded his company to board her again, or else there was no hope to recover her. Who after many excuses and fears, were by him encouraged, and so fell athwart her foreships all alone: and so hindered her sailing, that the rest had time to come up to his succour, and to recover the carrack ere she recovered the land.

And so toward the evening, after he had fought with her alone three hours single, my Lord of Cumberland's two ships² came up, and with very little loss entered with Sir R. Crosse, who had in that time broken their courages, and made the assault easy for the rest.

The General, having disarmed the Portugals, and stowed them, for better security, on all sides, first had presented to his eyes the true proportion of the vast body of this carrack, which did then, and may still, justly provoke the admiration of all men not formerly acquainted with such a sight. But albeit, this first appearance of the hugeness thereof yielded sights enough to entertain our men's eyes.

Yet the pitiful object of so many bodies slain and dismembered, could not but draw each man's eye to see, and heart to lament, and hands to help those miserable people, whose limbs were so torn with the violence of shot,

¹ Originally a gun throwing a stone shot; whence the name. To avoid the possibility of breaking the stone the charge was small and the barrel was short. In 1592, however, the Cannon Perier was not necessarily a stone gun any longer. It was the "howitzer" of the period. Its range was short but its destructiveness at close quarters evidently tremendous.

² The *Samson* and the *Tiger*.

and pain made grievous with the multitude of wounds. No one could almost step but upon a dead carcase or a bloody floor, but specially about the helm, where very many of them fell suddenly from steering to dying.

For the greatness of the steerage requiring the labour of twelve or fourteen men at once, and some of our ships beating her in at the stern with their ordnance, oftentimes with one shot slew four or five labouring on either side of the helm, whose rooms being still furnished with fresh supplies, and our artillery still playing upon them with continual volleys, it could not be but that much blood should be shed in that place. Whereupon our General, moved with singular commiseration of their misery, sent them his own chirurgeons, denying them no possible help or relief that he or any of his company could afford them.

Among the rest of those whose state this chance had made very deplorable was Don Fernando de Mendoza, Grand Captain and Commander of this carrack, who indeed was descended of the house of Mendoza in Spain, but being married in Portugal, lived there as one of that nation: a gentleman well stricken in years, well spoken, of comely personage, of good stature, but of hard fortune. In his several services against the Moors, he was twice taken prisoner, and both times ransomed by the King.

In a former voyage of return from the East India, he was driven upon the Baxos or sands of Juda, near the coast of Cephala, being then also captain of a carrack which was there lost; and himself, though escaping the sea danger, yet fell into the hands of infidels on land, who kept him under long and grievous servitude. Once more the King, carrying a loving respect to the man, and desirous to better his condition, was content to let him try his fortune in this easterly navigation, and committed unto him the conduct of this carrack, wherein he went

from Lisbon General of the whole fleet; and in that degree had returned, if the Viceroy of Goa, embarked for Portugal in the *Bon Jesus*, had not, by reason of his late office, been preferred¹.

Sir John intending not to add too much affliction to the afflicted, moved with pity and compassion of human misery, in the end resolved freely to dismiss this Captain and the most part of his followers to their own country, and for the same purpose bestowed them in certain vessels furnished with all kinds of necessary provision.

This business thus dispatched, good leisure had he to take such view of the goods as conveniency might afford.

And having very prudently (to cut off the unprofitable spoil and pillage, whereunto he saw the minds of many inclined) seized upon the whole to Her Majesty's use, after a short and slender rummaging and searching of such things as first came to hand, he perceived that the wealth would arise nothing disanswerable to expectation; but that the variety and grandeur of all rich commodities, would be more than sufficient to content both the adventurer's desire and the soldier's travail.

And here, I cannot but enter into consideration and acknowledgment of God's great favour towards our nation, who by putting this purchase into our hands, hath manifestly discovered those secret trades and Indian riches, which hitherto lay strangely hidden and cunningly concealed from us: whereof there was among some few of us some small and unperfect glimpse only, which now is turned into the broad light of full and perfect knowledge. Whereby it should seem that the will of God for our good is (if our weakness could

¹ The *Madre de Dios* was one of four vessels that set out from India on the return journey to Lisbon in January, 1592. The *Bon Jesus* was lost in the Mozambique Channel. The *S. Bartholomeu* was never more heard of. And the *Santa Cruz* and *Madre de Dios* were accounted for as the text describes.

apprehend it) to have us communicate with them in those East Indian treasures, and by the erection of a lawful traffic to better our means to advance true religion and his holy service¹.

The carrack being in burden, by the estimation of the wise and experienced, no less than 1600 tons, had fully 900 of those stowed with the gross bulk of merchandise, the rest of the tonnage being allowed partly to the ordnance, which were thirty-two pieces of brass of all sorts, partly to the passengers and victuals, which could not be any small quantity, considering the number of persons, betwixt 600 and 700, and the length of the navigation.

To give you a taste [as it were] of the commodities, it shall suffice to deliver you a general particularity of them according to the catalogue taken at Leadenhall the 15th of September 1592; where upon good view it was found that the principal wares after the jewels (which were no doubt of great value, though they never came to light)² consisted of spices, drugs, silks, calicoes, quilts, carpets, and colours &c.

The spices were—pepper, cloves, maces, nutmegs, cinnamon, green ginger.

The drugs were—benjamin³, frankincense, galingale, mirabolans, aloes, zocotrina, camphor.

¹ The East India Company was founded a few years later.

² As soon as the English mariners came aboard the *Madre de Dios* and realized the extent of her riches, they threw discipline to the winds and rifled and plundered to their hearts' content. Leaving the bulkier cargo unbroken they helped themselves to handfuls of precious stones. One seaman on his return home sold 1800 diamonds and between 200 and 300 rubies for £130. Another had in his possession half a peck of pearls. Yet the remainder of the cargo brought in so satisfactory a figure that the Queen who had invested £3000 in the undertaking recouped herself thirty-fold.

³ An essence made from benzoin: used in perfumery and the making of incense.

The silks [were]—damasks, taffetas, sarcenets, altobassos, that is, counterfeit cloth of gold, unwrought China silk, sleaved silk, white twisted silk, curled cypress.

The calicoes were—book-calicoes, calico lawns, broad white calicoes, fine starched calicoes, coarse white calicoes, brown broad calicoes, brown coarse calicoes.

There were also canopies, and coarse diaper towels, quilts of coarse sarcenet and of calico.

Carpets like those of Turkey; whereunto are to be added the pearl, musk, civet and ambergris.

The rest of the wares were many in number, but less in value: as elephants' teeth, porcelain vessels of China, cocoa-nuts, hides, ebon-wood as black as jet, bedsteads of the same, cloth of the rinds of trees, very strange for the matter and artificial in workmanship.

All which piles of commodities, being by men of approved judgment rated but in reasonable sort, amounted to no less than £150,000 sterling, which being divided amongst the adventurers (whereof Her Majesty was the chief) was sufficient to yield contentment to all parties.

The cargazon¹ being taken out; and the goods, freighted in ten of our ships, sent for² London; to the end that the bigness, height, length, breadth, and other dimensions of so huge a vessel might by the exact rules of geometrical observations, be truly taken, both for present knowledge, and derivation also of the same unto posterity, one Mr. Robert Adams, a man in his faculty of excellent skill, omitted nothing in the description which either his art could demonstrate, or any man's judgment think worthy the memory.

After an exquisite survey of the whole frame, he found the length from the beak-head to the stern (where-

¹ Properly a "bill of lading"; here "cargo."

² To,

upon was erected a lantern) to contain 165 feet. The breadth in the second close deck (whereof she had three) this being the place where there was most extension of breadth, was 46 ft. 10 in. She drew in water 31 feet at her departure from Cochin in India, but not above 26 ft. at her arrival in Dartmouth, being lightened in her voyage by divers means some five feet. She carried in height seven several stories, one main orlop, three close decks, one fore-castle, and a spar-deck of two floors apiece.

The length of the keel was 100 feet, of the mainmast 121 feet, and the circuit at the partners¹ 10 ft. 7 in. The main yard was 106 feet long. By which perfect commensuration of the parts appeareth the hugeness of the whole, far beyond the mould of the biggest shipping used among us, either for war or receipt².

Principal Navigations.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

1552 (?)—1618

THE LAST FIGHT OF THE REVENGE

THE Lord Thomas Howard, with six³ of Her Majesty's ships, six victuallers of London, the barque *Raleigh*, and two or three other pinnaces⁴ riding at anchor near unto

¹ A thickening in the structure of the deck where a mast passes through.

² The *Madre de Dios* is one of the big ships of history, to be named in the same breath with the *Regent*, *Great Harry*, and *Sovereign of the Seas*. The *Triumph*, the largest ship in England at the time, was equal to the *Madre de Dios* in length of keel but her beam was not more than 40 feet. The measurements of the Carrack had an immediate effect upon English shipbuilding.

³ Howard (who had sent two smaller vessels home) had in all fourteen ships, of which six were vessels of war.

⁴ The smallest vessels built for war.

Flores, one of the westerly islands of the Azores, the last of August¹ in the afternoon, had intelligence by one Captain Middleton of the approach of the Spanish Armada². Which Middleton, being a very good sailer, had kept them company three days before, of good purpose³, both to discover their forces the more, as also to give advice to my Lord Thomas of their approach. He had no sooner delivered the news but the fleet was in sight⁴. Many of our ships' companies were on shore in the island, some providing ballast for their ships, others filling of water and refreshing themselves from the land with such things as they could, either for money or by force, recover; by reason whereof our ships being all pestered and rummaging⁵, everything out of order, very light for want of ballast, and that which was most to our disadvantage, the one half of the men of every ship sick, and utterly unserviceable. For in the *Revenge* there were ninety diseased; in the *Bonaventure*, not so many in health as could handle her main-sail. For had not twenty men been taken out of a barque of Sir George Carey's, his being commanded to be sunk, and those appointed to her, she had hardly ever recovered England. The rest for the most part were in little better state.

The names of her Majesty's ships were these as followeth: the *Defiance*, which was admiral⁶; the *Revenge*, vice-admiral; the *Bonaventure*, commanded by Captain Crosse; the *Lion*, by George Fenner; the *Foresight*, by Master Thomas Vavasour; and the *Crane*,

¹ 1591.

² Navy or Fighting fleet. The word is used also of a single vessel.

³ Intentionally.

⁴ This is probably incorrect: otherwise there would have been no chance of bringing off the sick. Sir William Monson, writing somewhat later than Raleigh, says that Howard received twenty-four hours' notice.

⁵ *Pestered and rummaging*, encumbered and out of gear.

⁶ *Which was admiral*, which carried the Admiral's flag.

by Duffield. The *Foresight* and the *Crane* being but small ships, only the other were of the middle size; the rest, besides the barque *Raleigh*, commanded by Captain Thin, were victuallers, and of small force or none.

The Spanish fleet, having shrouded their approach, by reason of the island¹, were now so soon at hand as our ships had scarce time to weigh their anchors; but some of them were driven to let slip their cables² and set sail. Sir Richard Grenville was the last that weighed, to recover the men that were upon the island, which otherwise had been lost³. The Lord Thomas with the rest very hardly recovered the wind; which, Sir Richard Grenville not being able to do, was persuaded by the Master and others to cut his main-sail, and cast about, and to trust to the sailing of the ship⁴; for the squadron of Seville were on his weather bow. But Sir Richard utterly refused to turn from the enemy, alleging that he would rather choose to die, than to dishonour himself, his country, and Her Majesty's ship, persuading his company that he would pass through the two squadrons⁵

¹ The anchorage is on the east side of Flores. But the Spaniards made a circuit and came from the west with intent to make Lord Thomas Howard believe that they were the flota of merchantmen for which he was lying in wait. The surprise miscarried owing to Middleton's intelligence.

² *To let slip their cables*, to let go the cables with buoys on the end.

³ This does not mean either that the other ships of the squadron failed to bring off their sick or that Grenville was commissioned to bring off his own sick and the sick of other ships beside. Middleton's news was sent round to all the ships as soon as it arrived and for reasons which are not clear Sir Richard Grenville was last to leave the anchorage. The dialogue at the beginning of Tennyson's poem has no warrant but the ambiguity of this passage.

⁴ To cut the gaskets and let the sail fall. The Spaniards were to windward of Sir Richard and between him and Lord Thomas. The Master would have set all sail and run before the wind. Sir Richard proposed to join his Admiral by cutting a way through the enemy's fleet.

⁵ The squadron of Seville and the Biscayan squadron.

in despite of them, and enforce those of Seville to give him way. Which he performed upon divers of the foremost, who, as the mariners term it, sprang their luff¹, and fell under the lee of the *Revenge*. But the other course had been the better, and might right well have been answered in so great an impossibility of prevailing². Notwithstanding, out of the greatness of his mind, he could not be persuaded.

In the meanwhile, as he attended those which were nearest him, the great *San Philip*, being in the wind of him, and coming towards him, becalmed his sails in such sort as the ship could neither make way, nor feel the helm; so huge and high carged³ was the Spanish ship, being of 1500 tons. Who, after, laid the *Revenge* aboard⁴. When he was thus bereft of his sails, the ships that were under his lee luffing up, also laid him aboard; of which the next was the Admiral of the Biscayans, a very mighty and puissant ship, commanded by Brittandona. The said *Philip* carried three tier of ordnance on a side, and eleven pieces in every tier. She shot eight forth right out of her chase⁵, beside those of her stern ports.

After the *Revenge* was entangled with this *Philip*,

¹ Put the helm down so as to bring the ship's nose nearer to the wind. If the wind was north and the Spaniards were advancing S.W., Grenville, by sailing closehauled to the E.N.E., would force the leading Spanish ships to hold their wind (so as to avoid a collision) and afterwards ignominiously run under his stern—as subordinate vessels were obliged to do according to English custom and rule of the sea.

² As the odds were overwhelming Grenville would have done better to turn before the wind as the Master proposed. The speed of the *Revenge* would have enabled him to outdistance pursuit and at his leisure or under cover of night he could have rejoined Lord Thomas Howard.

³ *High carged*, with lofty superstructures erected on and above the hull proper. The derivation of "carged" is unknown.

⁴ The Elizabethan word for "to board" was "to enter." To "lay aboard" was to come alongside with hostile intent.

⁵ She had eight bow-chasers.

four other boarded her, two on her larboard, and two on her starboard.

The fight thus beginning at three of the clock in the afternoon, continued very terrible all that evening. But the great *San Philip*, having received the lower tier of the *Revenge* discharged with cross-bar-shot¹, shifted herself with all diligence from her sides, utterly misliking her first entertainment. Some say that the ship foundered, but we cannot report it for truth unless we were assured.

The Spanish ships were filled with companies of soldiers, in some two hundred besides the mariners; in some five, in others eight hundred. In ours there were none at all besides the mariners, but the servants of the commanders, and some few voluntary gentlemen only.

After many interchanged volleys of great ordnance and small shot, the Spanish deliberated to enter the *Revenge*, and made divers attempts, hoping to force her by the multitudes of their armed soldiers and musketeers, but were still repulsed again and again, and at all times beaten back into their own ships, or into the seas.

In the beginning of the fight, the *George Noble* of London having received some shot through her by the Armadas, fell under the lee of the *Revenge*, and asked Sir Richard what he would command him, being but one of the victuallers, and of small force. Sir Richard bid him save himself, and leave him to his fortune².

After the fight had thus, without intermission, continued while the day lasted, and some hours of the night, many of our men were slain and hurt: and one of the great galleons of the Armada and the Admiral of the hulks both sunk; and in many other of the Spanish ships great slaughter was made. Some write that Sir

¹ The bar-shot of a later day; taking various shapes, but in general not unlike a dumb-bell.

² Cp. Note 2, p. 64.

Richard was dangerously hurt almost in the beginning of the fight, and lay speechless for a time ere he recovered. But two of the *Revenge's* own company, brought home in a ship of Lyme from the islands, examined by some of the lords and others, affirmed that he was never so wounded as that he forsook the upper deck till an hour before midnight; and then, being shot into the body with a musket as he was a dressing, was again shot into the head, and withal, his chirurgeon wounded to death. This agreeth also with an examination taken by Sir Francis Godolphin of four other mariners of the same ship, being returned; which examination the said Sir Francis sent unto Master William Killigrew, of Her Majesty's Privy Chamber.

But to return to the fight. The Spanish ships which attempted to board the *Revenge*, as they were wounded and beaten off, so always others came in their places, she having never less than two mighty galleons by her side and aboard her. So that, ere the morning, from three of the clock the day before, there had fifteen several Armadas assailed her; and all so ill approved their entertainment as they were by the break of day far more willing to hearken to a composition, than hastily to make any more assaults or entries. But as the day increased, so our men decreased; and as the light grew more and more, by so much more grew our discomforts. For none appeared in sight but enemies, saving one small ship called the *Pilgrim*, commanded by Jacob Whiddon, who hovered all night to see the success, but in the morning, bearing with the *Revenge*, was hunted like a hare amongst many ravenous hounds, but escaped.

All the powder of the *Revenge* to the last barrel was now spent; all her pikes broken; forty of her best men slain, and the most part of the rest hurt. In the beginning of the fight she had but 100 free from sickness, and four

score and ten sick, laid in hold upon the ballast. A small troop to man such a ship, and a weak garrison to resist so mighty an army! By those 100 all was sustained: the volleys, boardings, and enterings of fifteen ships of war, besides those which beat her at large¹. On the contrary, the Spanish were always supplied with soldiers brought from every squadron; all manner of arms and powder at will. Unto ours there remained no comfort at all; no hope; no supply of ships, men, or weapons; the masts all beaten overboard; all her tackle cut asunder; her upper work altogether razed; and in effect, evened she was with the water, but the very foundation or bottom of a ship, nothing being left over head either for flight or defence.

Sir Richard, finding himself in this distress, and unable any longer to make resistance, having endured in this fifteen hours' fight the assault of fifteen several Armadas, all by turns aboard him, and by estimation 800 shot of great artillery, besides many assaults and entries, and that himself and the ship must needs be possessed by the enemy, who were now all cast in a ring round about him, the *Revenge* not able to move one way or other but as she was moved with the waves and billow of the sea, commanded the Master Gunner, whom he knew to be a most resolute man, to split and sink the ship; that thereby nothing might remain of glory or victory to the Spaniards, seeing in so many hours' fight, and with so great a navy, they were not able to take her, having had fifteen hours' time, above 10,000 men, and 53 sail of men of war to perform it withal; and persuaded the company, or as many as he could induce, to yield themselves unto God, and to the mercy of none else; but as they had, like valiant, resolute men, repulsed so many enemies, they should not now shorten the honour

¹ Which fired at her from a distance.

of their nation by prolonging their own lives for a few hours or a few days. The Master Gunner readily condescended, and divers others; but the Captain and the Master were of another opinion, and besought Sir Richard to have care of them, alleging that the Spaniard would be as ready to entertain a composition, as they were willing to offer the same; and that there being divers sufficient and valiant men yet living, and whose wounds were not mortal, they might do their country and Prince acceptable service hereafter. And whereas Sir Richard had alleged that the Spaniards should never glory to have taken one ship of Her Majesty, seeing that they had so long and so notably defended themselves; they answered that the ship had six foot water in hold, three shot under water, which were so weakly stopped as with the first working of the sea she must needs sink; and was besides so crushed and bruised as she could never be removed out of the place.

And as the matter was thus in dispute, and Sir Richard refusing to hearken to any of these reasons, the Master of the *Revenge*, while the Captain won unto him the greater party, was convoyed aboard the General Don Alonso Baçan, who, finding none over hasty to enter the *Revenge* again, doubting lest Sir Richard would have blown them up and himself, and perceiving by the report of the Master of the *Revenge* his dangerous disposition, yielded that all their lives should be saved, the company sent for England, and the better sort to pay such reasonable ransom as their estate would bear, and in the mean season to be free from galley or imprisonment. To this he so much the rather condescended as well, as I have said, for fear of further loss and mischief to themselves, as also for the desire he had to recover Sir Richard Grenville, whom, for his notable valour, he seemed greatly to honour and admire.

When this answer was returned, and that safety of life was promised, the common sort being now at the end of their peril, the most drew back from Sir Richard and the Master Gunner, being no hard matter to dissuade men from death to life. The Master Gunner, finding himself and Sir Richard thus prevented and mastered by the greater number, would have slain himself with a sword, had he not been by force withheld, and locked into his cabin. Then the General sent many boats aboard the *Revenge*, and divers of our men fearing Sir Richard's disposition, stole away aboard the General and other ships.

Sir Richard, thus overmatched, was sent unto by Alonso Baçan to remove out of the *Revenge*, the ship being marvellous unsavoury, filled with blood and bodies of dead and wounded men like a slaughter house. Sir Richard answered that he might do with his body what he list, for he esteemed it not; and as he was carried out of the ship, he swooned, and reviving again, desired the company to pray for him. The General used Sir Richard with all humanity, and left nothing unattempted that tended to his recovery, highly commending his valour and worthiness, and greatly bewailing the danger wherein he was, being unto them a great spectacle, and a resolution seldom approved, to see one ship turn toward so many enemies, to endure the charge and boarding of so many huge Armadas, and to resist and repel the assaults and entries of so many soldiers. All which, and more, is confirmed by a Spanish captain of the same Armada, and a present actor in the fight, who, being severed from the rest in a storm, was by the *Lion* of London, a small ship, taken, and is now prisoner in London.

The General-Commander of the Armada was Don Alonso Baçan, brother to the Marquess of Santa Cruz.

The Admiral of the Biscayan squadron was Brittandona; of the squadron of Seville, the Marquess of Arumburch. The hulks and fly-boats¹ were commanded by Luis Coutinho. There were slain and drowned in this fight well near 1000 of the enemies, and two special commanders Don Luis de Sant John, and Don George de Prunaria de Malaga, as the Spanish captain confesseth, besides divers others of special account, whereof as yet report is not made.

The Admiral of the hulks, and the *Ascension* of Seville, were both sunk by the side of the *Revenge*. One other recovered the road of Saint Michael, and sunk also there. A fourth ran herself with the shore, to save her men.

Sir Richard died, as it is said, the second or third day, aboard the General, and was by them greatly bewailed². What became of his body, whether it were buried in the sea, or on the land, we know not. The comfort that remaineth to his friends is that he hath ended his life honourably in respect of the reputation won to his nation and country, and of the same to his posterity; and that, being dead, he hath not outlived his own honour.

From Hakluyt's Principal Navigations.

¹ Throughout the sixteenth century the *Hulk* was the large merchantman of the northern nations. She was higher "carged" than the most highly carged ship of war and in consequence was most unseaworthy. As she grew obsolete her name was probably applied in derision to all crank vessels until it came to be degraded to its present use. The *Fly-boat* belonged to the same class as the *Hulk*. She differed somewhat in construction and was considerably smaller. The northern built hulks of Philip II came from his Flemish provinces.

² The words of Sir Richard's dying speech are based upon the record of the Dutch traveller Linschoten. One contemporary Englishman asserts that Grenville never uttered a word after being removed from his own ship: the rest, like Raleigh, make no allusion to the matter.

FRANCIS BACON,
VISCOUNT ST ALBANS

1561—1626

I

THE INFLUENCE OF SEA POWER

To be master of the sea is an abridgment¹ of a monarchy. Cicero, writing to Atticus of Pompey his preparation against Caesar, saith, *Consilium Pompeii plane Themistocleum est; putat enim, qui mari potitur, eum rerum potiri*². And, without doubt, Pompey had tired out Caesar, if upon vain confidence he had not left that way. We see the great effects of battles by sea. The battle of Actium decided the empire of the world. The battle of Lepanto arrested the greatness of the Turk. There be many examples where sea-fights have been final to the war; but this is when princes or states have set up their rest upon the battles. But thus much is certain, that he that commands the sea is at great liberty, and may take as much and as little of the war as he will. Whereas those that be strongest by land are many times nevertheless in great straits. Surely, at this day, with us of Europe, the vantage of strength at sea [which is one of the principal dowries of this kingdom of Great Britain] is great; both because most of the kingdoms of Europe are not merely inland, but girt with the sea most part of their compass; and because the wealth of both Indies seems in great part but an accessory to the command of the seas.

*Essays.*¹ Epitome.² "Pompey's plan is evidently that of Themistocles: for he thinks that whoso is master of the sea will be master of the situation."

II

A PARADOX

It is a strange thing, that in sea voyages, where there is nothing to be seen but sky and sea, men should make diaries; but in land-travel, wherein so much is to be observed, for the most part they omit it; as if chance were fitter to be registered than observation.

Essays.

LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY

1583—1648

THE CHANNEL PASSAGE IN 1609

HAVING passed thus all the winter until about the latter end of January, without any such memorable accident as I shall think fit to set down particularly, I took my leave of the French King, Queen Margaret¹, and the nobles and ladies in both courts; at which time the Princess of Conti desired me to carry a scarf into England, and present it to Queen Anne² on her part, which being accepted, myself and Sir Thomas Lucy³ [whose second I had been twice in France, against two cavaliers of our nation, who yet were hindered to fight with us in the field, where we attended them], we came on our way as far as Dieppe in Normandy, and there took ship about the beginning of February, when so furious a storm arose, that with very great danger we were at sea all night.

The master of our ship lost both the use of his compass and his reason. For not knowing whither he was carried by the tempest, all the help he had was by the lightnings,

¹ Henry of Navarre's first wife, divorced from her husband in 1600.

² Anne of Denmark, Queen Consort of James I.

³ Son of the Justice with whom Shakespeare was embroiled.

which, together with thunder very frequently that night, terrified him, yet gave the advantage sometimes to discover whether we were upon our coast, to which he thought by the course of his glasses¹ we were near approached.

And now towards day we found ourselves, by great providence of God, within view of Dover, to which the master of our ship did make. The men of Dover, rising betimes in the morning to see whether any ship were coming towards them, were in great numbers upon the shore, as believing the tempest which had thrown down barns and trees near the town, might give them the benefit of some wreck, if perchance any ship were driven thitherwards.

We coming thus in extreme danger straight upon the pier of Dover, which stands out in the sea, our ship was unfortunately split against it. The master said, "*Mes amis, nous sommes perdus,*" or "My friends, we are cast away." When myself who heard the ship crack against the pier, and then found by the master's words it was time for every one to save themselves, if they could, got out of my cabin [though very sea-sick] and climbing up the mast a little way, drew my sword and flourished it, they at Dover, having this sign given them, adventured in a shallop of six oars to relieve us, which being come with great danger to the side of our ship, I got into it first with my sword in my hand, and called for Sir Thomas Lucy, saying that if any man offered to get in before him, I should resist him with my sword. Whereupon a faithful servant of his, taking Sir Thomas Lucy out of the cabin, who was half dead of sea-sickness, put him into my arms. Whom, after I had received, I bid the shallop make away for shore and the rather that I saw another shallop coming to

¹ *By the course of his glasses*—By the number of times the sand had run through.

relieve us:—when, a post from France, who carried letters, finding the ship still rent more and more, adventured to leap from the top of our ship into the shallop, where, falling fortunately on some of the stronger timber of the boat and not on the planks, which he must needs have broken and so sunk us had he fallen upon them, escaped together with us two unto the land.

I must confess myself, as also the seamen that were in the shallop, thought once to have killed him for the desperate attempt. But finding no harm followed, we escaped together unto the land, from whence we sent more shallops, and so made means to save both men and horses that were in the ship, which yet itself was wholly split and cast away, insomuch that in pity to the master, Sir Thomas Lucy and myself gave thirty pounds towards his loss, which yet was not so great as we thought, since the tide now ebbing, he recovered the broken parts of his ship.

Autobiography.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

[1564—1616]

I

THE TEMPEST

SCENE—*On¹ a Ship at Sea. A tempestuous noise of Thunder and Lightning heard.*

Enter a SHIP-MASTER and a BOATSWAIN.

MASTER. Boatswain!

BOATS. Here, master: what cheer?

MAST. Good. Speak to the mariners: fall to 't yarely, or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir. *[Exit.*

¹ An early example of the misuse of "on." The seaman says "in" or "on board": cp. Richard Steele, *Inkle and Yarico*, *infra*, p. 149.

Enter MARINERS.

BOATS. Heigh, my hearts, cheerly, cheerly, my hearts! yare, yare¹. Take in the topsail²; tend to the master's whistle.—Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough³!

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND,
GONZALO, and others.

ALON. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.

BOATS. I pray now, keep below.

ANT. Where is the master, boatswain?

BOATS. Do you not hear him? You mar our labour. Keep your cabins; you do assist the storm.

GON. Nay, good, be patient.

BOATS. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence! trouble us not.

GON. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

BOATS. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor: if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more. Use your authority: if you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts!—Out of our way, I say. *[Exit.*

GON. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks

¹ *Cheerly, cheerly!*—Be quick! Work with a will! *Yare, yare—Be steady!* Mind what you are doing!

² The vessel has the island coast under her lee. It is therefore necessary for her to shorten canvas. Like many another sixteenth century ship, she has a single topsail which she sets above her main course.

³ This remark is addressed to the gale. For wind as such the boatswain cares nothing: but the force of the tempest renders it difficult to claw the ship off the land.

he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good Fate, to his hanging; make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage: if he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter BOATSWAIN.

BOATS. Down with the topmast: yare; lower, lower. Bring her to try with main-course¹. [*A cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office.—

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO.

Yet again? what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

SEB. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

BOATS. Work you, then.

ANT. Hang, cur! hang, you — insolent noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

GON. I'll warrant him for drowning, though the ship were no stronger than a nutshell.

BOATS. Lay her a-hold, a-hold! Set her two courses; off to sea again; lay her off².

Enter MARINERS, *wet.*

MAR. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!

[*Exeunt.*]

BOATS. What, must our mouths be cold?

GON. The king and prince at prayers! Let's assist them,

¹ A new expedient. The boatswain proposes to make all snug, to "lie to" under a single sail and leave the gale to pass on without them.

² It is impossible any longer to lie to. The vessel makes perilous leeway towards the shoals. *Lay her a-hold!*—put the helm hard down; bring her close to the wind. Set the foresail again as well as the mainsail: and work to seaward if possible.

For our case is as theirs.

SEB. I am out of patience.

ANT. We are merely cheated of our lives by drunkards.—

This wide-chapped rascal,—’would, thou might’st lie drowning,

The washing of ten tides!

GON. He’ll be hanged yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wid’st to glut him.

[*A confused noise within.*] Mercy on us!—
We split, we split!¹—Farewell, my wife and children!—
Farewell, brother!—We split, we split, we split!—

ANT. Let’s all sink with the king. [*Exit.*]

SEB. Let’s take leave of him. [*Exit.*]

GON. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea
for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze,
anything. The wills above be done, but I would fain
die a dry death. [*Exit.*]

The Tempest.

II

ALONGSHORE

SCENE—*A desert country near the Sea.*

Enter a SHEPHERD.

SHEPHERD. I would there were no age between ten and three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest. For there is nothing in the between but — wronging the ancients, stealing, fighting—Hark you now! Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather? They have

¹ The attempt to make an offing has failed. The vessel, at the mercy of wind and waves, is hurled upon the rocks.

scared away two of my best sheep, which I fear the wolf will sooner find than the master. If anywhere I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browsing of ivy. Good luck, an't be thy will! What have we here? Mercy on's, a barne; very pretty barne! A boy or a child, I wonder? A pretty one. A very pretty one. Sure some scape I'll take it up for pity. Yet I'll tarry till my son come. He hallooed but even now. Whoa, ho, hoa!

Enter CLOWN.

CLOWN. Hilloa, loa!

SHEPHERD. What? Art so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ailest thou, man?

CLOWN. I have seen two such sights. By sea and by land! But I am not to say it is a sea. For it is now the sky. Betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

SHEPHERD. Why, boy, how is it?

CLOWN. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! But that's not to the point. O the most piteous cry of the poor souls! Sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em. Now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallowed with yeast and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land-service. To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help and said his name was Antigonus a nobleman. But to make an end of the ship. To see how the sea flap-dragoned it. But, first how the poor souls roared and the sea mocked them: and how the poor gentleman roared and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea or weather.

SHEPHERD. Name of mercy! When was this, boy?

CLOWN. Now! Now! I have not winked since I

saw these sights. The men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman. He's at it now.

SHEPHERD. Would I had been by to have helped the old man.

CLOWN. I would you had been by the ship side to have helped her. There your charity would have lacked footing.

SHEPHERD. Heavy matters! Heavy matters! But look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself! Thou metest with things dying; I with things new-born. Here's a sight for thee! Look thee! A bearing-cloth for a squire's child! Look thee here! Take up! Take up, boy! Open 't! So! Let's see. It was told me I should be rich by the fairies. This is some changeling. Open 't! What's within, boy?

CLOWN. You're a made old man. If the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! All gold!

SHEPHERD. This is fairy gold, boy: and 'twill prove so. Up with't. Keep it close. Home! Home, the next way. We are lucky, boy: and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go. Come, good boy. The next way home.

CLOWN. Go you the next way with your findings. I'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman and how much he hath eaten. They are never curst but when they are hungry. If there be any of him left, I'll bury it.

SHEPHERD. That's a good deed. If thou mayest discern by that which is left of him what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

CLOWN. Marry, will I: and you shall help me put him i' the ground.

SHEPHERD. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't.

[*Exeunt.*]

The Winter's Tale.

AUTHORIZED VERSION OF THE BIBLE

1611

I

MAN'S INSIGNIFICANCE

WHERE wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? Declare, if thou hast understanding. Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest? Or who hath stretched the line upon it? Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened? Or who laid the corner-stone thereof, when the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy?

Or who shut up the sea with doors, when it brake forth as if it had issued out of the womb, when I made the cloud the garment thereof, and thick darkness a swaddling band for it, and established my decree upon it, and set bars and doors, and said, "Hitherto shalt thou come; but no further. And here shall thy proud waves be stayed"?

The Book of Job.

II

THE SHIPWRECK OF ST. PAUL

AND when it was determined that we should sail into Italy, they delivered Paul and certain other prisoners unto one named Julius, a centurion of Augustus' band. And entering into a ship¹ of Adramyttium, we launched,

¹ "Such a vessel as this carried one huge sail bent to a yard resembling a gigantic fishing-rod, whose butt when the sail was set came nearly down to the deck, while the tapering end soared many feet above the masthead. As it was the work of all hands to hoist it, and the operation took a long time, when once it was hoisted it was

meaning to sail by the coasts of Asia; one Aristarchus, a Macedonian of Thessalonica, being with us. And the next day we touched at Sidon. And Julius courteously entreated Paul, and gave him liberty to go unto his friends to refresh himself. And when we had launched from thence, we sailed under Cyprus, because the winds were contrary¹. And when we had sailed over the sea of Cilicia and Pamphylia, we came to Myra, a city of Lycia. And there the centurion found a ship of Alexandria sailing into Italy; and he put us therein.

And when we had sailed slowly many days, and scarce were come over against Cnidus, the wind not suffering us, we sailed under Crete, over against Salmone; and, hardly passing it, came unto a place which is called "The Fair Havens"; nigh whereunto was the city of Lasea.

Now when much time was spent, and when sailing was now dangerous, because the fast was now already past, Paul admonished them, and said unto them, "Sirs, I perceive that this voyage will be with hurt and much damage, not only of the lading and ship, but also of our lives." Nevertheless the centurion believed the master

kept so if possible, and the nimble sailors with their almost prehensile toes climbed up the scanty rigging, and clinging to the yard gave the sail a bungling furl. The hull was just that of an exaggerated boat, sometimes undecked altogether, and sometimes covered in with loose planks, excepting a hut-like erection aft which was of a little more permanent character. Large oars were used in weather that admitted of this mode of propulsion, and the anchors were usually made of heavy forked pieces of wood, whereto big stones were lashed. There was a rudder, but no compass, so that the crossing of even so narrow a piece of water as separated Syria from Cyprus was quite a hazardous voyage. Tacking was unknown or almost so, and once the mariners got hold of the land they were so reluctant to lose sight of it that they heeded not how much time the voyage took or what distance they travelled."

—F. T. Bullen, *The Sea in the New Testament*.

¹ under [the lee of] Cyprus—that is to the east of the island, because a westerly breeze was blowing.

and the owner of the ship¹, more than those things which were spoken by Paul. And because the haven was not commodious to winter in, the more part advised to depart thence also, if by any means they might attain to Phenice, and there to winter; which is an haven of Crete, and lieth toward the south west and north west.

And when the south wind blew softly, supposing that they had obtained their purpose, loosing thence, they sailed close by Crete. But not long after there arose against it a tempestuous wind, called Euroclydon. And when the ship was caught, and could not bear up into the wind, we let her drive. And running under a certain island which is called Clauda², we had much work to come by the boat³: which when they had taken up, they used helps, undergirding the ship⁴; and fearing lest they should fall into the quicksands, strake sail, and so were driven⁵.

And we being exceedingly tossed with a tempest, the next day they lightened the ship; and the third day we cast out with our own hands the tackling of the ship. And when neither sun nor stars in many days appeared, and no small tempest lay on us, all hope that we should be saved was taken away. But after long abstinence

¹ The captain and the sailing master.

² *And when the ship Clauda*—And when the ship felt the breeze she paid off and we bore up and running before the wind under the shelter of an island called Clauda. . . .

³ The boat had been towing astern. They now hauled her inboard. She was waterlogged and in consequence hard to come by. Even as late as Charles I's reign the ships of the Royal Navy were accustomed to tow their long-boats astern.

⁴ Cables were passed under the keel to hold the timbers together. The tugging strain of the mast caused them to sag and gape and let the water in. The master evidently feared that the ship would founder from her leaks.

⁵ *And fearing driven*—The wind blowing straight upon the quicksands of the African coast, canvas was shortened and the vessel lay to under storm sails.

Paul stood forth in the midst of them, and said, "Sirs, ye should have hearkened unto me, and not have loosed from Crete, and to have gained this harm and loss. And now I exhort you to be of good cheer: for there shall be no loss of any man's life among you, but of the ship. For there stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am, and whom I serve, saying, 'Fear not, Paul; thou must be brought before Caesar: and, lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee.' Wherefore, sirs, be of good cheer: for I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me. Howbeit we must be cast upon a certain island."

But when the fourteenth night was come, as we were driven up and down in Adria, about midnight the shipmen deemed that they drew near to some country; and sounded, and found it twenty fathoms: and when they had gone a little further, they sounded again, and found it fifteen fathoms. Then fearing lest we should have fallen upon rocks, they cast four anchors out of the stern, and wished for the day. And as the shipmen were about to flee out of the ship, when they had let down the boat into the sea, under colour as though they would have cast anchors out of the foreship, Paul said to the centurion and to the soldiers, "Except these abide in the ship, ye cannot be saved." Then the soldiers cut off the ropes of the boat, and let her fall off. And while the day was coming on, Paul besought them all to take meat, saying, "This day is the fourteenth day that ye have tarried and continued fasting, having taken nothing. Wherefore I pray you to take some meat: for this is for your health: for there shall not an hair fall from the head of any of you." And when he had thus spoken, he took bread, and gave thanks to God in presence of them all: and when he had broken it, he began to eat. Then were they all of good cheer, and they also took some meat.

And we were in all in the ship two hundred threescore and sixteen souls. And when they had eaten enough, they lightened the ship, and cast out the wheat into the sea.

And when it was day, they knew not the land: but they discovered a certain creek with a shore, into the which they were minded, if it were possible, to thrust the ship. And when they had cut the anchors, they left them in the sea, and loosed the rudder bands¹, and hoised up the mainsail² to the wind, and made toward shore. And falling into a place where two seas met, they ran the ship aground; and the forepart stuck fast, and remained unmoveable, but the hinder part was broken with the violence of the waves. And the soldiers' counsel was to kill the prisoners, lest any of them should swim out, and escape. But the centurion, willing to save Paul, kept them from their purpose; and commanded that they which could swim should cast themselves first into the sea, and get to land: and the rest, some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship. And so it came to pass, that they escaped all safe to land.

The Acts of the Apostles.

¹ When the four anchors were dropped from the stern the rudder—a great steering-oar fastened to the right side of the ship—was hauled up by its proper ropes so that its blade should not foul the cables. As soon as the ship was under way the rudder was lowered again.

² τὸν ἀρτέμωνα should not be translated "mainsail" but "foresail." It is doubtful whether in such weather they could have set the mainsail at all. What they did was to hoist the artemon or foresail to the little foremast so as to give the ship just enough headway to make the beach in the cove under their lee.

SAMUEL PURCHAS

1575 (?)--1626

THE SERVICES OF THE SEA

GOD hath combined the sea and land into one globe. So their joint combination and mutual assistance is necessary to secular happiness and glory. The sea covereth one-half of this patrimony of man, whereof God set him in possession when he said, "Replenish the earth, and subdue it, and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth."

And when the sea had, as it were, rebelled against rebellious man, so that all in whose nostrils was the breath of life, and all that was in the dry land died, yet then did it all that time endure the yoke of man in that first of ships, the ark of Noah; and soon after, the goad also, when God renewed the former covenant, and imposed the fear and dread of man upon every beast of the earth, and upon every fowl of the air, upon all that moveth upon the earth and upon all the fishes of the sea.

Thus should man at once lose half his inheritance if the art of navigation did not enable him to manage this untamed beast, and with the bridle of the winds and saddle of his shipping to make him serviceable. Now for the services of the sea, they are innumerable: it is the great purveyor of the world's commodities to our use, conveyer of the excess of rivers, uniter by traffic of all nations: it presents the eye with the diversified colours and motions, and is, as it were with rich brooches, adorned with various islands: it is an open field for merchandise in peace; a pitched field for the most

dreadful fights of war; yields diversity of fish and fowl for diet, materials for wealth, medicine for health, simples for medicines, pearls and other jewels for ornament, amber and ambergris for delight, the wonders of the Lord in the deep for instruction, variety of creatures for use, multiplicity of natures for contemplation, diversity of accidents for admiration, compendiousness to the way, to full bodies healthful evacuation, to the thirsty earth fertile moisture, to distant friends pleasant meeting, to weary persons delightful refreshing, to studious and religious minds a map of knowledge, mystery of temperance, exercise of continence, school of prayer, meditation, devotion, and sobriety; refuge to the distressed, portage to the merchant, passage to the traveller, customs to the prince, springs, lakes, rivers, to the earth; it hath on it tempests and calms to chastise the sins, to exercise the faith, of seamen; manifold affections in itself, to affect and stupefy the subtlest philosopher; sustaineth movable fortresses for the soldier; maintaineth (as in our island) a wall of defence and watery garrison to guard the state; entertains the sun with vapours, the moon with obsequiousness, the stars also with a natural looking-glass, the sky with clouds, the air with temperateness, the soil with suppleness, the rivers with tides, the hills with moisture, the valleys with fertility; containeth most diversified matter for meteors, most multiform shapes, most various, numerous kinds, most immense, diffomed, deformed, unformed monsters; once (for why should I longer detain you?) the sea yields action to the body, meditation to the mind, the world to the world, all parts thereof to each part, by this art of arts, navigation.

His Pilgrimage.

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY

1581—1613

CHARACTER OF THE SAILOR

A SAILOR is a pitched piece of reason, caulked and tackled, and only studied to dispute with tempests. He is part of his own provision, for he lives ever pickled. A fair wind is the substance of his creed, and fresh water the burden of his prayers. He is naturally ambitious, for he is ever climbing: out of which as naturally he fears, for he is ever flying. Time and he are everywhere ever contending who shall arrive first. He is well winded, for he tires the day and outruns darkness. His life is like a hawk's, the best part mewed; and if he live till three coats is a master.

He sees God's wonders in the deep, but so as rather they appear his playfellows than stirrers of his zeal. Nothing but hunger and hard rocks can convert him, and then but his upper deck neither; for his hold neither fears nor hopes. His sleeps are but reprievals of his dangers, and when he wakes, 'tis but next stage to dying. His wisdom is the coldest part about him, for it ever points to the North; and it lies lowest, which makes his valour every tide o'erflow it. In a storm 'tis disputable whether the noise be more his or the elements', and which will first leave scolding; on which side of the ship he may be saved best, whether his faith be starboard faith or larboard, or the helm at that time not all his hope of heaven. His keel is the emblem of his conscience. Till it be split he never repents; and then no farther than the land allows him. His language is a new confusion, and all his thoughts new nations.

His body and his ship are both one burden. Nor is it known who stows most wine, or rolls most—only the ship is guided. He has no stern. A barnacle and he are bred together; both of one nature and, 'tis feared, one reason. Upon any but a wooden horse¹ he cannot ride, and, if the wind blow against him, he dare not². He swarms up to his seat as to a sail-yard, and cannot sit unless he bear a flagstaff. If ever he be broken to the saddle, 'tis but a voyage still, for he mistakes the bridle for a bowline and is ever turning his horse-tail. He can pray but 'tis by rote, not faith; and, when he would, he dares not, for his brackish belief hath made that ominous. A rock or a quicksand plucks him before he be ripe; else, is he gathered to his friends at Wapping.

Characters.

SIR WILLIAM MONSON

1568—1643

THE CHOICE OF CAPTAINS

THE experienced, valiant, sea-soldier and mariner, who knows how to manage a ship and maintain a sea fight judicially, for defence of himself and offence of his enemy, is only³ fit to be a captain and commander at sea. For, without good experience, a man otherwise courageous may soon destroy himself and his company.

The sea language is not soon learned, much less understood, being only proper to him that has served his apprenticeship. Besides that, a boisterous sea and

¹ *Horse*—"A frame of wood the riggers make use of to wold ships masts."—Blanckley, *Naval Expositor*.

² He dare not *ride* at anchor if the wind blow against him.

³ The only man.

stormy weather will make a man not bred on it so queasy sick that it bereaves him of legs, stomach and courage, so much as to fight with his meat. And in such weather, when he hears the seamen cry, starboard or port, or to bide a loof, or flat a sheet, or haul home a clue line, he thinks he hears a barbarous speech which he conceives not the meaning of. Suppose the best and ablest bred seaman should buckle on armour and mount a courageous great horse, and so undertake the leading of a troop of horse, he would [no doubt] be accounted very indiscreet, and men would judge he could perform but very weak service; neither could his soldiers hope of good security, being under an ignorant captain that knows not scarce how to rein his horse, much less to take advantage for execution or retreat. Yet it is apparent to be far more easy to attain experience for land service than on the sea.

The bred seaman is for the most part hardy and undaunted, ready to adventure any desperate action, be it good or bad; as prodigal of his blood, into whatsoever humour his commander will draw him unto if he loves or fears him. The seamen's desire is to be commanded by those that understand their labour, laws and customs, thereby expecting reward or punishment according to their deserts. The seamen are stubborn or perverse when they perceive their commander is ignorant of the discipline of the sea, and cannot speak to them in their own language. That commander who is bred a seaman, and of approved government, by his skill in choice of his company will save twenty in the hundred, and perform better service than he can possibly do that understands not perfectly how to direct his officers under him.

Naval Tracts.

CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH

1580—1631

THE PATHWAY TO EXPERIENCE,

OR A PAGE OF ACCIDENCE FOR YOUNG SEAMEN

MEN of all other professions, in lightning, thunder, storms and tempests, with rain and snow, may shelter themselves in dry houses, by good fires, and good cheer; but those are the chief times that seamen must stand to their tacklings, and attend with all diligence their greatest labour upon the decks. Many supposeth anything is good enough to serve men at sea, and yet nothing sufficient for them ashore, either for their healths, for their ease, or estates, or state. A commander at sea should do well to think the contrary, and provide for himself and company in like manner; also seriously to consider what will be his charge, to furnish himself at sea, with bedding, linen, arms and apparel; how to keep his table aboard, his expenses on shore, and his Petty Tally, which is a competent proportion according to your number, of these particulars following.

Fine wheat flour, close and well packed, rice, currants, sugar, prunes, cinnamon, ginger, pepper, cloves, green ginger, oil, butter, old cheese or Holland, wine vinegar, Canary sack, aqua vitae, the best wines, the best waters, the juice of lemons for the scurvy¹, white biscuit, oatmeal, gammons of bacon, dried neat's tongues, roasted beef packed up in vinegar, leg of mutton minced and stewed, and packed up with butter in earthen pots. To entertain

¹ In spite of this early knowledge of its anti-scorbutic properties, lemon-juice or acid equivalent was not regularly issued to the British Fleet till 1795.

strangers, marmele¹, suckets², almonds, comfits and such like.

Some it may be will say, I would have men rather to feast than fight. But I say the want of those necessities, occasions the loss of more men, than in any English fleet hath been slain in any fight since '88. For when a man is ill, sick, or at the point of death, I would know whether a dish of buttered rice, with a little cinnamon and sugar, a little minced meat, or roast beef, a few stewed prunes, a race³ of green ginger, a flap jack⁴, a can of fresh water brewed with a little cinnamon, ginger and sugar, be not better than a little Poor John⁵, or salt fish with oil and mustard, or biscuit, butter, cheese or oatmeal pottage on fish days, salt beef, pork and peas, and six shillings beer. This is your ordinary ship's allowance, and good for them that are well, if well conditioned: which is not always, as seamen can too well witness. And after a storm, when poor men are all wet, and some not so much a cloth to shift him, shaking with cold, few of those but will tell you, a little sack, or aqua vitæ, is much better to keep them in health, than a little small beer, or cold water, though it be sweet. Now that every one should provide those things for himself, few of them have either that providence or means. And there is neither alehouse, tavern, nor inn to burn a faggot in; neither grocer, poulterer, apothecary, nor butcher's shop: and therefore the use of this Petty Tally is necessary, and thus to be employed as there is occasion. To entertain strangers, as they are in quality, every commander should show himself as he can, as well for the credit of the ship and his setters forth, as himself. But in that herein every one may moderate themselves according to their

¹ *Marmele*, quince jam.

² *Sucket*, a sugar-plum.

³ *Race*, root.

⁴ *Flap jack*, a pancake.

⁵ *Poor John*, dried stockfish.

own pleasures, therefore I leave it to their own discretions. And this brief discourse, and myself, to their friendly construction and good opinion.

JOHN SMITH writ this with his own hand.

Seaman's Grammar.

THOMAS FULLER

1608—1661

THE GOOD SEA CAPTAIN

CONCEIVE him now in a man-of-war, with his letters of marque, well armed, victualled and appointed, and see how he acquits himself.

The more power he hath, the more careful he is not to abuse it. Indeed a sea captain is a king in the island of a ship, supreme judge, above appeal in causes civil and criminal, and is seldom brought to an account in courts of justice on land for injuries done to his own men at sea.

He is careful in observing of the Lord's day. He hath a watch in his heart though no bells in a steeple to proclaim that day by ringing to prayers....

He is as pious and thankful when a tempest is past as devout when it is present; not clamorous to receive mercies and tongue-tied to return thanks....

Escaping many dangers makes him not presumptuous to run into them....

In taking a prize he most prizeth the men's lives whom he takes though some of them may chance to be negroes or savages. 'Tis the custom of some to cast them overboard and there's an end of them. For the dumb fishes will tell no tales. But the murder is not so soon drowned as the men. What! Is a brother by half-

blood no kin? A savage hath God to his father by creation, though not the Church to his mother. And God will revenge his innocent blood.

But our Captain counts the image of God, nevertheless his image cut in ebony as if done in ivory; and in the blackest Moors he sees the representation of the King of Heaven.

In dividing the gains he wrongs none who took pains to get them. Not shifting off his poor mariners with nothing, or giving them only the garbage of the prize and keeping all the flesh to himself.

In time of peace he quietly returns home, and turns not to the trade of pirates who are the worst sea-vermin and the devil's water-rats.

The Holy and Profane States.

SAMUEL PEPYS

1633—1703

THE RESTORATION OF CHARLES II¹

CHAPTER I

TO SEA WITH MY LORD²

March 23, 1660. Up early. Carried my Lord's will in a black box to Mr. William Montagu for him to keep for him. Then to the barber's and put on my cravat there. So to my Lord again, who was almost ready to

¹ In order to confine the narrative within reasonable limits Mr. Pepys's account has been considerably curtailed: cp. H. B. Wheatley's eight volume edition of the *Diary*, Vol. I, pp. 91-151.

² Admiral Sir Edward Montagu. During the interregnum the courtesy-title "my Lord" was often bestowed upon those who held high office. After the Restoration, Montagu was created Earl of Sandwich.

be gone and had stayed for me. Young Reeve brought me a little perspective-glass¹ which I bought for my Lord. It cost me eight shillings. So after that my Lord in Sir H. Wright's coach with Captain Isham²: Mr. Thomas³, John Crew, W. Howe and I in a hackney to the Tower where the barges stayed for us. My Lord and the Captain in one, and W. Howe and I etc. in the other to the Long Reach where the *Swiftsure* lay at anchor.

Soon as my Lord on board the guns went off bravely from the ships. And a little while after comes the Vice-Admiral Lawson and seemed very respectful to my Lord and so did the rest of the Commanders of the frigates that were thereabouts. I to the cabin allotted to me which was the best that any had that belonged to my Lord. I got out some things out of my chest for writing and to work presently, Mr. Burr⁴ and I both. I supped at the deck table with Mr. Shepley⁵. We were late writing of orders for the getting of ships ready, etc. After that to bed in my cabin which was but short. However, I made shift with it and slept very well and the weather being good I was not sick at all yet. I know not what I shall be.

March 24. I dispatch many letters to-day abroad and it was late before we could get to bed. Mr. Shepley and Howe supped with me in my cabin. The boy Eliezer flung down a can of beer upon my papers which made me give him a box of the ear, it having all spoiled my papers and cost me a great deal of work. So to bed.

March 25. [Lord's Day.] About two o'clock in the morning letters came from London by our coxswain.

¹ A forerunner of the modern telescope.

² Captain of the *Swiftsure*. Montagu's flag, however, was to be borne by the *Naseby* of which Roger Cuttance was Captain.

³ Mr. Thomas Crewe, afterwards Lord Crewe.

⁴ Pepys's clerk.

⁵ Montagu's steward.

So they woke me. But I would not rise; but bid him stay till morning; which he did, and then I rose and carried them in to my Lord who read them a-bed. Among the rest there was the writ and mandate for him to dispose to the Cinque Ports for choice of Parliament men. There was also one for me from Mr. Blackburne¹ who with his own hand superscribes it to S. P. Esq., of which God knows I am not a little proud. About ten o'clock Mr. Ibbott² at the end of the long table begun to pray and preach and indeed made a very good sermon upon the duty of all Christians to be steadfast in faith. After that Captain Cuttance and I had oysters, my Lord being in his cabin not intending to stir out to-day. After that into the Great Cabin above to dinner with the Captain, where was Captain Isham and all the officers of the ship. I took place of all but the Captains. After dinner I wrote a great many letters to my friends at London. After that, sermon again, at which I slept, God forgive me! After that, it being a fair day, I walked with the Captain upon the deck talking. At night I supped with him and after that had orders from my Lord about some business to be done against to-morrow, which I sat up late and did; and then to bed.

March 26. This morning I rose early and went about making of an establishment of the whole fleet and a list of all the ships with the number of men and guns. About an hour after that, we had a meeting of the principal commanders and seamen, to proportion out the number of these things. After that to dinner, there being very many commanders on board. All the afternoon very many orders were made till I was weary. At night Mr. Shepley and W. Howe came and brought some bottles of wine and some things to eat in my cabin where we were very merry. Captain Cuttance came afterwards

¹ Secretary to the Admiralty.

² Chaplain of the *Swiftsure*.

and sat drinking a bottle of wine till eleven, a kindness he do not usually do the greatest officer in the ship. After that to bed.

March 27. This morning the wind came about and we fell into the Hope¹, and in our passing by the Vice-Admiral, he and the rest of the frigates with him did give us abundance of guns and we them, so much that the report of them broke all the windows in my cabin and broke off the iron bar that was upon it to keep anybody from creeping in at the scuttle. This noon I sat the first time with my Lord at table since my coming to sea. All the afternoon exceeding busy in writing of letters and orders. In the afternoon Sir Harry Wright came on board us, about his business of being chosen Parliament man. My Lord brought him to see my cabin, when I was hard a-writing. At night supped with my Lord too with the Captain, and after that to work again till it be very late. So to bed.

March 29. We lie still a little below Gravesend.

March 30. This day, while my Lord and we were at dinner, the *Naseby* came in sight towards us and at last came to anchor close by us. After dinner my Lord and many others went on board her, where everything was out of order and a new chimney made for my Lord in his² bed-chamber which he was much pleased with. My Lord in his discourse discovered a great deal of love to this ship.

April 2. Up very early, and to get all my things and my boy's³ packed up. Great concourse of commanders here this morning to take leave of my Lord upon his going into the *Naseby*, so that the table was

¹ A reach of the Thames near Tilbury: cp. mention of "Long Reach," March 23.

² Montagu had had his flag in the *Naseby* on a previous occasion.

³ Eliezer's.

full. After dinner I went in one of the boats with my boy before my Lord and made shift before night to get my cabin in pretty good order. It is but little, but very convenient, having one window to the sea and another to the deck, and a good bed. This morning comes Mr. Edward Pickering, like a coxcomb as he always was. He tells me that the King will come in, but that Monk did resolve to have the doing of it himself or else to hinder it.

April 5. Ready to set sail, which we did about noon and came in the evening to Lee roads and anchored. I spent all the afternoon upon the deck, it being very pleasant weather. At night very sleepy to bed.

April 6. In the afternoon, W. Howe and I to our violins, the first time since we came on board. In the evening, it being fine moonshine, I stayed late walking upon the quarter-deck with Mr.¹ Cuttance, learning of some sea-terms; and so down to supper and to bed.

April 7. This day about nine o'clock in the morning the wind grew high and we being among the sands lay at anchor. I began to be dizzy and squeamish. Before dinner my Lord sent for me down to eat some oysters, the best my Lord said that ever he ate in his life, though I have ate as good at Bardsey. After dinner, and all the afternoon I walked upon the deck to keep myself from being sick, and at last about five o'clock, went to bed and got a caudle made me and sleep upon it very well.

April 8. [Lord's Day.] Very calm again and I pretty well, but my head ached all day. About noon set sail. In our way I see many vessels and masts which are now the greatest guides for ships. We had a brave wind all the afternoon and overtook two merchantmen that overtook us yesterday, going to the East Indies. This evening Major Willoughby, who had been here three or

¹ At this time not only Lieutenants but Captains and even Admirals were addressed as "Mr."

four days on board with Mr. Pickering, went on board a ketch for Dunkirk. We continued sailing when I went to bed, being somewhat ill again, and Will Howe, the surgeon, parson, and Balty¹ supped in the Lieutenant's cabin and afterwards sat disputing, the parson for and I against extemporary prayers, very hot.

April 9. We having sailed all night were come in sight of the Nore² and South Forelands in the morning and so sailed all day. In the afternoon we had a very fresh gale, which I brooked better than I thought I should be able to do. This afternoon I first saw France and Calais, with which I was much pleased, though it was at a distance. About five o'clock we came to the Goodwin, so to the Castles about Deal, where our fleet lay, among whom we anchored. Great was the shout of guns from the castles and ships, and our answers, that I never heard yet so great rattling of guns. Nor could we see one another on board for the smoke that was among us, nor one ship from another. Soon as we came to anchor, the captains came from on board their ships all to us on board.

CHAPTER II

MUSIC AND NINEPINS

April 13. This day very foul all day for rain and wind. In the afternoon set my own things in my cabin and chests in better order than hitherto and set my papers in order. At night sent another packet to London by the post, and after that was done I went up to the Lieutenant's cabin and there we broached a vessel of ale that

¹ Balty was Pepys's brother-in-law. He had come aboard with a message for Pepys from his wife. Balty = an abbreviation for Balthasar.

² ? North.

we had sent for among us from Deal to-day. Then to bed and it being very rainy and the rain coming upon my bed¹ I went and lay with John Goods in the Great Cabin² below, the wind being so high that we were fain to lower some of the masts. I to bed and what with the goodness of the bed and the rocking of the ship I slept till almost ten o'clock and then——

April 14. Rose and drank a good morning draught there with Mr. Shepley, which occasioned my thinking upon the happy life that I live now, had I nothing to care for but myself. The sea was this morning very high, and looking out of the window I saw our boat come with Mr. Pierce the Surgeon in it in great danger, who endeavouring to come on board us, had like to have been drowned had it not been for a rope.

¹ Pepys's cabin was immediately below the Quarter-deck. It was separated from the Half-deck by one bulkhead and by another from the *Coach*.

² The seventeenth-century ships of the line differed so widely from their successors in the eighteenth century that Mr. Pepys's phraseology is without much meaning to those familiar with the *Victory*. A visitor who came aboard the *Naseby* by the Front Door or *Entering-Port* would find himself on the midmost of three gun-decks. Turning aft he would come to the *Great Cabin*. This was a room of common resort. Here Mr. Pepys had his hair cut: and here he made music with Will Howe. As he played, his melodies would float through the bulkheads that separated the Great Cabin from "my Lord's chamber," a fine airy room lighted by handsome windows. Immediately above the Great Cabin and Chamber came the ship's assembly-room, which was called the *Coach*. Here all the officers dined together, generally with the Captain and sometimes with the Admiral. Here Councils of War were held. And here all the officers of the fleet assembled to see "my Lord" invested by the King at Arms with the insignia of the Garter. Anyone standing on the roof of the Coach was said to be on the Quarter-deck. But the aftmost half of the Quarter-deck was roofed by the Poop and the area so enclosed was known by various names. One portion was called the Cuddy. It was here that the First Lieutenant and Master had their cabins so that in an instant they could be at the post of duty on the Quarter-deck. Mr. Pepys's cabin and writing-room seem to have been situated at the bulkhead end of the Coach.

April 17. A very pleasant afternoon and I upon the deck all the day. It was so clear that my Lord's glass showed us Calais very plain and the cliffs were as plain to be seen as Kent and my Lord at first made me believe that it was Kent. At night after supper my Lord called for the Rear-Admiral's commission which I brought him and I sitting in my study heard my Lord discourse with him¹. And by the way I did observe that my Lord did speak more openly his mind to me afterwards at night than I can find that he did to the Rear-Admiral, though his great confidant. For I was with him an hour together, when he told me clearly his thoughts that the King would carry it and that he did think himself very happy that he was now at sea, as well for his own sake as that he thought he might do his country some service in keeping things quiet. So to sleep, every day bringing me a fresh sense of the pleasure of my present life.

April 20. All the morning I was busy to get my window altered, and to have my table set as I would have it, which after it was done I was infinitely pleased with it and also to see what a command I have to have every one ready to come and go at my command. This evening my head ached exceedingly, which I impute to my sitting backwards in my cabin, otherwise than I am used to do.

April 21. In the afternoon the Captain would by all means have me up to his cabin and there treated me huge nobly, giving me a barrel of pickled oysters and opened another for me and a bottle of wine which was a very great favour. At night late singing with W. Howe and under the barber's hands in the coach. This night there came one with a letter from Mr. Edward Montagu to my Lord with command to deliver it to his own hands. I do believe that he do carry some close business on for the King.

¹ Sir Richard Stayner.

April 23. In the evening the first time that we had any sport among the seamen and indeed there was extraordinary good sport after my Lord had done playing at ninepins. After that W. Howe and I went to play two trebles in the Great Cabin below, which my Lord hearing, after supper he called for our instruments and played a set of Lock's, two trebles and a bass¹, and that being done he fell to singing of a song made upon the Rump, with which he played himself well to the tune of *The Blacksmith*. After all that done, then to bed.

April 24. This morning I had Mr. Llewellyn and Mr. Shepley to the remainder of my oysters that were left yesterday. After that very busy all the morning. While I was at dinner with my Lord, the coxswain of the Vice-Admiral² came for me to the Vice-Admiral to dinner. So I told my Lord and he gave me leave to go. I rose therefore from table and went, where there were very many commanders. And very pleasant we were on board the *London* which hath a state room much bigger than the *Naseby*, but not so rich. After that with the Captain on board our own ship. In the afternoon my Lord gave a very great large character to write out. So I spent all the day about it and after supper my Lord and we had some more good music and singing of *Turn, Amaryllis* as it is printed in the song-book, with which my Lord was very much pleased. After that to bed.

April 25. Dined to-day with Captain Clerke on board the *Speaker* (a very brave ship) where was the Vice-Admiral, Rear-Admiral and many other commanders. After dinner home, not a little contented to see how I

¹ It was not unusual to have a "chest of viols" which consisted of six instruments, two trebles, two tenors and two basses. The Bass Viol was also called the *Viola da Gamba* because it was held between the legs.

² Sir John Lawson.

am treated and with what respect made a fellow to the best commanders in the Fleet.

April 26. Mr. Shepley, W. Howe and I down with J. Goods into my Lord's storeroom of wine and other drink, where it was very pleasant to observe the massy timbers that the ship is made of. We in the room were wholly under water and yet a deck below that. After that to supper, where Tom Guy supped with us and we had very good laughing and after that some music, where Mr. Pickering beginning to play a bass part upon the viol did it so like a fool that I was ashamed of him. After that to bed.

April 27. This morning Pim [the tailor] spent in my cabin, putting a great many ribbons to a suit. After dinner in the afternoon came on board Sir Thomas Hatton and Sir R. Maleverer going for Flushing. But all the world know that they go where the rest of the many gentlemen go that every day flock to the King at Breda. They supped here and my Lord treated them as he do the rest that go thither, with a great deal of civility.

April 28. In the afternoon I played at ninepins with Mr. Pickering; I and Mr. Pett¹ against him and Ned Osgood and won a crown apiece of him. He had not money enough to pay me. After supper my Lord exceeding merry and he and I and W. Howe to sing and so to bed.

April 29. This day I put on my fine cloth suit made of a cloak that had like to have been dirtied a year ago, the very day that I put it on. After dinner I walked a great while upon the deck with the chirurgeon and purser and other officers of the ship. And they all pray for the King's coming, which I pray God send.

April 30. All the morning getting instructions ready for the squadron of ships that are going to the Straits.

¹ See note 1, p. 110.

After dinner to ninepins, W. Howe and I against Mr. Creed and the Captain. We lost five shillings apiece to them. After that W. Howe, Mr. Shepley and I got my Lord's leave to go to see Captain Sparling. So we took boat and first went on shore, it being very pleasant in the fields: but a very pitiful town Deal is. So to boat again and went to the *Assistance*, where we were treated very civilly by the Captain and he did give us such music upon the harp by a fellow that he keeps on board that I never expect to hear the like again. Yet he is a drunken simple fellow to look on as any I ever saw. After that on board the *Naseby* where we found my Lord at supper. So I sat down and very pleasant my Lord was with Mr. Creed and Shepley who he puzzled about finding out the meaning of the three notes which my Lord had cut over the crystal of his watch. After supper some music. Then Mr. Shepley, W. Howe and I up to the Lieutenant's cabin where we drank: and I and W. Howe were very merry and among other frolics he pulls out the spigot of the little vessel of ale that was therein the cabin and drew some into his monteere¹ and after he had drank, I endeavouring to dash it in his face, he got my velvet studying cap and drew some into mine too, that we made ourselves a great deal of mirth, but spoiled my clothes with the ale that we dashed up and down. After that to bed very late with drink enough in my head.

May 1. This day Captain Parker came on board and without his expectation I had a commission for him for the *Nonsuch* frigate (he being now in the *Cheriton*) for which he gave me a French pistole. Captain H. Cuttance has commission for the *Cheriton*. After dinner to ninepins and won something. The rest of the afternoon in my cabin writing and piping. While we were at supper we heard a great noise upon the Quarter Deck.

¹ A cap: *Spanish*, *montero*.

So we all rose instantly and found it was to save the coxswain of the *Cheriton*, who dropping overboard could not be saved: but was drowned. To-day I put on my suit that was altered from the great skirts to little ones. To-day I hear they were very merry at Deal, setting up the King's flag upon one of their maypoles and drinking his health upon their knees in the streets and firing the guns, which the soldiers of the Castle threatened but durst not oppose.

May 2. In the morning at a breakfast of radishes at the Purser's cabin. After that to writing till dinner. Great joy all yesterday at London and at night more bonfires than ever and ringing of bells and drinking of the King's health upon their knees in the streets, which methinks is a little too much. But everybody seems to be very joyful in the business, insomuch that our sea-commanders now begin to say so too, which a week ago they would not do. And our seamen, as many as had money or credit for drink, did do nothing else this evening. This day came Mr. North [Sir Dudley North's son] on board to spend a little time here, which my Lord was a little troubled at. But he seems to be a fine gentleman and at night did play his part exceeding well at first sight.

May 3. This morning my Lord showed me the King's *Declaration* and his letter to the two Generals¹ to be communicated to the fleet. The commanders all came on board and the council sat in the coach [the first council of war that had been in my time], where I read the letter and Declaration. And while they were discoursing upon it, I seemed to draw up a vote, which being offered they passed. Not one man seemed to say no to it, though I am confident many in their hearts were against it. After this was done, I went up to the quarter-deck with my Lord and the Commanders and there read both

¹ "My Lord" and his Vice-Admiral.

the papers and the vote; which done and demanding their opinion, the seamen did all of them cry out, "God bless King Charles!" with the greatest joy imaginable. That being done, Sir R. Stayner who had invited us yesterday, took all the Commanders and myself on board him to dinner, which not being ready, I went with Captain Hayward to the *Plymouth* and *Essex* and did what I had to do there and returned, where very merry at dinner.

After dinner to the rest of the ships [stayed at the *Assistance* to hear the harper a good while] quite through the fleet. Which was a very brave sight to visit all the ships and to be received with the respect and honour that I was on board them all: and much more to see the great joy that I brought to all men, not one through the whole fleet showing the least dislike of the business. In the evening as I was going on board the Vice-Admiral¹, the General¹ began to fire his guns which he did all that he had in the ship and so did all the rest of the Commanders: which was very gallant and to hear the bullets go hissing over our heads as we were in the boat.

This done and finished my Proclamation, I returned to the *Naseby*, where my Lord was much pleased to hear how all the fleet took it in a transport of joy, showed me a private letter of the King's to him and another from the Duke of York in such familiar style as to their common friend, with all kindness imaginable. And I found by the letters, and so my Lord told me too, that there had been many letters passed between them for a great while, and I perceive unknown to Monk. The King speaks of his being courted to come to the Hague, but do desire my Lord's advice whither to come to take ship. And the Duke offers to learn the seaman's trade of him, in such familiar words as if Jack Cole and I had writ them. This was very strange to me that my Lord should

¹ Vice-Admiral, the *London*; General, Sir John Lawson.

carry all things so wisely and prudently as he do and I was over joyful to see him in so good condition and he did not a little please himself to tell me how he had provided for himself so great a hold on the King.

May 4. I wrote this morning many letters: and to all the copies of the vote of the Council of War I put my name, that if it should come in print my name may be on it.

CHAPTER III

GOD SAVE THE KING!

May 7. My Lord went this morning about the flag-ships in a boat, to see what alterations there must be, as to the arms and flags. He did give me orders also to write for silk flags and scarlet waistcloths¹, for a rich barge, for a noise of trumpets, and a set of fiddlers. Very great deal of company come to-day, among others Mr. Bellasis, Sir Thomas Leventhorpe, Sir Henry Chichley, Colonel Philip Honywood, and Captain Titus, the last of whom my Lord showed all our cabins, and I suppose he is to take notice what room there will be for the King's entertainment. After I was in bed Mr. Shepley and W. Howe came and sat in my cabin, where I gave them three bottles of Margate ale, and sat laughing and very merry till almost one o'clock in the morning. And so good-night.

May 10. At night, while my Lord was at supper, in comes my Lord Lauderdale and Sir John Grenville, who supped here, and so went away. After they were gone, my Lord called me into his cabin, and told me how he was commanded to set sail presently for the King and

¹ Painted canvas coverings for the hammocks when they were stowed in the hammock-nettings.

was very glad thereof. I got him afterwards to sign things in bed.

May 11. This morning we began to pull down all the State's arms in the fleet, having first sent to Dover for painters and others to come to set up the King's¹. About eleven at night came the boats from Deal with great store of provisions. By the same token John Goods told me that above twenty of the fowls are smothered.

May 12. My Lord did give order for weighing anchor, which we did and sailed all day. In our way in the morning, coming in the midway between Dover and Calais, we could see both places very easily and very pleasant it was to me that the farther we went the more we lost sight of both lands. In the afternoon at cards with Mr. North and the Doctor.

May 13. Trimmed in the morning. After that to the cook's room with Mr. Shepley, the first time that I was there this voyage. Then to the quarter-deck upon which the tailors and painters were at work, cutting out some pieces of yellow cloth in the fashion of a crown and C.R. and put it upon a fine sheet, and that into the flag instead of the State's arms, which after dinner was finished and set up. In the afternoon a council of war, only to acquaint them that the Harp must be taken out of all their flags², it being very offensive to the King. No sermon to-day, we being under sail: only at night prayers.

¹ The upper portion of a ship's stern above the gallery and stern windows was decorated with the armorial bearings of the Sovereign or State whom she served. The arms were richly carved in high relief and emblazoned with paint and gilding.

² On the death of Charles I the Union Flag was abolished. The flag of the Commonwealth comprised two shields of antique shape on a red ground. One shield was white and displayed the cross of St. George. The other was blue and bore the gold harp of Ireland. In 1658 the Union Flag was restored but with the Irish harp in its centre.

May 14. In the morning when I woke and rose, I saw myself out of the scuttle, close by, the shore which afterwards I was told to be the Dutch shore; the Hague was clearly to be seen by us. My Lord went up in his nightgown into the cuddy, to see how to dispose thereof for himself and us that belong to him, to give order for our removal to-day. Some nasty Dutchmen came on board to proffer their boats to carry things from us on shore, etc., to get money by us.

May 15. In the afternoon my Lord called me on purpose to show me his fine clothes which are now come hither, and indeed are very rich as gold and silver can make them, only his sword he and I do not like. In the afternoon my Lord and I walked together in the coach two hours, talking together upon all sorts of discourse. My Lord, the Captain and I supped in my Lord's chamber, where I did perceive that he did begin to show me much more respect than ever he did yet. After supper, my Lord sent for me, intending to have me play at cards with him, but I not knowing cribbage, we fell into discourse of many things, and the ship rolled so much that I was not able to stand, and so he bid me go to bed.

May 16. My Lord in his best suit, this the first day, in expectation to wait upon the King. But Mr. Edward Pickering coming from the King brought word that the King would not put my Lord to the trouble of coming to him, but that he would come to the shore to look upon the fleet to-day, which we expected, and had our guns ready to fire, and our scarlet waistcloths out and silk pendants, but he did not come. My Lord and we at ninepins this afternoon upon the quarter-deck, which was very pretty sport. This evening came Mr. John Pickering on board, like an ass, with his feathers and new suit that he had made at the Hague. To supper and after supper to cards. I stood by and looked on till

eleven at night and so to bed. This afternoon Mr. Edward Pickering told me in what a sad, poor condition for clothes and money the King was, and all his attendants, when he came to him first from my Lord, their clothes not being worth forty shillings the best of them. And how overjoyed the King was when Sir J. Grenville brought him some money; so joyful, that he called the Princess Royal and Duke of York to look upon it as it lay in the portmanteau before it was taken out. My Lord told me, too, that the Duke of York is made High Admiral of England.

May 17. Before dinner Mr. Edward Pickering and I, W. Howe, Pim, and my boy¹, to Scheveningen, where we took coach and so to the Hague, where walking, intending to find one that might show us the King incognito, I met with Captain Whittington (that had formerly brought a letter to my Lord from the Mayor of London) and he did promise me to do it, but first we went and dined. At dinner in came Dr. Cade, a merry mad parson of the King's. And they two got the child and me (the others not being able to crowd in) to see the King, who kissed the child very affectionately. Then we kissed his, and the Duke of York's, and the Princess Royal's hands. The King seems to be a very sober man; and a very splendid Court he hath in the number of persons of quality that are about him; English very rich in habit.

May 18. Very early up, and, hearing that the Duke of York, our Lord High Admiral, would go on board to-day, Mr. Pickering and I took waggon for Scheveningen, leaving the child in Mr. Pierce's hands, with directions to keep him within doors all day till he heard from me. But the wind being very high that no boats could get

¹ Not Eliezer who upset the beer, but "my Lord's" eldest son, afterwards Lord Hinchinbrooke.

off from shore, we returned to the Hague, where I hear that the child is gone to Delft to see the town. So we all and Mr. Ibbott the Minister took a schuit and (very much pleased with the manner and conversation of the passengers where most speak French) went after them but met them by the way. But however we went forward making no stop. Where when we were come we got a smith's boy of the town to go along with us, but could speak nothing but Dutch and he showed us the church where Van Tromp lies entombed with a very fine monument. His epitaph is concluded thus:—*"Tandem Bello Anglico tantum non victor, certe invictus, vivere et vincere desiit."* There is a sea-fight cut in marble, with the smoke, the best expressed that ever I saw in my life.

May 19. Up early and went to Scheveningen, where I found no getting on board, though the Duke of York sent every day to see whether he could do it or no.

May 20. About eight o'clock I went into the church at Scheveningen, which was pretty handsome and in the chancel a very great upper part of the mouth of a whale, which indeed was of a prodigious bigness, bigger than one of our long boats that belong to one of our ships. Commissioner Pett¹ at last came to our lodging, and caused the boats to go off; so some in one boat and some in another we all bid adieu to the shore. But through the badness of weather we were in great danger, and a great while before we could get to the ship, so that of all the company not one but myself that was not sick, I keeping myself in the open air, though I was soundly wet for it. This hath not been known—four days together such weather at this time of year—a great while. Indeed our fleet was thought to be in great danger. But we found all well.

¹ Peter Pett, son of Phineas who built the first three-decker.

May 21. The weather foul all this day also. We expect every day to have the King and Duke on board as soon as it is fair.

May 22. News brought that the two Dukes are coming on board, which by and by they did in a Dutch boat, the Duke of York in yellow trimmings, the Duke of Gloucester¹ in grey and red. My Lord went in a boat to meet them, the Captain, myself, and others, standing at the entering port. So soon as they were entered we shot the guns off round the fleet. After that they went to view the ship all over, and were most exceedingly pleased with it. They seem to be very fine gentlemen. After that done, upon the quarter-deck table, under the awning, the Duke of York and my Lord, Mr. Coventry² and I, spent an hour at allotting to every ship their service, in their return to England; which being done, they went to dinner, where the table was very full: the two Dukes at the upper end, my Lord Opdam next on one side, and my Lord on the other. Two guns given to every man while he was drinking the King's health, and so likewise to the Duke's health. I took down Monsieur d'Esquier to the great cabin below, and dined with him in state along with only one or two friends of his. All dinner the harper belonging to Captain Sparling played to the Dukes. After dinner, the Dukes and my Lord to sea, the Vice and Rear-Admirals and I in a boat after them. After that done, they made to the shore in the Dutch boat that brought them, and I got into the boat with them; but the shore was full of people to expect their coming. When we came near the shore, my Lord left them and come into his own boat, and

¹ Henry, youngest child of Charles I. Born in 1640, he died of small-pox in this, the year of his brother's Restoration.

² Said to be the best House of Commons speaker of his generation. Appointed Secretary to the new Lord High Admiral,

Penn¹ and I with him; my Lord being very well pleased with this day's work. By the time we came on board again, news is sent us that the King is on shore; so my Lord fired all his guns round twice, and all the fleet after him. The gun over against my cabin I fired myself to the King, which was the first time that he had been saluted by his own ships since this change; but holding my head too much over the gun, I had almost spoiled my right eye. Nothing in the world but giving of guns almost all this day. In the evening we began to remove cabins; I to the carpenter's cabin, and Dr. Clerke with me. Many of the King's servants come on board to-night; and so many Dutch of all sorts come to see the ship till it was quite dark, that we could not pass by one another, which was a great trouble to us all.

May 23. In the morning come infinity of people on board from the King to go along with him. My Lord, Mr. Crewe, and others, go on shore to meet the King as he comes off from shore, where Sir R. Stayner, bringing His Majesty into the boat, I hear that His Majesty did with a great deal of affection kiss my Lord upon his first meeting. The King, with the two Dukes and Queen of Bohemia, Princess Royal, and Prince of Orange², come on board, where I in their coming in kissed the King's, Queen's and Princess's hands, having done the other before. Infinite shooting off of the guns, and that in a disorder on purpose, which was better than if it had been otherwise. All day nothing but Lords and persons of honour on board, that we were exceeding full. Dined in a great deal of state, the Royal company by themselves in the coach, which was a blessed sight to see.

After dinner the King and Duke altered the name of some of the ships, viz. the *Naseby* into *Charles*; the

¹ Admiral [Sir William] Penn.

² Afterwards King William III.

*Richard*¹, *James*; the *Speaker*, *Mary*; the *Dunbar* (which was not in company with us), the *Henry*; *Winsley*, *Happy Return*; *Wakefield*, *Richmond*; *Lambert*, the *Henrietta*; *Cheriton*, the *Speedwell*; *Bradford*, the *Success*. That done, the Queen, Princess Royal, and Prince of Orange, took leave of the King, and the Duke of York went on board the *London*², and the Duke of Gloucester, the *Swiftsure*³. Which done, we weighed anchor, and with a fresh gale and most happy weather we set sail for England. All the afternoon the King walked here and there, up and down (quite contrary to what I thought him to have been) very active and stirring. Upon the quarter-deck he fell into discourse of his escape from Worcester, where it made me ready to weep to hear the stories that he told of his difficulties that he had passed through, as his travelling four days and three nights on foot, every step up to his knees in dirt, with nothing but a green coat and a pair of country breeches on, and a pair of country shoes that made him so sore all over his feet, that he could scarce stir. Yet he was forced to run away from a miller and other company, that took them for rogues. His sitting at table at one place, where the master of the house, that had not seen him in eight years, did know him, but kept it private; when at the same table there was one that had been of his own regiment at Worcester, could not know him, but made him drink the King's health, and said that the King was at least four fingers higher than he. At another place he was by some servants of the house made to drink, that they might know that he was not a Roundhead, which they swore he was. In another place at his inn, the master

¹ Called after the second Protector, Cromwell's eldest son. The other names to which Charles took exception had reference for the most part to Roundhead victories in the late war.

² Bearing the flag of [Sir John] Lawson, second in command.

³ Bearing the flag of Sir Richard Stayner, third in command.

of the house, as the King was standing with his hands upon the back of a chair by the fire-side, kneeled down and kissed his hand, privately, saying, that he would not ask him who he was, but bid God bless him whither he was going. Then the difficulties in getting a boat to get into France, where he was fain to plot with the master thereof to keep his design from the foreman and a boy (which was all the ship's company), and so get to Fécamp in France. At Rouen he looked so poorly, that the people went into the rooms before he went away to see whether he had not stole something or other.

May 24. Up, and made myself as fine as I could, with the linen stockings on and wide canons¹ that I bought the other day at Hague. Extraordinary press of noble company, and great mirth all the day. I was called to write a pass for my Lord Mandeville to take up horses to London, which I wrote in the King's name and carried it to him to sign, which was the first and only one that ever he signed in the ship *Charles*. To bed, coming in sight of land a little before night.

May 25. By the morning we were come close to the land, and every body made ready to get on shore. The King and the two Dukes did eat their breakfast before they went, and there being set some ship's diet, they ate of nothing else but pease and pork, and boiled beef. Dr. Clerke, who ate with me, told me how the King had given £50 to Mr. Shepley for my Lord's servants, and £500 among the officers and common men of the ship. I spoke to the Duke of York about business, who called me Pepys by name, and upon my desire did promise me his future favour. Great expectation of the King's making some Knights, but there was none. About noon (though the brigantine² that Beale made was there ready to carry

¹ Ornamental turn-over tops.

² The Brigantine was a two-masted vessel [i.e. Fore and Main in

him) yet he would go in my Lord's barge with the two Dukes. Our Captain steered, and my Lord went along bare with him. I went, and Mr. Mansell, and one of the King's footmen, and a dog that the King loved, in a boat by ourselves, and so got on shore when the King did, who was received by General Monk with all imaginable love and respect at his entrance upon the land of Dover. Infinite the crowd of people and the horsemen, citizens, and noblemen of all sorts. The Mayor of the town come and gave him his white staff, the badge of his place, which the King did give him again. The Mayor also presented him from the town a very rich Bible, which he took and said it was the thing that he loved above all things in the world. A canopy was provided for him to stand under, which he did, and talked awhile with General Monk and others, and so into a stately coach there set for him, and so away through the town towards Canterbury, without making any stay at Dover. The shouting and joy expressed by all is past imagination. Seeing that my Lord did not stir out of his barge, I got into a boat and so into his barge. My Lord almost transported with joy that he had done all this without any the least blur or obstruction in the world, that could give offence to any, and with the great honour he thought it would be to him. Being overtook by the brigantine, my Lord and we went out of our barge into it, and so went on board with Sir W. Batten¹ and the Vice and Rear-Admirals. At night I supped with the Captain, who told me what the King had given us. My Lord returned late, and at his coming did give me order to cause the mark to be gilded, and a Crown and C.R. to be made at the head contradiſtinction to the Ketch's Main and Mizzen]. At this time she was square-rigged on the fore and schooner-rigged on the main. The word Brigantine in its origin meant "Lady Brigand": and in use was soon corrupted into the abbreviation Brig.

¹ See below, p. 126.

of the coach table, where the King to-day with his own hand did mark his height, which accordingly I caused the painter to do, and is now done as is to be seen.

May 26. Thanks to God I got to bed in my own poor cabin and slept till nine o'clock this morning.

Diary.

JOHN EVELYN

1620—1706

I

THE GALLEYS!

WE had a most delicious journey to Marseilles¹, through a country sweetly declining to the south and Mediterranean coasts, full of vineyards and olive-yards, orange trees, myrtles, pomegranates, and the like sweet plantations, to which belong pleasantly situated villas to the number of above 1500, built all of freestone, and in prospect showing as if they were so many heaps of snow dropped out of the clouds amongst those perennial greens.

It was almost at the shutting of the gates that we arrived. Marseilles is on the sea-coast, on a pleasant rising ground, well-walled, with an excellent port for ships and galleys, secured by a huge chain of iron drawn across the harbour at pleasure. And there is a well-fortified tower with three other forts, especially that built on a rock; but the castle commanding the city is that of Notre Dame de la Garde. In the chapel hung up divers crocodiles' skins.

¹ October 7, 1644.

We went then to visit the galleys, being about twenty-five in number. The Capitaine of the *Galley Royal* gave us most courteous entertainment in his cabin, the slaves in the interim playing both loud and soft music very rarely. Then he showed us how he commanded their motions with a nod and his whistle, making them row out. The spectacle was to me new and strange, to see so many hundreds of miserably naked persons, their heads being shaven close, and having only high red bonnets, a pair of coarse canvas drawers, their whole backs and legs naked, doubly chained about their middles and legs, in couples, and made fast to their seats, and all commanded in a trice by an imperious and cruel seaman. One Turk among the rest he much favoured, who waited on him in his cabin, but with no other dress than the rest, and a chain locked about his leg but not coupled. This galley was richly carved and gilded, and most of the rest were very beautiful. After bestowing something on the slaves, the Capitaine sent a band of them to give us music at dinner where we lodged.

I was amazed to contemplate how these miserable caitiffs lie in their galley crowded together. Yet there was hardly one but had some occupation, by which, as leisure and calms permitted, they got some little money, insomuch as some of them have, after many years of cruel servitude, been able to purchase their liberty. The rising forward and falling back at their oar is a miserable spectacle: and the noise of their chains with the roaring of the beaten waters has something of strange and fearful in it to one unaccustomed to it. They are ruled and chastised by strokes on their backs and soles of their feet on the least disorder and without the least humanity. Yet are they cheerful and full of knavery.

Diary.

II

THE DEATH OF LORD SANDWICH 1672

MAY 10. I was ordered by letter from the Council to repair forthwith to His Majesty, whom I found in the Pall Mall in St. James's Park, where His Majesty coming to me from the company, commanded me to go immediately to the sea coast, and to observe the motion of the Dutch fleet and ours, the Duke¹ and so many of the flower of our nation being now under sail, coming from Portsmouth through the Downs, where 'twas believed there might be an encounter.

May 14. To Dover; but the fleet did not appear till the 16th, when the Duke of York with his and the French squadron, in all 170 ships (of which above 100 were men-of-war) sailed by, after the Dutch, who were newly withdrawn. Such a gallant and formidable navy never, I think, spread sail upon the seas. It was a goodly yet terrible sight, to behold them as I did, passing eastward by the straits betwixt Dover and Calais in a glorious day. The wind was yet so high that I could not well go aboard, and they were soon got out of sight. The next day having visited our prisoners and the Castle, and saluted the Governor, I took horse for Margate. Here, from the North Foreland Lighthousetop (which is a Pharos, built of brick and having on the top a cradle of iron in which a man attends a great sea-coal fire all the year long, when the nights are dark, for the safeguard of sailors) we could see our fleet as they lay at anchor. The next morning they weighed, and sailed out of sight to the N.E.

May 19. Went to Margate; and the following day was carried to see a gallant widow, brought up a farmeress, and I think of gigantic race, rich, comely, and exceedingly industrious. She put me in mind of Deborah and Abigail,

¹ The Duke of York, afterwards James II.

her house was so plentifully stored with all manner of country provisions, all of her own growth, and all her conveniences so substantial, neat, and well understood; she herself so jolly and hospitable; and her land so trim and rarely husbanded that it struck me with admiration at her economy.

This town much consists of Brewers of a certain heady ale, and they deal much in malt, etc. For the rest, 'tis raggedly built, and has an ill haven, with a small fort of little concernment, nor is the island well disciplined; but as to the husbandry and rural part, far exceeding any part of England, for the accurate culture of their ground, in which they exceed, even to curiosity and emulation.

We passed by Richborough, and in sight of Reculvers, and so through a sweet garden as it were, to Canterbury.

May 24. To London, and gave his Majesty an account of my journey, and that I had put all things in readiness upon all events, and so returned home sufficiently wearied.

May 31. I received another command to repair to the sea-side; so I went to Rochester, where I found many wounded, sick, and prisoners newly put on shore after the engagement on the 28th¹, in which the Earl of Sandwich, that incomparable person and my particular friend, and divers more whom I loved, were lost. My Lord (who was Admiral of the Blue) was in the *Prince*², which was burnt, one of the best men-of-war that ever spread canvas on the sea. There were lost with this brave man, a son of Sir Charles Cotterell (Master of the Ceremonies), and a son of Sir Charles Harbord (his Majesty's Surveyor-general), two valiant and most accomplished youths, full

¹ Solebay.

² Evelyn is incorrect. Sandwich's ship was the *Royal James*. Her loss and his almost justified the Dutch in claiming this encounter as a victory.

of virtue and courage, who might have saved themselves, but chose to perish with my Lord, whom they honoured and loved above their own lives¹.

Here I cannot but make some reflections on things past. It was not above a day or two that going to Whitehall to take leave of his Lordship, who had his lodgings in the Privy Garden, shaking me by the hand he bid me God be w'ye, and said he thought he should see to me no more, and I saw to my thinking something boding in his countenance; "No," says he, "they will not have me live. Had I lost a fleet (meaning on his return from Bergen when he took the East India prize) I should have fared better²; but be it as it pleases God—I must do something I know not what to save my reputation." Something to this effect he had hinted to me; thus I took my leave. I well remember that the Duke of Albemarle, and my now Lord Clifford, had, I know not

¹ Lord Sandwich in his later years was immoderately stout. Walking was so great a labour to him that he supported himself on the shoulders of his pages Charles Harbord and Clem Cotterell. These, he said affectionately, were his crutches. At Solebay, on the quarter-deck of his burning ship when all who survived were trying to save themselves, these two young Spartans stayed nobly by his side till the end came.

² In the previous Dutch War the command had at first been vested in the Duke of York. But after one engagement it was thought inadvisable further to imperil his life. The command was therefore transferred to Lord Sandwich who was instructed to waylay de Ruyter on his return from North America and to capture the Dutch East India fleet which had taken refuge in Bergen. De Ruyter providentially reached home unmolested: and thanks to the complicity of the King of Norway-Denmark most of the merchantmen did the same. Sandwich however adroitly captured eighteen or nineteen of them. Unfortunately, the Admirals serving under him, knowing that Charles II would give them no share in the spoil, broke cargo. Charles was indignant, when he thought what he had missed, and not only removed Sandwich from his command but allowed it to be thought that he had declined battle with de Ruyter in order to fill his pockets with gold. Sandwich was replaced by Albemarle who was defeated ["lost a fleet"] in the *Four Days' Battle*.

why, no great opinion of his courage, because in former conflicts, being an able and experienced seaman (which neither of them were), he always brought off His Majesty's ships without loss, though not without as many marks of true courage as the stoutest of them; and I am a witness that in the late war his own ship was pierced like a colander. But the business was, he was utterly against this war from the beginning, and abhorred the attacking of the Smyrna fleet¹; he did not favour the heady expedition of Clifford at Bergen², nor was he so furious and confident as was the Duke of Albemarle, who believed he could vanquish the Hollanders with one squadron. My Lord Sandwich was prudent as well as valiant, and always governed his affairs with success and little loss; he was for deliberation and reason, they for action and slaughter without either, and for this, whispered as if my Lord Sandwich was not so gallant, because he was not so rash and knew how fatal it was to lose a fleet, such as was that under his conduct, and for which these very persons would have censured him on the other side. This it was, I am confident, grieved him and made him enter like a lion, and fight like one too, in the midst of the hottest service, where the stoutest of the rest seeing him engaged and so many ships upon

¹ As the Dutch were honestly anxious to avoid war, Charles had goaded them into hostility by assaulting their Mediterranean traders in a time of profound peace.

² When the Dutch East Indiamen first took refuge in Bergen, Charles and the King of Norway-Denmark conspired to fall upon them and share the spoil. Sir Thomas Teddiman conducted a British fleet to Bergen and Clifford accompanied it as Charles's representative. King Frederick III however changed his mind at the last moment and Teddiman was repulsed and driven off with loss by the combined fire of Dutch ships and Norwegian forts. Although Sandwich strongly disapproved of the affair, responsibility for its failure was fastened on his shoulders, because Admiral Sir Thomas Teddiman's squadron happened to be a detachment of his fleet.

him, durst not, or would not, come to his succour, as some of them, whom I know, might have done¹. Thus this gallant person perished to gratify the pride and envy of some I named.

Deplorable was the loss of one of the best accomplished persons, not only of this nation but of any other. He was learned in sea affairs, in politics, in mathematics, and in music²; he had been on divers embassies, was of a sweet and obliging temper, sober, chaste, very ingenious, a true nobleman, an ornament to the Court, and loyal to his Prince, nor has he left any behind him who approach his many virtues.

He had, I confess, served the tyrant Cromwell when a young man, but 'twas without malice, as a soldier of fortune; and he readily submitted, and that with joy, bringing an entire fleet with him from the Sound, at the first tidings of His Majesty's Restoration. I verily believe him as faithful a subject as any that were not his friends. I am yet heartily grieved at this mighty loss, nor do I call it to my thoughts without emotion.

June 2. Trinity Sunday I passed at Rochester; and on the 5th there was buried in the Cathedral M. Rabinière, Rear-Admiral of the French squadron, a gallant person, who died of the wounds he received in the fight. This ceremony lay on me, which I performed with all the decency I could, inviting the Mayor and Aldermen to come in their formalities. Sir Jonas Atkins was there with his guards; and the Dean and Prebendaries: one of his countrymen pronouncing a funeral oration at the brink of his grave, which I caused to be dug in the

¹ The allusion is to Sir Joseph Jordan who, misunderstanding his orders, carried the leading division of Lord Sandwich's ships to the assistance of the Duke of York. His departure spelled utter ruin for his own chief: but his motives were not dishonourable.

² Lord Sandwich not only had a "rare" voice but composed anthems and songs and played with skill on various stringed instruments.

Choir. This is more at large described in the Gazette of that day. Col. Reymes, my colleague in Commission, assisting, who was so kind as to accompany me from London, though it was not his district, for indeed the stress of both these wars lay more on me by far than on any of my brethren, who had little to do in theirs.—I went to see Upnor Castle, which I found pretty well defended, but of no great moment.

Next day I sailed to the Fleet, now riding at the Buoy of the Nore, where I met his Majesty, the Duke, Lord Arlington, and all the great men, in the *Charles*, lying miserably shattered, but the loss of Lord Sandwich redoubled the loss to me, and shewed the folly of hazarding so brave a fleet, and losing so many good men for no provocation but that the Hollanders exceeded us in commerce and industry, and in all things but envy.

At Sheerness I gave his Majesty and his Royal Highness an account of my charge, and returned to Queensborough; next day dined at Major Dorel's, Governor of Sheerness; thence to Rochester, and the following day home.

Diary.

III

SAMUEL PEPYS

May 26, 1703. This day died Mr. Samuel Pepys, a very worthy industrious and curious person, none in England exceeding him in knowledge of the Navy, in which he had passed through all the most considerable offices, Clerk of the Acts and Secretary of the Admiralty, all which he performed with great integrity¹. When

¹ In the middle ages the Crown appointed a high official, the *Admiral*, to supervise executive duties arising from the sea service, and a lesser official, the *Clerk of the Ships*, to take charge of royal vessels

King James II went out of England, he laid down his office and would serve no more; but withdrawing himself from all public affairs he lived at Clapham with his partner, Mr. Hewer, formerly his clerk, in a very noble and sweet place, where he enjoyed the fruit of his labours in great prosperity. He was universally beloved, hospitable, generous, learned in many things, skilled in music, a very great cherisher of learned men of whom he had the conversation. His library and collection of other curiosities were of the most considerable, the models of ships especially¹. Besides what he published of an account of the Navy as he found and left it², he had for divers years under his hand the History of the Navy, or *Navalia*, as he called it; but how far advanced and what will follow of his, is left, I suppose, to his sister's son, Mr. Jackson, a young gentleman whom Mr. Pepys had educated in all sorts of useful learning, sending him to travel abroad, from whence he returned with extraordinary accomplishments and worthy to be his heir³. Mr. Pepys had been for near forty years so much my particular

and prepare them for sea. King Henry VIII created a *Navy Board* and distributed among its members [*Treasurer, Surveyor, Controller*, etc.] the many duties arising from administration. And after Buckingham's murder in 1628 the functions of Lord High Admiral were distributed among various commissioners. The *Clerk of the Acts* was the permanent official of the Navy Board and the *Secretary* the permanent official of the *Board of Admiralty*.

¹ Pepys left his wonderful collection of ship models to Hewer who had a not inconsiderable collection of his own. There is no doubt that both men desired that their treasures should be preserved for the public benefit. But the models have somehow disappeared and all efforts to discover them have so far proved unavailing.

² *Memoirs relating to the state of the Navy.*

³ With a view to writing *Navalia* Pepys collected a mass of documents and manuscripts relating to the history of the Navy. These together with other manuscripts [including the precious *Diary*] and some three thousand printed books, Pepys left to his nephew for life and afterwards to his old College, Magdalene, Cambridge, where they remain to the present day.

friend that Mr. Jackson sent me complete mourning, desiring me to be one to hold up the pall at his magnificent obsequies; but my indisposition hindered me from doing him this last office¹.

Diary.

LORD CLARENDON

[1609—1674]

SCENES FROM THE GREAT CIVIL WAR

I

PRELIMINARY STRUGGLE TO SECURE THE FLEET

1642

THE Parliament immediately made the Earl of Warwick High Admiral of England by their ordinance and used all possible expedition in sending it to him at the fleet², together with a declaration to the seamen, by which they obliged them to continue firm to their service and to an entire obedience of the Earl of Warwick, both which were sent by some of their own members. Sir John Pennington³ made not so much haste, but first sent Mr. May and then Sir H. Palmer on board the fleet, to feel the pulses, and upon pretence of indisposition concealed himself at land. When Mr. May came thither, he found the conjuncture more favourable than he could expect. The weather being very fair, the Earl of Warwick was that day gone on shore to a jolly dinner, in which he naturally took great delight, at a gentleman's house who

¹ Pepys's body was carried from Clapham and buried in St. Olave's Church, Hart Street, where the diarist worshipped while he was at the Navy Office in Crutched Friars. A monument to his memory was unveiled at St. Olave's as recently as 1884.

² The fleet was in the Downs.

³ The King's nominee.

lived five or six miles from the shore, and had taken several of the officers with him; so that he¹ had time and opportunity to deliver all his letters to the several captains, many of whom received them with all alacrity, as orders they had expected: and there seemed great reason to believe that if Sir J. Pennington had been then present, who had greater interest in the common seamen than any other person, having commanded them so many years, he might have carried all the fleet whither he would.

Batten, whom the King had made Surveyor of his navy, was Vice-Admiral of the fleet, and commanded in chief during the absence of the Earl. He was a man of a rough nature, and no breeding but that of a common mariner, from whence he came to be master of a ship in the service of the merchants; in which he had made many long voyages with good success and with the reputation of courage and conduct: from which station he was, by the mistake of that time, raised to the King's service. He received the King's letter with his natural rudeness and without speaking a word; but instantly sent a trusty messenger on shore to let the Earl know what was fallen out and calling those about him of whom he was most confident, they sent their emissaries on board those ships whose officers were most suspected to be at the King's devotion, to dispose the common seamen to disobey their commands.

But this poison would not have wrought so soon, if the Captains who were well resolved had done their parts and immediately weighed their anchors and stood with their ships to the north, without considering any thing but the performance of their own duties according to the directions they had received. But being men of no understanding and parts, how good soever their

¹ Mr. May.

affections were, they wasted time in sending one to another whose resolutions they were acquainted with, making no doubt but that they could execute their part at any time.

Sir John Mennes, who was of clear and unalterable affection, which appeared on all occasions, and was of much the best parts amongst them, was at that time on shore with the Earl of Warwick; and they had a great desire to have him, who was Rear-Admiral of the fleet, in their company; and they had heard some mention of Sir John Pennington to be on the shore, ready to come to them; all which disturbed or delayed the execution of what they were resolved to do. So that the Earl of Warwick, who made all the haste he could after the advertisement, found his fleet still together, with what irresolutions soever divided; suffered not Sir John Mennes to go to his own ship, but took him with him on board the Admiral, whither he sent for all the Captains to attend him: and he had not been long there, when his new commission and declaration were brought him by members of Parliament, which he made haste to publish: and so wrought upon the seamen that they delivered up all their Captains and other officers who refused to go to him upon his summons and thought then to have carried their ships away when it was too late, and whom he sent presently on shore to follow their own inclinations, and put other officers into their places.

He used all the persuasions he could to Sir John Mennes, whom he and everybody loved, to induce him to continue his command under his new commission, which he refusing to do, he caused a boat to set him on shore, without permitting him to go to his own ship.

And so all the officers took a new oath of fidelity to the Parliament without any reservation. Kittleby and Stradling were with two excellent ships upon the coast

of Ireland for that guard, and were entirely devoted to the King's service; but they no sooner endeavoured to bring off their ships to the King but they were seized upon by the seamen, and kept prisoners till they could be sent to land¹.

And in this manner the King was bereft of all his Royal Navy, in a time when their coming off might have turned the scale, and probably have disposed the Parliament to hearken to terms of accommodation².

Life.

II

H.M.S. *Providence*

THERE was a small ship of 28 or 30 guns that was part of the fleet that wafted Her Majesty into Holland from Dover, which was called the *Providence*; under the command of Captain Straughan, when the fleet was commanded by Sir John Pennington, and before the Earl of

¹ Here Lord Clarendon unconsciously touches on the real reason why the fleet went over to the Parliament. The common seamen coerced their officers: nor is it hard to understand why. Charles I took a real enough interest in the material of his fleet. His shipbuilding programmes, in spite of the opposition they aroused, had at least the merit of postponing for a generation the maritime struggle with the Dutch. But with money so hard to come by, there had to be economies somewhere. And it was the men who suffered. Their food was villainous. Admirals complained that the smell of the meat bred a pestilence. The poor wretches had not rags enough to cover their nakedness. They had not even hammocks to sleep in: they lay half-clad on the bare boards. Even when sick to death they were not allowed to come ashore, because the close of a commission entitled them to wages and there was not so much as a penny to divide amongst them. The popularity of men like Mennes and Pennington is in part explained by their boldness in selling the furniture of their ships, spare anchors and rigging, even sails, in order to provide the men who served them with the necessities of existence.

² The history of England might have been different if, after the battle of Edgehill, King Charles had been able to blockade the Thames.

Warwick was superinduced into that charge against the King's will. That ship, the Captain whereof was known to be faithful to His Majesty, was by the Queen detained and kept in Holland from the time of Her Majesty's arrival, under several pretences, of which the Captain made use when he afterwards received orders from the Earl of Warwick to repair to the fleet in the Downs, until, after many promises and excuses, it was at last discerned that he had other business and commands; and so was watched by the other ships as an enemy. This vessel the Queen resolved to send to the King, principally to inform His Majesty of the straits she was in, of the provisions she had made; and to return with such particular advice and directions from His Majesty that she might take further resolutions. And because the vessel was light, and drew not much water, and so could run into any creek or open road or harbour, and from thence easily send an express to the King, there was put into it about two hundred barrels of powder, and two or three thousand arms, with seven or eight field-pieces; which they knew would be very welcome to the King and serve for a beginning and countenance to draw forces together. The Captain was no sooner put to sea but notice was sent to the fleet in the Downs; who immediately sent three or four ships to the north, which easily got the *Providence* in view, before it could reach that coast, and chased it with all their sails till they saw it enter into the river of Humber; when, looking upon it as their own, they made less haste to follow it, being content to drive it before them into their own port of Hull, there being as they thought no other way to escape them, until they plainly saw the ship entering into a narrow creek out of the Humber, which declined Hull and led into the country some miles above it; which was a place well known to the Captain, and designed by him from the beginning.

It was in vain for them then to hasten their pursuit; for they quickly found that their great ships could not enter into that passage, and that the river was too shallow to follow him; and so, with shame and anger, they gave over the chase whilst the Captain continued his course and having never thought of saving the ship, run it on shore near Bridlington, and with all expedition gave notice to the King of his arrival; who immediately caused the persons of quality in the parts adjacent to draw the train-bands of the country together, to secure the incursions from Hull; and by this means the arms, ammunition, and artillery were quickly brought to York.

History of the Rebellion.

III

ROUNDHEAD MANNERS

ABOUT the middle of February¹ the Queen took shipping from Holland, in a States' man-of-war assigned by the Prince of Orange with others for her convoy and arrived safely in Bridlington Bay upon the coast of Yorkshire; where she had the patience to stay on ship-board at anchor the space of two days, till the Earl² had notice to draw such a part of his forces that way as might secure her landing and wait on her to York; which he no sooner did, (and he did it with all imaginable expedition) but Her Majesty came on shore and for the present was pleased to refresh herself in a convenient house upon the very quay, where all accommodations were made for her reception; there being many things of moment to be unshipped before she could reasonably enter upon her journey towards York.

The second day after the Queen's landing, Batten,

¹ 1643.

² Of Newcastle.

Vice-Admiral to the Earl of Warwick, (who had waited to intercept her passage,) with four of the King's ships, arrived in Bridlington Road; and finding that Her Majesty was landed, and that she lodged upon the quay, bringing his ships to the nearest distance, being very early in the morning, discharged above one hundred cannon (whereof many were laden with cross-bar-shot) for the space of two hours upon the house where Her Majesty was lodged: whereupon she was forced out of her bed, some of the shot making way through her own chamber, and to shelter herself under a bank in the open fields. Which barbarous and treasonable act was so much the more odious in that the Parliament never so far took notice of it to disavow it; so that many believed it was very pleasing to, if not commanded by them, and that if the ships had encountered at sea they would have left no hazard unrun to have destroyed Her Majesty.

History of the Rebellion.

IV

SOME OF THE SHIPS TURN ROYALIST

THE Prince's remove from Paris¹ on such a sudden proceeded from an accident in England that was very extraordinary and looked like a call from Heaven. The Parliament had prepared according to custom a good fleet of ten or a dozen ships for the summer guard², and appointed Rainsborough (who had been bred at sea and was the son of an eminent commander at sea lately dead, but he himself from the time of the New Model had been an officer of foot in the army and was a colonel

¹ The Prince of Wales (afterwards Charles II) removed at this time from Paris to Holland.

² 1648.

of special note and account and of Cromwell's chief confidants) to be Admiral thereof; which offended the Earl of Warwick much and disposed him to that concurrence with his brother¹. And Captain Batten was as much unsatisfied, who had acted so great a part in the first alienating the fleet and the affections of the seamen from the King and had ever been their Vice Admiral afterwards and the person upon whom they principally relied at sea, and Rainsborough, as long as he remained in the Navy, had been under his command. And both he and the Earl well knew that this man was now made Admiral of this fleet because they, being Presbyterians, should have no credit or influence upon it; which made them solicitous enough that the seamen should not be well pleased with the alteration, and they looked upon Rainsborough as a man that had forsaken them, and preferred the land before the sea service.

The seamen are a nation by themselves, a humorous and fantastic people; fierce and rude and resolute in whatsoever they resolve or are inclined to, but unsteady and inconstant in pursuing it and jealous of those to-morrow by whom they are governed this day. These men, observing the general discontent of the people and that, however the Parliament was obeyed by the power of the army, both army and Parliament were grown very odious to them, and hearing so much discourse of an army from Scotland ready to enter into the kingdom, they concluded that the King would be restored; and then remembering that the revolt of the fleet was the preamble to the loss of His Majesty's authority everywhere else, and the cause of all his misfortunes, they imagined it would be a glorious thing to them if they could lead the way to His Majesty's restoration by their declaring for him.

¹ Lord Warwick's brother, the Earl of Holland, chose the present occasion to go over to the King.

And this was an agitation among the common seamen, without communicating it to any officer of the quality of master of a ship. This inclination was much improved in them by a general disposition in Kent to an insurrection for the King, and by some gentlemen's coming on board the ships, according to the custom of that country, who fomented the good disposition in the seamen by all the ways they could.

The Parliament was well informed of the distemper amongst the seamen and had therefore forbore putting the half of the provisions aboard the ships, which for the greatest part lay ready in the Downs, wanting only half the victual they were to have for the summer service. But those officers which were on board, finding they had no authority, and that the seamen mocked and laughed at them, sent every day to inform the Parliament what mutinous humour the whole fleet was in. Whereupon they sent Rainsborough and some other officers thither, presuming that the presence of the Admiral would quickly quiet all. And he being a man of a rough imperious nature, as soon as he came on board his ship, began to make a strict enquiry into the former disorders and mutinous behaviour, upon which all the men of his ship retired into their old fortress of *One and All*¹, and presently laid hold on him and put him, and such other officers of the ship whom they liked not, into the boat and sent them on shore. Which was no sooner known to the rest of the ships, but they followed their example and used their officers in the same manner. And after they had for some days been feasted and caressed by the people of Kent, some of the gentlemen putting themselves on

¹ The real *One and All*, which the sailors unconsciously were imitating, was a political Association active in the west of England. It had for its object the ending of the war not by the addition of numbers to the fighting line but by the pressure of multitudes asking for peace.

board to join with them and in order to assist them towards providing such necessities as were wanting, they went out of the Downs and stood for Holland¹.

History of the Rebellion.

V

UNDER THE ROYAL STANDARD

It was resolved that Prince Rupert should be Admiral of that fleet and that it should sail for Ireland. And the charge and expedition appeared to be the more hopeful by the presence of good officers, who had long command in the Royal Navy, Sir Thomas Kittleby, whom the Prince made Captain of his own ship the *Antelope*, Sir John Mennes who had the command of the *Swallow*, a ship of which he had been Captain many years before, and Colonel Richard Fielding who was made Captain of the *Constant Reformation*²; all worthy and faithful men to the King's service, of long experience in the service of the sea and well known and loved by the seamen. With these officers and some other gentlemen, who were willing to spend their time in that service, Prince Rupert went to Helvoetsluys where the ships lay and seemed to be received by the fleet with great joy. They all bestirred themselves in their several places to get the ships ready for sea and all those provisions which were necessary and in making whereof there had not diligence enough been used.

When they took a strict survey of the ships, the carpenters were all of opinion that the *Convertine*, a ship

¹ This defection of the Summer Guard did not paralyse the enemies of Charles. The fleet of England numbered forty-one ships, so that hardly a quarter of them changed hands.

² This name was chosen by James I to signalize the good results that might be looked for from his appointment of Buckingham as Lord High Admiral (1619).

of the second rank, that carried seventy guns, was too old and decayed¹ to be now set out in a winter voyage and in so rough seas and that when a great deal of money should be laid out to mend her, she would not be serviceable or safe. And it did appear that when the officers of the Navy had fitted her out at the beginning of the summer, they had declared that when she came in again she would not be fit for more use but must be laid upon the stocks.

Whereupon the ship was brought into Helvoetsluys upon the next spring tide and examined by the best Dutch carpenters and surveyors; and all being of the same mind, information was sent by Prince Rupert to the Prince of the whole, who thereupon gave direction for the sale of the ordnance and whatsoever else would yield money: all which was applied to the victualling and setting out the rest and without which no means could have been found to have done it.

Prince Rupert remained all the time at Helvoetsluys, till all was ready to sail, and had with notable vigour and success suppressed two or three mutinies, in one of which he had been compelled to throw two or three seamen overboard by the strength of his own arms. All subordinate officers were appointed; commissioners for the sale of all prize goods and ships that should be taken; treasurers and paymasters for issuing and paying and receiving all moneys; and an establishment for the whole, too regular and strict to be observed: and though all persons employed were well known and approved by Prince Rupert and most of them nominated by himself, yet he thought it fit after to change that constitution and by degrees brought the whole receipts and issues under his own managery and sole government.

¹ Originally the *Destiny*, built by Sir Walter Raleigh for his last voyage.

When all was ready, he came to the Hague to take leave of the Prince, and so returned and about the beginning of December¹ he set sail for Ireland, met with good prizes in the way and arrived safely at Kinsale: nor had he been long gone out of Holland when the Prince had a shrewd evidence how unsecure a longer abode would have been there, by some Parliament ships coming into that road and sending their men on shore, who at noonday burnt the *Convertine* within the very town of Helvoetsluys, nor did the States make any expostulation or do any justice for the affront offered to themselves and their government.

History of the Rebellion.

WILLIAM WYCHERLEY

1640?—1716

THE MAN OF ACTION²

[CAPTAIN MANLY, R.N., having chosen the sea-life to avoid the world, is perforce ashore for a spell. He denies himself to all his acquaintance, and posts two members of his boat's crew to guard his lodging. LORD PLAUSIBLE however gains admittance.]

LORD PLAUSIBLE. If I did say or do an ill thing to anybody, it should be sure to be behind their backs, out of pure good manners.

CAPTAIN MANLY. Very well. But I, that am an unmannerly sea-fellow, if I ever speak well of people,

¹ 1648.

² When at the outbreak of the Second Dutch War the Duke of York, afterwards James II, took command of England's main fleet, the gay and lively courtiers of the "merry monarch" loyally offered their services as volunteers. Among them William Wycherley went to sea and served for a time afloat. His experience provided him with the material for these admirable portraits of Captain Manly and his men.

[which is very seldom indeed,] it should be sure to be behind their backs. And if I would say or do ill to any, it should be to their faces. I would jostle a proud, strutting, over-looking coxcomb, at the head of his sycophants, rather than put out my tongue at him when he were past me; would frown in the arrogant, big, dull face of an overgrown knave of business, rather than vent my spleen against him when his back were turned; would give fawning slaves the lie whilst they embrace or commend me; cowards whilst they brag; call a rascal by no other title, though his father had left him a Duke's; and must desire people to leave me, when their visits grow at last as troublesome as they were at first impertinent.

LORD PLAUSIBLE. I would not have my visits troublesome.

CAPTAIN MANLY. The only way to be sure not to have 'em troublesome is to make 'em when people are not at home; for your visits, like other good turns, are most obliging when made or done to a man in his absence. The plague! Why should any one, because he has nothing to do, go and disturb another man's business?

LORD PLAUSIBLE. I beg your pardon, my dear friend.—What! You have business?

CAPT. MANLY. If you have any, I would not detain your lordship.

LD. PLAUSIBLE. Detain me, dear sir!—I can never have enough of your company.

CAPT. MANLY. I'm afraid I should be tiresome. I know not what you think.

LD. PLAUSIBLE. Well, dear sir, I see you'd have me gone.

CAPT. MANLY. [*Aside*] But I see you won't.

LD. PLAUSIBLE. Your most faithful—

CAPT. MANLY. God be w'ye, my lord.

LD. PLAUSIBLE. Your most humble—

CAPT. MANLY. Farewell.

LD. PLAUSIBLE. And eternally—

CAPT. MANLY. And eternally, ceremony—[*Aside*] Then the devil take thee eternally.

LD. PLAUSIBLE. You shall use no ceremony, by my life.

CAPT. MANLY. I do not intend it.

LD. PLAUSIBLE. Why do you stir then?

CAPT. MANLY. Only to see you out of doors, that I may shut 'em against more welcomes.

LD. PLAUSIBLE. Nay, faith, thou shalt not pass upon your most faithful humble servant.

CAPT. MANLY. [*Aside*] Nor this any more upon me.

LORD PLAUSIBLE. Well. You are too strong for me.

CAPT. MANLY. [*Aside*] I'd sooner be visited by the plague, for that only would keep a man from visits and his doors shut.

[*Exit thrusting out* LORD PLAUSIBLE.]

FIRST SAILOR. Here's a finical fellow, Jack! What a brave fair-weather captain of a ship he would make!

SECOND SAILOR. He a captain of a ship! It must be when she's in dock then. For he looks like one of those that get the king's commissions for hulls—to sell a king's ship when a brave fellow has fought her almost to a long-boat.

FIRST S. On my conscience then, Jack, that's the reason our bully tar sunk our ship. Not only that the Dutch might not have her, but that the courtiers, who laugh at wooden legs, might not make her prize.

SECOND S. A plague of his sinking, Tom! We have made a base, broken, short voyage of it.

FIRST S. Ay, your brisk dealers in honour always make quick returns with their ships to the dock and their men to the hospitals. Tis, let me see, just a month since we set out of the river and the wind was almost as cross to us as the Dutch.

SECOND S. Well. I forgive him sinking my poor truck, if he would but have given me time and leave to have saved Black Kate of Wapping's small venture.

FIRST S. Faith. I forgive him, since, as the purser told me, he sunk the value of five or six thousand pound of his own, with which he was to settle himself somewhere in the Indies; for our merry lieutenant was to succeed him in his commission for the ship back; for he was resolved never to return again for England.

SECOND S. So it seemed by his fighting.

FIRST S. No; but he was a-weary of this side of the world here, they say.

SECOND S. Ay, or else he would not have bid so fair for a passage into t'other.

FIRST S. Jack, thou thinkest thyself in the fore-castle, thou'rt so waggish. But I tell you, then, he had a mind to go live and bask himself on the sunny side of the globe.

SECOND S. What, out of any discontent? For he's always as dogged as an old tarpaulin, when hindered of a voyage by a young pantaloon captain.

FIRST S. 'Tis true I never saw him pleased but in the fight; and then he looked like one of us coming from the pay-table with a new lining to our hats under our arms¹.

SECOND S. The plague! He's like the Bay of Biscay, rough and angry, let the wind blow where 'twill.

FIRST S. Nay, there's no more dealing with him, than with the land in a storm, no near—

SECOND S. 'Tis a hurry-durry blade. Dost thou remember after we had tugged hard the old leaky long-boat to save his life, when I welcomed him ashore, he gave me a box on the ear, and called me fawning water-dog?

¹ It is interesting to note this early reference to the blue-jacket's present-day custom of receiving his pay in his cap.

FIRST S. Hold thy peace, Jack, and stand by. The foul weather's coming.

Re-enter MANLY with LIEUTENANT FREEMAN.

CAPTAIN. You rascals! Dogs! How could this tame thing get through you?

FIRST SAILOR. Faith! To tell your honour the truth, we were at hob¹ in the hall; and whilst my brother and I were quarrelling about a cast, he slunk by us.

SECOND SAILOR. He's a sneaking fellow I warrant for't.

CAPTAIN. Have more care for the future, you slaves. Go; and with drawn cutlasses stand at the stair-foot, and keep all that ask for me from coming up. Suppose you were guarding the scuttle to the powder-room. Let none enter here, at your, and their, peril.

FIRST SAILOR. No; for the danger would be the same. You would blow them and us up, if we should.

SECOND S. Must no one come to you, sir?

MANLY. No man, sir.

FIRST SAILOR. No man, sir; but a woman then, an't like your honour—

MANLY. No woman neither, you impertinent dog! . . . Would you be witty, you brandy casks, you? You become a jest as ill as you do a horse². Begone, you dogs! I hear a noise on the stairs.

[*Exeunt* SAILORS.]

LIEUTENANT. Faith! I am sorry you would let the fop go. I intended to have had some sport with him.

CAPTAIN. Sport with him! The plague! Then why did you not stay? You should have enjoyed your coxcomb, and had him to yourself, for me.

¹ *Hob*, a game not unlike quoits.

² A sailor's inability to ride was a time-honoured joke both in and out of the service; cp. Overbury and Monson.

LIEUTENANT. No. I should not have cared for him without you neither; for the pleasure which fops afford is like that of drinking. Only good when 'tis shared. And a fool, like a bottle, which would make you merry in company, will make you dull alone. But how the devil could you turn a man of his quality downstairs? You use a lord with very little ceremony it seems.

CAPTAIN MANLY. A lord! What! Thou art one of those who esteem men only by the marks and value fortune has set upon 'em, and never consider intrinsic worth! But counterfeit honour will not be current with me. I weigh the man, not his title. 'Tis not the king's stamp can make the metal better or heavier. Your lord is a leaden shilling which you bend every way, and debases the stamp he bears, instead of being raised by it—

Re-enter SAILORS.

Here again, you slaves!

FIRST SAILOR. Only to receive farther instructions, an't like your honour.—What if a man should bring you money? Should we turn him back?

CAPTAIN. All men, I say. Must I be pestered with you too?—You dogs, away!

SECOND SAILOR. Nay. I know one man your honour would not have us hinder coming to you, I'm sure.

CAPTAIN. Who's that? Speak quickly, slaves.

SECOND SAILOR. Why, a man that should bring you a challenge. For though you refuse money, I'm sure you love fighting too well to refuse that.

CAPTAIN. Rogue! Rascal! Dog!

[Kicks the SAILORS out.]

LIEUTENANT FREEMAN. Nay. Let the poor rogues have their forecastle jests. They cannot help 'em, in a fight, scarce when a ship's sinking.

The Plain Dealer.

WILLIAM CONGREVE

1670—1729

AN ILL-SORTED COUPLE

[SIR SAMPSON LEGEND'S son returns from sea and frightens his sweetheart into bad manners by the roughness of his wooing¹.]

BEN². Come, mistress, will you please to sit down? For, an you stand astern a that'n, we shall never grapple together.—Come. I'll haul a chair. There. An you'll please to sit, I'll sit by you.

PRUE. You need not sit so near one. If you have anything to say, I can hear you farther off. I an't deaf.

BEN. Why, that's true, as you say: nor I an't dumb. I can be heard as far as another.—I'll heave off to please you.—[*Sits farther off.*] An we were a league asunder, I'd undertake to hold discourse with you, an 'twere not a main high wind indeed and full in my teeth. Look you. Forsooth, I am, as it were, bound for the land of matrimony. Tis a voyage, d'ye see, that was none of my seeking. I was commanded by father and, if you like of it, mayhap I may steer into your harbour. How say you, mistress?

PRUE. I don't know what to say to you, nor I don't care to speak with you at all.

¹ The naval officer of this date was accounted in refined circles not merely rough but uncouth, "born amongst rocks, suckled by whales, cradled in a tempest, . . . whistled to by winds and . . . come forth with fins and scales and three rows of teeth, a most outrageous fish of prey." See below, p. 346.

² The part of Ben Legend was "created" by Thomas Doggett who is chiefly remembered as the founder of a rowing race for Thames watermen. The race was instituted to celebrate the accession of George I, and the famous *Coat and Badge* are still annually competed for.

BEN. No? I'm sorry for that.—But, pray, why are you so scornful?

PRUE. As long as one must not speak one's mind, one had better not speak at all I think. And truly I won't tell a lie for the matter.

BEN. Nay, you say true in that. 'Tis but a folly to lie. For to speak one thing and to think just the contrary way is, as it were, to look one way and row another. Now, for my part, d'ye see, I'm for carrying things above board. I'm not for keeping anything under hatches,—so that, if you ben't as willing as I, say so a' God's name. There's no harm done. Mayhap you may be shamefaced? Some maidens, tho'f they love a man well enough, yet they don't care to tell'n so to's face. If that's the case, why—silence gives consent.

PRUE. But I'm sure it's not so, for I'll speak sooner than you should believe that. And I'll speak truth, though one should always tell a lie to a man. And I don't care. Let my father do what he will. I'm too big to be whipped. So I'll tell you plainly. I don't like you, nor love you at all: nor never will, that's more. So. There's your answer for you. And don't trouble me no more, you ugly thing!

BEN. Look you, young woman, you may learn to give good words however. I spoke you fair, d'ye see, and civil.—As for your love or your liking I don't value it of a rope's end.—And mayhap I like you as little as you do me.—What I said was in obedience to father. Gad, I fear a whipping no more than you do. But I tell you one thing. If you should give such language at sea you'd have a cat o' nine tails laid across your shoulders. Flesh! Who are you? You heard t'other handsome young woman speak civilly to me of her own accord. Whatever you think of yourself, Gad, I don't think you are any more to compare to her than a can of small beer to a bowl of punch.

PRUE. Well, and there's a handsome gentleman and a fine gentleman and a sweet gentleman, that was here, that loves me. And I love him. And if he sees you speak to me any more he'll thrash your jacket for you. He will, you great sea-calf!

BEN. What! Do you mean that fair-weather spark that was here just now? Will he thrash my jacket?—Let'n!—Let'n! But an he comes near me, mayhap I may giv'n a salt eel¹ for supper, for all that. What does father mean to leave me alone as soon as I come home with such a dirty dowdy? Sea-calf! I an't calf enough to lick your chalked face, you cheese-curd you!—Marry thee! Oons! I'll marry a Lapland witch as soon and live upon selling contrary winds and wrecked vessels.

PRUE. I won't be called names, nor I won't be abused thus. So, I won't.—If I were a man [*cries*], you durst not talk at this rate.—No, you durst not, you stinking tar-barrel!

Love for love.

JOSEPH ADDISON

1672—1719

I

OF MONUMENTS AND IN PARTICULAR OF SIR CLOWDISLEY SHOVEL'S

WHEN I am in a serious humour, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey, where the gloominess of the place and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness that is not disagreeable.

¹ A rope's end cut from the piece for purposes of chastisement.

I yesterday¹ passed a whole afternoon in the church-yard, the cloisters, and the church, amusing myself² with the tombstones and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person, but that he was born upon one day, and died upon another; the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons, who had left no other memorial of them, but that they were born, and that they died. They put me in mind of several persons mentioned in the battles of heroic poems, who have sounding names given them, for no other reason but that they may be killed, and are celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the head.

Γλαῦκόν τε Μέδοντά τε Θερσίλοχόν τε.—HOM. *Il.* XVII. 216.

Glaucumque, Medontaque, Thersilochumque.—VIRG.

Glaucus, and Medon, and Thersilochus.

The life of these men is finely described in holy writ by "the path of an arrow," which is immediately closed up and lost³.

Upon my going into the church, I entertained myself with the digging of a grave; and saw in every shovel-full of it that was thrown up, the fragment of a bone or skull intermixed with a kind of fresh mouldering earth that some time or other had a place in the composition of a human body. Upon this I began to consider with myself what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together under the pavement of that ancient cathedral; how men and women, friends and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one

¹ Maundy Thursday (30 March), 1711.

² Causing myself to muse.

³ *Wisdom of Solomon*, v. 12-13.

another, and blended together in the same common mass; how beauty, strength, and youth, with old age, weakness, and deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter.

After having thus surveyed the great magazine of mortality, as it were, in the lump, I examined it more particularly by the accounts which I found on several of the monuments which are raised in every quarter of that ancient fabric. Some of them were covered with such extravagant epitaphs, that if it were possible for the dead person to be acquainted with them, he would blush at the praises which his friends have bestowed upon him. There are others so excessively modest, that they deliver the character of the person departed in Greek or Hebrew, and by that means are not understood once in a twelve-month. In the poetical quarter, I found there were poets who had no monuments, and monuments which had no poets. I observed, indeed, that the present war has filled the church with many of these uninhabited monuments, which had been erected to the memory of persons whose bodies were perhaps buried in the plains of Blenheim, or in the bosom of the ocean.

I could not but be very much delighted with several modern epitaphs, which are written with great elegance of expression and justness of thought, and therefore do honour to the living as well as the dead. As a foreigner is very apt to conceive an idea of the ignorance or politeness of a nation from the turn of their public monuments and inscriptions, they should be submitted to the perusal of men of learning and genius before they are put in execution. Sir Clowdisley Shovel's monument has very often given me great offence. Instead of the brave rough English admiral, which was the distinguishing character of that plain gallant man, he is represented on his tomb by the figure of a beau, dressed in a long periwig,

and reposing himself upon velvet cushions, under a canopy of state. The inscription is answerable to the monument; for instead of celebrating the many remarkable actions he had performed in the service of his country, it acquaints us only with the manner of his death, in which it was impossible for him to reap any honour. The Dutch, whom we are apt to despise for want of genius, show an infinitely greater taste of antiquity and politeness in their buildings and works of this nature than what we meet with in those of our own country. The monuments of their admirals, which have been erected at the public expense, represent them like themselves, and are adorned with rostral crowns and naval ornaments, with beautiful festoons of sea-weed, shells, and coral¹.

But to return to our subject. I have left the repository of our English kings for the contemplation of another day, when I shall find my mind disposed for so serious an amusement. I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds and gloomy imaginations; but for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can therefore take a view of nature in her deep and solemn scenes with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this means I can improve myself with those objects which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every motion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side,

¹ Cp. above, p. 110.

or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

The Spectator.

II

THE MIRROR OF THE INFINITE

OF all objects that I have ever seen, there is none which affects my imagination so much as the sea, or ocean. I cannot see the heavings of this prodigious bulk of waters, even in a calm, without a very pleasing astonishment; but when it is worked up in a tempest, so that the horizon on every side is nothing but foaming billows and floating mountains, it is impossible to describe the agreeable horror that rises from such a prospect. A troubled ocean, to a man who sails upon it, is, I think, the biggest object that he can see in motion, and consequently gives his imagination one of the highest kinds of pleasure that can arise from greatness. I must confess it is impossible for me to survey the world of fluid matter without thinking on the hand that first poured it out, and made a proper channel for its reception. Such an object naturally raises in my thoughts the idea of an Almighty Being, and convinces me of his existence as much as a metaphysical demonstration. The imagination prompts the understanding, and by the greatness of the sensible object, produces in it the idea of a being who is neither circumscribed by time or space.

The Spectator.

SIR RICHARD STEELE

1672—1729

I

INKLE AND YARICO

MR. THOMAS INKLE, of London, aged twenty years, embarked in the Downs, on¹ the good ship called the *Achilles*, bound for the West Indies, on the 16th of June, 1647, in order to improve his fortune by trade and merchandize. Our adventurer was the third son of an eminent citizen, who had taken particular care to instil into his mind an early love of gain, by making him a perfect master of numbers, and consequently giving him a quick view of loss and advantage, and preventing the natural impulses of his passions, by prepossession towards his interests. With a mind thus turned, young Inkle had a person every way agreeable, a ruddy vigour in his countenance, strength in his limbs, with ringlets of fair hair loosely flowing on his shoulders. It happened, in the course of the voyage, that the *Achilles*, in some distress, put into a creek on the main of America, in search of provisions. The youth, who is the hero of my story, among others went on shore on this occasion. From their first landing they were observed by a party of Indians, who hid themselves in the woods for that purpose. The English unadvisedly marched a great distance from the shore into the country, and were intercepted by the natives, who slew the greatest number of them. Our adventurer escaped among others, by flying into a forest. Upon his coming into a remote and pathless part of the wood, he threw himself, tired and breathless, on a little hillock, when an Indian maid rushed from a thicket

¹ Cp. above, p. 74, note.

behind him. After the first surprise they appeared mutually agreeable to each other. If the European was highly charmed with the limbs, features, and wild graces of the naked American; the American was no less taken with the dress, complexion, and shape of an European, covered from head to foot. The Indian grew immediately enamoured of him, and consequently solicitous for his preservation. She therefore conveyed him to a cave, where she gave him a delicious repast of fruits, and led him to a stream to slake his thirst. In the midst of these good offices, she would sometimes play with his hair, and delight in the opposition of its colour to that of her fingers: then open his bosom, then laugh at him for covering it. She was, it seems, a person of distinction, for she every day came to him in a different dress, of the most beautiful shells, bugles¹, and brede². She likewise brought him a great many spoils, which her other lovers had presented to her, so that his cave was richly adorned with all the spotted skins of beasts, and most particularly coloured feathers of fowls which that world afforded. To make his confinement more tolerable, she would carry him in the dusk of the evening, or by the favour of moonlight, to unfrequented groves and solitudes, and show him where to lie down in safety and sleep amidst the falls of waters and melody of nightingales. Her part was to watch and hold him awake in her arms, for fear of her countrymen, and wake him on occasions to consult his safety. In this manner did the lovers pass away their time, till they had learned a language of their own, in which the voyager communicated to his mistress how happy he should be to have her in his country, where she should be clothed in such silks as his waistcoat was made of, and be carried in houses drawn by horses without being exposed to wind or weather. All this he

¹ Beads.² Braids.

promised her the enjoyment of, without such fears and alarms as they were there tormented with. In this tender correspondence these lovers lived for several months, when Yarico, instructed by her lover, discovered a vessel on the coast, to which she made signals; and in the night, with the utmost joy and satisfaction, accompanied him to a ship's crew of his countrymen bound to Barbados.

When a vessel from the main arrives in that island, it seems the planters come down to the shore, where there is an immediate market of the Indians and other slaves, as with us of horses and oxen. To be short, Mr. Thomas Inkle, now coming into English territories, began seriously to reflect upon his loss of time, and to weigh with himself how many days' interest of his money he had lost during his stay with Yarico. This thought made the young man very pensive, and careful what account he should be able to give his friends of his voyage. Upon which consideration, the prudent and frugal young man sold Yarico to a Barbadian merchant.

The Spectator.

II

ALEXANDER SELKIRK

UNDER the title of this paper, I do not think it foreign to my design to speak of a man born in her Majesty's dominions, and relate an adventure in his life so uncommon, that it is doubtful whether the like has happened to any of the human race. The person I speak of is Alexander Selkirk, whose name is familiar to men of curiosity, from the fame of his having lived four years and four months alone in the island of Juan Fernandez. I had the pleasure, frequently, to converse with the man soon after his arrival in England in the

year 1711. It was matter of great curiosity to hear him [as he is a man of good sense,] give an account of the different revolutions in his own mind in that long solitude. When we consider how painful absence from company, for the space of but one evening, is to the generality of mankind, we may have a sense how painful this necessary and constant solitude was to a man bred a sailor, and ever accustomed to enjoy, and suffer, eat, drink and sleep, and perform all offices of life in fellowship and company.

He was put ashore from a leaky vessel, with the captain of which he had an irreconcilable difference; and he chose rather to take his fate in this place, than in a crazy vessel, under a disagreeable commander. His portion was a sea-chest, his wearing-clothes and bedding, a firelock, a pound of gunpowder, a large quantity of bullets, a flint and steel, a few pounds of tobacco, a hatchet, a knife, a kettle, a Bible and other books of devotion, together with pieces that concerned navigation and his mathematical instruments. Resentment against his officer, who had ill-used him, made him look forward on this change of life as the more eligible one, till the instant in which he saw the vessel put off; at which moment his heart yearned within him, and melted at the parting with his comrades and all human society at once. He had in provisions for the sustenance of life but the quantity of two meals. The island abounding only with wild goats, cats, and rats, he judged it most probable that he should find more immediate and easy relief by finding shell-fish on the shore, than seeking game with his gun. He accordingly found great quantities of turtle, whose flesh is extremely delicious, and of which he frequently ate very plentifully on his first arrival, till it grew disagreeable to his stomach, except in jellies.

The necessities of hunger and thirst were his greatest diversions from the reflections on his lonely condition.

When those appetites were satisfied, the desire of society was as strong a call upon him, as he appeared to himself least necessitous when he wanted everything; for the supports of his body were easily attained, but the eager longings for seeing again the face of man, during the interval of craving bodily appetites, were hardly supportable. He grew dejected, languid, and melancholy, scarce able to refrain from doing himself violence, till by degrees, by the force of reason and frequent reading of the Scriptures, and turning his thoughts upon the study of navigation, after the space of eighteen months, he grew thoroughly reconciled to his condition. When he had made this conquest, the vigour of his health, disengagement from the world, a constant cheerful serene sky, and a temperate air, made his life one continual feast, and his being much more joyful than it had before been irksome. He, now taking delight in everything, made the hut in which he lay, by ornaments which he cut down from a spacious wood on the side of which it was situated, the most delicious bower, fanned with continual breezes and gentle aspirations of wind, that made his repose after the chase equal to the most sensual pleasures.

I forgot to observe, that during the time of his dissatisfaction, monsters of the deep, which frequently lay on the shore, added to the terrors of his solitude. The dreadful howlings and voices seemed too terrible to be made for human ears. But upon the recovery of his temper, he could with pleasure not only hear their voices, but approach the monsters themselves with great intrepidity. He speaks of sea-lions, whose jaws and tails were capable of seizing and breaking the limbs of a man, if he approached them. But at that time his spirits and life were so high, that he could act so regularly and unconcerned, that merely from being unruffled in

himself, he killed them with the greatest ease imaginable; for observing that though their jaws and tails were so terrible, yet the animals being mighty slow in working themselves round, he had nothing to do but place himself exactly opposite to their middle, and as close to them as possible, and he despatched them with his hatchet at will.

The precaution which he took against want in case of sickness, was to lame kids when very young, so as that they might recover their health, but never be capable of speed. These he had in great numbers about his hut; and when he was himself in full vigour, he could take at full speed the swiftest goat running up a promontory, and never failed of catching them but on a descent.

It happened once to him that, running on the summit of a hill, he made a stretch to seize a goat, with which, under him, he fell down a precipice and lay helpless for the space of three days, the length of which time he measured by the moon's growth since his last observation. This manner of life grew so exquisitely pleasant, that he never had a moment heavy upon his hands. His nights were untroubled and his days joyous from the practice of temperance and exercise. It was his manner to use stated hours and places for exercises of devotion, which he performed aloud in order to keep up the faculties of speech, and to utter himself with greater energy.

When I first saw him, I thought if I had not been let into his character and story I could have discerned that he had been much separated from company from his aspect and gestures. There was a strong but cheerful seriousness in his look, and a certain disregard to the ordinary things about him, as if he had been sunk in thought. When the ships which brought him off the island, came in, he received them with the greatest indifference with relation to the prospect of going off with them, but with great satisfaction in an opportunity

to help and refresh them. The man frequently bewailed his return to the world, which could not, he said, with all its enjoyments, restore him to the tranquillity of his solitude.

The Tatler.

DANIEL DEFOE

1661 (?)—1731

I

CRUSOE CARRIES HIS SALVAGE ASHORE ON A RAFT

A LITTLE after noon I found the sea very calm, and the tide ebbed so far out that I could come within a quarter of a mile of the ship; and here I found a fresh renewing of my grief, for I saw evidently, that if we had kept on board we had been all safe, that is to say, we had all got safe on shore, and I had not been so miserable as to be left entirely destitute of all comfort and company, as I now was. This forced tears from my eyes again; but as there was little relief in that, I resolved, if possible, to get to the ship; so I pulled off my clothes, for the weather was hot to extremity, and took the water. But when I came to the ship, my difficulty was still greater to know how to get on board; for as she lay aground, and high out of the water, there was nothing within my reach to lay hold of. I swam round her twice, and the second time I spied a small piece of a rope, which I wondered I did not see at first, hang down by the fore-chains so low, as that with great difficulty I got hold of it, and by the help of that rope got up into the fore-castle of the ship. Here I found that the ship was bulged¹, and had

¹ Fractured in the Bilge.

a great deal of water in her hold, but that she lay so on the side of a bank of hard sand, or rather earth, that her stern lay lifted up upon the bank, and her head low almost to the water. By this means all her quarter was free, and all that was in that part was dry; for you may be sure my first work was to search and to see what was spoiled and what was free. And first I found that all the ship's provisions were dry and untouched by the water; and being very well disposed to eat, I went to the bread-room and filled my pockets with biscuit, and ate it as I went about other things, for I had no time to lose. I also found some rum in the great cabin, of which I took a large dram, and which I had indeed need enough of to spirit me for what was before me. Now I wanted nothing but a boat, to furnish myself with many things which I foresaw would be very necessary to me.

It was in vain to sit still and wish for what was not to be had, and this extremity roused my application. We had several spare yards, and two or three large spars of wood, and a spare top-mast or two in the ship. I resolved to fall to work with these, and flung as many of them overboard as I could manage for their weight, tying every one with a rope, that they might not drive away. When this was done I went down the ship's side, and, pulling them to me, I tied four of them fast together at both ends as well as I could, in the form of a raft; and laying two or three short pieces of plank upon them crossways, I found I could walk upon it very well, but that it was not able to bear any great weight, the pieces being too light. So I went to work, and with the carpenter's saw I cut a spare top-mast into three lengths, and added them to my raft, with a great deal of labour and pains; but hope of furnishing myself with necessaries encouraged me to go beyond what I should have been able to have done upon another occasion.

My raft was now strong enough to bear any reasonable weight. My next care was what to load it with, and how to preserve what I laid upon it from the surf of the sea; but I was not long considering this. I first laid all the planks or boards upon it that I could get, and having considered well what I most wanted, I first got three of the seamen's chests, which I had broken open and emptied, and lowered them down upon my raft. The first of these I filled with provisions, viz., bread, rice, three Dutch cheeses, five pieces of dried goat's flesh, which we lived much upon, and a little remainder of European corn, which had been laid by for some fowls which we brought to sea with us, but the fowls were killed. There had been some barley and wheat together, but to my great disappointment I found afterwards that the rats had eaten or spoiled it all. As for liquors, I found several cases of bottles belonging to our skipper, in which were some cordial waters and, in all, about five or six gallons of rack¹. These I stowed by themselves, there being no need to put them into the chest, nor no room for them. While I was doing this, I found the tide began to flow, though very calm, and I had the mortification to see my coat, shirt, and waistcoat, which I had left on shore upon the sand, swim away; as for my breeches, which were only linen, and open-kneed, I swam on board in them, and my stockings. However, this put me upon rummaging for clothes, of which I found enough, but took no more than I wanted for present use; for I had other things which my eye was more upon, as first tools to work with on shore; and it was after long searching that I found out the carpenter's chest, which was indeed a very useful prize to me, and much more valuable than a ship-loading of gold would have been at that time. I got it down to my raft, even whole as

¹ Spirit.

it was, without losing time to look into it, for I knew in general what it contained.

My next care was for some ammunition and arms. There were two very good fowling-pieces in the great cabin, and two pistols. These I secured first, with some powder-horns, and a small bag of shot, and two old rusty swords. I knew there were three barrels of powder in the ship, but knew not where our gunner had stowed them; but with much search I found them, two of them dry and good, the third had taken water; those two I got to my raft with the arms. And now I thought myself pretty well freighted, and began to think how I should get to shore with them, having neither sail, oar, or rudder; and the least capful of wind would have overset all my navigation.

I had three encouragements. 1. A smooth, calm sea. 2. The tide rising and setting in to the shore. 3. What little wind there was blew me towards the land. And thus, having found two or three broken oars belonging to the boat, and besides the tools which were in the chest, I found two saws, an axe, and a hammer, and with this cargo I put to sea. For a mile or thereabouts my raft went very well, only that I found it drive a little distant from the place where I had landed before, by which I perceived that there was some indraught of the water, and consequently I hoped to find some creek or river there, which I might make use of as a port to get to land with my cargo.

As I imagined, so it was; there appeared before me a little opening of the land, and I found a strong current of the tide set into it. So I guided my raft as well as I could to keep in the middle of the stream. But here I had like to have suffered a second shipwreck, which, if I had, I think verily would have broke my heart; for knowing nothing of the coast, my raft ran aground at

one end of it upon a shoal, and not being aground at the other end, it wanted but a little that all my cargo had slipped off towards that end that was afloat, and so fallen into the water. I did my utmost by setting my back against the chests to keep them in their places, but could not thrust off the raft with all my strength. Neither durst I stir from the posture I was in, but holding up the chests with all my might, stood in that manner near half an hour, in which time the rising of the water brought me a little more upon a level. And a little after, the water still rising, my raft floated again, and I thrust her off with the oar I had into the channel, and then driving up higher, I at length found myself in the mouth of a little river, with land on both sides, and a strong current or tide running up. I looked on both sides for a proper place to get to shore, for I was not willing to be driven too high up the river, hoping in time to see some ship at sea, and therefore resolved to place myself as near the coast as I could.

At length I spied a little cove on the right shore of the creek, to which with great pain and difficulty I guided my raft, and at last got so near, as that, reaching ground with my oar, I could thrust her directly in. But here I had like to have dipped all my cargo in the sea again; for that shore lying pretty steep, that is to say, sloping, there was no place to land but where one end of my float, if it run on shore, would lie so high and the other sink lower, as before, that it would endanger my cargo again. All that I could do was to wait till the tide was at the highest, keeping the raft with my oar like an anchor to hold the side of it fast to the shore, near a flat piece of ground which I expected the water would flow over; and so it did. As soon as I found water enough, for my raft drew about a foot of water, I thrust her on upon that flat piece of ground, and there fastened or moored her by

sticking my two broken oars into the ground; one on one side near one end, and one on the other side near the other end; and thus I lay till the water ebbed away, and left my raft and all my cargo safe on shore.

Robinson Crusoe.

II

CRUSOE BUILDS A BOAT

Now I wished for my boy Xury and the long-boat with the shoulder-of-mutton sail, with which I had sailed above a thousand miles on the coast of Africa. But this was in vain. Then I thought I would go and look at our ship's boat, which as I have said was blown up upon the shore a great way in the storm when we were first cast away. She lay almost where she did at first, but not quite, and was turned by the force of the waves and the winds almost bottom upward against a high ridge of beachy rough sand, but no water about her as before.

If I had had hands to have refitted her, and to have launched her into the water, the boat would have done well enough, and I might have gone back into the Brazils with her easily enough. But I might have foreseen that I could no more turn her and set her upright upon her bottom than I could remove the island. However I went to the woods and cut levers and rollers, and brought them to the boat, resolved to try what I could do, suggesting to myself that if I could but turn her down, I might easily repair the damage she received, and she would be a very good boat, and I might go to sea in her very easily.

I spared no pains indeed in this piece of fruitless toil and spent, I think, three or four weeks about it. At last, finding it impossible to heave it up with my little

strength, I fell to digging away the sand to undermine it and so to make it fall down, setting pieces of wood to thrust and guide it right in the fall.

But when I had done this I was unable to stir it up again, or to get under it, much less to move it forward towards the water, so I was forced to give it over. And yet, though I gave over the hopes of the boat, my desire to venture over for the main¹ increased rather than decreased as the means for it seemed impossible.

This at length put me upon thinking whether it was not possible to make myself a canoe, or periagua, such as the natives of those climates make, even without tools, or as I might say, without hands, of the trunk of a great tree. This I not only thought possible, but easy, and pleased myself extremely with the thoughts of making it, and with my having much more convenience for it than any of the negroes or Indians; but not at all considering the particular inconveniences which I lay under, more than the Indians did, namely, want of hands to move it, when it was made, into the water, a difficulty much harder for me to surmount than all the consequences of want of tools could be to them. For what was it to me that when I had chosen a vast tree in the woods, I might with much trouble cut it down, if after I might be able with my tools to hew and dub the outside into the proper shape of a boat, and burn, or cut out the inside, to make it hollow, so as to make a boat of it; if, after all this, I must leave it just there where I found it, and was not able to launch it into the water?

One would have thought I could not have had the least reflection upon my mind of my circumstance, while I was making this boat, but I should have immediately thought how I should get it into the sea. But my thoughts were so intent upon my voyage over the sea in

¹ Mainland.

it, that I never once considered how I should get it off of the land; and it was really in its own nature more easy for me to guide it over forty-five miles of sea, than about forty-five fathom of land, where it lay, to set it afloat in the water.

I went to work upon this boat the most like a fool that ever man did who had any of his senses awake. I pleased myself with the design, without determining whether I was ever able to undertake it. Not but that the difficulty of launching my boat came often into my head; but I put a stop to my own inquiries into it, by this foolish answer which I gave myself, "Let's first make it. I'll warrant I'll find some way or other to get it along when 'tis done."

This was a most preposterous method; but the eagerness of my fancy prevailed, and to work I went. I felled a cedar-tree. I question much whether Solomon ever had such a one for the building of the Temple at Jerusalem! It was five feet ten inches diameter at the lower part next the stump, and four feet eleven inches diameter at the end of twenty-two feet, after which it lessened for a while, and then parted into branches. It was not without infinite labour that I felled this tree. I was twenty days hacking and hewing at it at the bottom. I was fourteen more getting the branches and limbs and the vast spreading head of it cut off which I hacked and hewed through with axe and hatchet and inexpressible labour. After this it cost me a month to shape it and dub it to a proportion, and to something like the bottom of a boat, that it might swim upright as it ought to do. It cost me near three months more to clear the inside, and work it so as to make an exact boat of it. This I did indeed without fire, by mere mallet and chisel, and by the dint of hard labour, till I had brought it to be a very handsome periagua, and big enough to have

carried six-and-twenty men, and consequently big enough to have carried me and all my cargo.

When I had gone through this work, I was extremely delighted with it. The boat was really much bigger than ever I saw a canoe or periagua that was made of one tree, in my life. Many a weary stroke it had cost, you may be sure; and there remained nothing but to get it into the water. And had I gotten it into the water, I make no question but I should have begun the maddest voyage, and the most unlikely to be performed, that ever was undertaken.

But all my devices to get it into the water failed me; though they cost me infinite labour too. It lay about one hundred yards from the water, and not more; but the first inconvenience was, it was up hill towards the creek. Well, to take away this discouragement, I resolved to dig into the surface of the earth and so make a declivity. This I began, and it cost me a prodigious deal of pains; but who grudge pains that have their deliverance in view? But when this was worked through, and this difficulty managed, it was still much at one, for I could no more stir the canoe than I could the other boat.

Then I measured the distance of ground, and resolved to cut a dock or canal, to bring the water up to the canoe, seeing I could not bring the canoe down to the water. Well, I began this work; and when I began to enter upon it, and calculate how deep it was to be dug, how broad, how the stuff was to be thrown out, I found by the number of hands I had, being none but my own, it must have been ten or twelve years before I should have gone through with it; for the shore lay high so that at the upper end it must have been at least twenty feet deep. So at length, though with great reluctancy, I gave this attempt over also.

This grieved me heartily; and now I saw, though too

late, the folly of beginning a work before we count the cost, and before we judge rightly of our own strength to go through with it.

Robinson Crusoe.

III

CRUSOE VISITS A WRECK

It was a dismal sight to look at: the ship, which by its building was Spanish, stuck fast, jammed in between two rocks; all the stern and quarter of her were beaten to pieces with the sea; and as her forecastle, which stuck in the rocks, had run on with great violence, her mainmast and foremast were brought by the board, that is to say, broken short off; but her bowsprit was sound, and the head and bow appeared firm. When I came close to her a dog appeared upon her, which, seeing me coming, yelped and cried and, as soon as I called him, jumped into the sea to come to me: and I took him into the boat, but found him almost dead for hunger and thirst. I gave him a cake of my bread, and he ate it like a ravenous wolf that had been starving a fortnight in the snow. I then gave the poor creature some fresh water, with which, if I would have let him, he would have burst himself.

After this I went on board; but the first sight I met with was two men drowned in the cook room, or forecastle of the ship, with their arms fast about one and another. I concluded, as is indeed probable, that when the ship struck, it being in a storm, the sea broke so high and so continually over her, that the men were not able to bear it, and were strangled with the constant rushing in of the water, as much as if they had been under water. Besides the dog, there was nothing left in the ship that had life, nor any goods, that I could see, but were spoiled by the

water. There were some casks of liquor, whether wine or brandy I knew not, which lay lower in the hold, and which, the water being ebbed out, I could see; but they were too big to meddle with. I saw several chests, which I believed belonged to some of the seamen, and I got two of them into the boat, without examining what was in them.

Had the stern of the ship been fixed, and the forepart broken off, I am persuaded I might have made a good voyage, for by what I found in these two chests I had room to suppose the ship had a great deal of wealth on board. And if I may guess by the course she steered, she must have been bound from Buenos Ayres, or the Rio de la Plata, in the south part of America, beyond the Brazils, to the Havana, in the Gulf of Mexico, and so perhaps to Spain¹. She had, no doubt, a great treasure in her, but of no use, at that time, to anybody; and what became of the rest of her people I then knew not.

I found, besides these chests, a little cask full of liquor, of about twenty gallons, which I got into my boat with much difficulty; there were several muskets in a cabin, and a great powder-horn, with about four pounds in it. As for the muskets I had no occasion for them, so I left them, but took the powder-horn. I took a fire-shovel and tongs, which I wanted extremely; as also two little brass kettles, a copper pot to make chocolate, and a gridiron. And with this cargo, and the dog, I came away, the tide beginning to make home again; and the same evening, about an hour within night, I reached the island again, weary and fatigued to the last degree.

I reposed that night in the boat and in the morning I resolved to harbour what I had gotten in my new cave, not to carry it home to my castle. After refreshing myself, I got all my cargo on shore and began to examine the particulars. The cask of liquor I found to be a kind of

¹ Crusoe's isle was situated off the coast of Guiana.

rum, but not such as we had at the Brazils, and in a word not at all good. But when I came to open the chests, I found several things of great use to me. For example; I found in one a fine case of bottles of an extraordinary kind and fitted with cordial waters, fine and very good. The bottles held about three pints each and were tipped with silver. I found two pots of very good succades or sweetmeats, so fastened also on top that the salt water had not hurt them and two more of the same which the water had spoiled. I found some very good shirts, which were very welcome to me, and about a dozen and half of linen white handkerchiefs and coloured neckcloths. The former were also very welcome being exceeding refreshing to wipe my face in a hot day. Besides this, when I came to the till in the chest, I found there three great bags of pieces of eight¹, which held about eleven hundred pieces in all. And in one of them, wrapped up in a paper, six doubloons² of gold, and some small bars or wedges of gold. I suppose they might all weigh near a pound.

The other chest I found had some clothes in it, but of little value; but by the circumstances it must have belonged to the Gunner's Mate, though there was no powder in it but about two pound of fine glazed powder in three small flasks, kept I suppose for charging their fowling-pieces on occasion. Upon the whole, I got very little by this voyage that was of any use to me. For as to the money I had no manner of occasion for it. It was to me as the dirt under my feet. And I would have given it all for three or four pair of English shoes and stockings which were things I greatly wanted but had not had on my feet now for many years. I had indeed

¹ *Pieces of Eight* = Florins. The name means pieces equal in value to eight reals, the real being the equivalent of a threepenny bit.

² *Doubloon* = a double Pistole, the Pistole being worth about sixteen shillings.

gotten two pairs of shoes now, which I took off the feet of the two drowned men whom I saw in the wreck. And I found two pair more in one of the chests which were very welcome to me. But they were not like our English shoes, either for ease or service, being rather what we call pumps than shoes. I found in this seaman's chest about fifty pieces of eight in reals, but no gold. I suppose this belonged to a poorer man than the other, which seemed to belong to some officer.

Well, however, I lugged this money home to my cave and laid it up, as I had done that before which I brought from our own ship. But it was great pity, as I said, that the other part of this ship had not come to my share. For I am satisfied I might have loaded my canoe several times over with money which, if I had ever escaped to England, would have lain here safe enough till I might have come again and fetched it.

Robinson Crusoe.

IV

FIGHTING UNDER THE JOLLY ROGER

HAVING done this, we¹ stood on upon the Brazil coast, southward, till we came to the mouth of the river Janeiro. But as we had two days the wind blowing hard at S.E. and S.S.E., we were obliged to come to anchor under a little island and wait for a wind. In this time the Portuguese had, it seems, given notice over land to the governor there, that a pirate was upon the coast; so that, when we came in view of the port, we saw two men-of-war riding just without the bar, whereof one we found was getting under sail with all possible speed, having slipt her cable on purpose to speak with us: the

¹ The tale is supposed to be drawn from the memoirs of the famous pirate, Captain Singleton.

other was not so forward, but was preparing to follow. In less than an hour they stood both fair after us, with all the sail they could make.

Had not the night come on, William's words had been made good; they would certainly have asked us the question what we did there. For we found the foremost ship gained upon us, especially upon one tack, for we plied away from them to windward. But in the dark losing sight of them, we resolved to change our course and stand away directly for sea, not doubting that we should lose sight of them in the night.

Whether the Portuguese commander guessed we would do so or not, I know not; but in the morning, when the daylight appeared, instead of having lost him, we found him in chase of us about a league astern; only to our great good fortune, we could see but one of the two. However, this one was a great ship, carried six-and-forty guns, and an admirable sailer, as appeared by her out-sailing us; for our ship was an excellent sailer too, as I have said before.

When I found this, I easily saw there was no remedy, but we must engage; and as we knew we could expect no quarter from those scoundrels the Portuguese, a nation I had an original aversion to, I let Captain Wilmot know how it was. The captain, sick as he was, jumped up in the cabin, and would be led out upon the deck (for he was very weak) to see how it was. "Well," says he, "we'll fight them!"

Our men were all in good heart before; but to see the captain so brisk, who had lain ill of a calenture ten or eleven days, gave them double courage, and they went all hands to work to make a clear ship and be ready. William, the Quaker, comes to me with a kind of a smile. "Friend," says he, "what does yon ship follow us for?"—"Why," says I, "to fight us, you may be sure."—

"Well," says he, "and will she come up with us, dost thou think?"—"Yes," said I, "you see she will."—"Why, then, friend," says the dry wretch, "why dost thou run from her still, when thou seest she will overtake thee? Will it be better for us to be overtaken farther off than here?"—"Much as one for that," says I; "why, what would you have us do?"—"Do!" says he; "let us not give the poor man more trouble than needs must; let us stay for him and hear what he has to say to us."—"He will talk to us in powder and ball," said I.—"Very well, then," says he, "if that be his country language, we must talk to him in the same, must we not? or else how shall he understand us?"—"Very well, William," says I, "we understand you." And the Captain, as ill as he was, called to me, "William's right again," says he; "as good here as a league farther." So he gave a word of command, "Haul up the main-sail; we'll shorten sail for him."

Accordingly we shortened sail, and as we expected her upon our lee side, we being then upon our starboard tack, brought eighteen of our guns to the larboard side, resolving to give him a broadside that should warm him. It was about half an hour before he came up with us, all which time we luffed up, that we might keep the wind of him, by which he was obliged to run up under our lee, as we designed him. When we got him upon our quarter, we edged down, and received the fire of five or six of his guns. By this time you may be sure all our hands were at their quarters, so we clapped our helm hard a-weather, let go the lee-braces of the main top-sail, and laid it a-back, and so our ship fell athwart the Portuguese ship's hawse. Then we immediately poured in our broadside raking them fore and aft, and killed them a great many men.

The Portuguese, we could see, were in the utmost confusion; and not being aware of our design, their ship having fresh way, ran their bowsprit into the fore

part of our main shrouds, as that they could not easily get clear of us, and so we lay locked after that manner. The enemy could not bring above two or three guns, besides their small arms, to bear upon us, while we played our whole broadside upon him.

In the middle of the heat of this fight, as I was very busy upon the quarter-deck, the captain calls to me, for he never stirred from us, "What the devil is friend William a-doing yonder?" says the captain. "Has he any business upon deck?" I stepped forward, and there was friend William, with two or three stout fellows, lashing the ship's bowsprit fast to our main-mast, for fear they should get away from us; and every now and then he pulled a bottle out of his pocket, and gave the men a dram to encourage them. The shot flew about his ears as thick as may be supposed in such an action, where the Portuguese, to give them their due, fought very briskly, believing at first they were sure of their game, and trusting to their superiority. But there was William, as composed and in as perfect tranquillity as to danger, as if he had been over a bowl of punch, only very busy securing the matter, that a ship of forty-six guns should not run away from a ship of eight-and-twenty.

This work was too hot to hold long. Our men behaved bravely. Our gunner, a gallant man, shouted below, pouring in his shot at such a rate that the Portuguese began to slacken their fire. We had dismounted several of their guns by firing in at their fore-castle, and raking them, as I said, fore and aft. Presently comes William up to me. "Friend," says he, very calmly, "what dost thou mean? Why dost thou not visit thy neighbour in the ship, the door being open for thee?" I understood him immediately, for our guns had so torn their hull, that we had beat two port-holes into one, and the bulk-

head of their steerage was split to pieces, so that they could not retire to their close quarters¹. I then gave the word immediately to board them. Our second lieutenant, with about thirty men, entered in an instant over the forecastle, followed by some more with the boatswain, and cutting in pieces about twenty-five men that they found upon the deck, and then throwing some grenadoes into the steerage, they entered there also, upon which the Portuguese cried quarter presently, and we mastered the ship, contrary indeed to our own expectation. For we would have compounded with them if they would have sheered off, but laying them athwart the hawse at first, and following our fire furiously, without giving them any time to get clear of us and work their ship; by this means, though they had six-and-forty guns, they were not able to point them forward, as I said above, for we beat them immediately from their guns in the forecastle, and killed them abundance of men between decks, so that when we entered they had hardly found men enough to fight us hand to hand upon their deck.

The surprise of joy to hear the Portuguese cry quarter and see their ancient² struck was so great to our Captain, who as I said was reduced very weak with a high fever, that it gave him new life. Nature conquered the distemper and the fever abated that very night; so that in two or three days he was sensibly better; his strength began to come and he was able to give his orders effectually in everything that was material; and in about ten days was entirely well and about the ship.

Captain Singleton.

¹ Strong bulkheads athwart the upper deck, loopholed for musketry and used for retreat and defence when a ship was boarded: not used in the British Navy.

² Ensign.

JONATHAN SWIFT

1667—1745

I

GULLIVER CAPTURES THE BLEFUSCUDIAN
NAVY

THE empire of Blefuscu is an island, situated to the north-north-east side of Lilliput, from whence it is parted only by a channel of eight hundred yards wide. I had not yet seen it, and upon this notice of an intended invasion I avoided appearing on that side of the coast, for fear of being discovered by some of the enemy's ships, who had received no intelligence of me; all intercourse between the two empires having been strictly forbidden during the war, upon pain of death and an embargo laid by our Emperor upon all vessels whatsoever. I communicated to his Majesty a project I had formed of seizing the enemy's whole fleet, which, as our scouts assured us, lay at anchor in the harbour, ready to sail with the first fair wind. I consulted the most experienced seamen upon the depth of the channel, which they had often plumbed, who told me that in the middle at high-water it was seventy *glumgluffs* deep, which is about six feet of European measure; and the rest of it fifty *glumgluffs* at most. I walked toward the north-east coast over against Blefuscu, and, lying down behind a hillock, took out my small pocket perspective glass, and viewed the enemy's fleet at anchor, consisting of about fifty men-of-war, and a great number of transports.

I then came back to my house, and gave order (for which I had a warrant) for a great quantity of the strongest cable and bars of iron. The cable was about as thick as packthread, and the bars of the length and size of a knitting-needle. I trebled the cable to make it stronger,

and for the same reason I twisted three of the iron bars together, binding the extremities into a hook. Having thus fixed fifty hooks to as many cables, I went back to the north-east coast, and, putting off my coat, shoes, and stockings, walked into the sea, in my leathern jerkin, about half an hour before high-water. I waded with what haste I could, and swam in the middle about thirty yards, till I felt ground. I arrived to the fleet in less than half an hour. The enemy was so frightened when they saw me that they leaped out of their ships, and swam to shore, where there could not be fewer than thirty thousand souls. I then took my tackling, and, fastening a hook to the hole at the prow of each, I tied all the cords together at the end.

While I was thus employed the enemy discharged several thousand arrows, many of which stuck in my hands and face; and, besides the excessive smart, gave me much disturbance in my work. My greatest apprehension was for my eyes, which I should have infallibly lost, if I had not suddenly thought of an expedient. I kept, among other little necessities, a pair of spectacles in a private pocket, which, as I observed before, had escaped the Emperor's searchers. These I took out, and fastened as strongly as I could upon my nose, and, thus armed, went on boldly with my work, in spite of the enemy's arrows, many of which struck against the glasses of my spectacles, but without any other effect further than a little to discompose them. I had now fastened all the hooks, and, taking the knot in my hand, began to pull; but not a ship would stir, for they were all too fast held by their anchors, so that the bold part of my enterprise remained. I therefore let go the cord, and, leaving the hooks fixed to the ships, I resolutely cut with my knife the cables that fastened the anchors, receiving about two hundred shots in my face and hands. Then I took

up the knotted end of the cables, to which my hooks were tied, and with great ease drew fifty of the enemy's largest men-of-war after me.

The Blefuscudians, who had not the least imagination of what I intended, were at first confounded with astonishment. They had seen me cut the cables, and thought my design was only to let the ships run adrift, or fall foul on each other. But when they perceived the whole fleet moving in order, and saw me pulling at the end, they set up such a scream of grief and despair that it is almost impossible to describe or conceive. When I had got out of danger I stopped a while to pick out the arrows that stuck in my hands and face, and rubbed on some of the same ointment that was given me at my first arrival, as I have formerly mentioned. I then took off my spectacles, and, waiting about an hour, till the tide was a little fallen, I waded through the middle with my cargo, and arrived safe at the royal port of Lilliput.

The Emperor and his whole court stood on the shore expecting the issue of this great adventure. They saw the ships move forward in a large half-moon but could not discern me who was up to my breast in water. When I advanced to the middle of the channel, they were yet more in pain because I was under water to my neck. The Emperor concluded me to be drowned, and that the enemy's fleet was approaching in a hostile manner. But he was soon eased of his fears. For the channel growing shallower every step I made, I came in a short time within hearing and holding up the end of the cable by which the fleet was fastened, cried in a loud voice, "Long live the most puissant Emperor of Lilliput!" This great prince received me at my landing with all possible encomiums, and created me a *Nardac* upon the spot, which is the highest title of honour among them.

Gulliver's Travels.

II

A GREAT GALE DESCRIBED

TEN months after my return I again left my native country and took shipping in the Downs on the 20th day of June, 1702 in the *Adventure*, Captain John Nicholas, a Cornishman Commander, bound for Surat. We had a very prosperous gale till we arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, where we landed for fresh water; but discovering a leak, we wintered there; for the captain falling sick of an ague, we could not leave the Cape till the end of March. We then set sail, and had a good voyage till we passed the Straits of Madagascar; but having got northward of that island, and to about five degrees south latitude, the winds, which in those seas are observed to blow a constant equal gale between the north and west, from the beginning of December to the beginning of May, on the 19th of April began to blow with much greater violence, and more westerly than usual, continuing so for twenty days together, during which time we were driven a little to the east of the Molucca Islands¹, and about three degrees northward of the line, as our captain found by an observation he took the 2nd of May, at which time the wind ceased, and it was a perfect calm, whereat I was not a little rejoiced. But he being a man well experienced in the navigation of those seas, bid us all prepare against a storm, which accordingly happened the day following, for a southern wind, called the southern monsoon, began to set in.

Finding it was like to overflow, we took in our sprit-sail, and stood by to hand² the foresail; but making foul

¹ A ship could hardly run before a gale from the Indian Ocean into the Pacific or into the China Sea through the Eastern Archipelago. She would almost certainly be cast away on one of the innumerable shoals or islets.

² Furl.

weather, we looked the guns were all fast, and handed the mizzen. The ship lay very broad off, so we thought it better spooning¹ before the sea, than trying or hulling². We reefed the foresail, and set him, and hauled aft the fore-sheet; the helm was hard a-weather³. The ship wore bravely. We belayed the fore down-haul⁴; but the sail was split, and we hauled down the yard and got the sail into the ship, and unbound all the things clear of it. It was a very fierce storm; the sea broke strange and dangerous. We hauled off upon the lanyard of the whip-staff⁵, and helped the man at helm. We would not get down our top-mast, but let all stand, because she scudded before the sea very well, and we knew that, the top-mast being aloft, the ship was the wholesomer, and made better way through the sea, seeing we had sea-room. When the storm was over we set foresail and mainsail, and brought the ship to. Then we set the mizzen, main topsail, and the fore topsail. Our course was E.N.E. The wind was at south-west. We got the starboard tacks aboard⁶. We cast off our weather braces and lifts. We set in the lee braces and hauled forward by the weather bowlines⁷ and hauled them tight and belayed

¹ Running dead before the wind.

² To *try* is to lie to under storm canvas. To *hull* is to lie to under bare poles.

³ This sentence should probably read "The helm was then put hard a-weather."

⁴ The down-haul was a complication of tackles for pulling down the main or fore yard in a tempest so as to reef the sail. It was used when the violence of the gale prevented the yard from descending by its own weight.

⁵ The whip-staff was an upright lever or shaft fitted vertically to the end of the tiller. It continued in use till the beginning of the eighteenth century when it was replaced by the Wheel.

⁶ Altered course to S.S.E.

⁷ The Bowlines were connected by bridles with the leech of a sail and leading forward were used to keep the weather edge tight and steady when the ship was close-hauled to the wind.

them¹, and hauled over the mizzen tack to windward² and kept her full and by³ as near as she could lie⁴.

During this storm, which was followed by a strong wind west-south-west, we were carried, by my computation, about five hundred leagues to the east, so that the oldest sailor on board could not tell in what part of the world we were. Our provisions held out well, our ship was stanch, and our crew all in good health; but we lay in the utmost distress for water. We thought it best to hold on the same course, rather than turn more northerly, which might have brought us to the north-west parts of Great Tartray⁵, and into the Frozen Sea⁶.

On the 16th day of June, 1703, a boy on the topmast discovered land.

Gulliver's Travels.

III

GULLIVER'S BOAT AT BROBDINGNAG

THE Queen, who often used to hear me talk of my sea voyages, and took all occasions to divert me when I was melancholy, asked me whether I understood how to handle a sail or an oar, and whether a little exercise of rowing might not be convenient for my health? I answered that I understood both very well; for although my proper employment had been to be surgeon or doctor

¹ The ship had been driving before the tempest. She was now trimmed to sail on a wind.

² The mizzen unlike the other sails was fore and aft. There was no question therefore of getting the starboard tack on board. To *change the mizzen* was to transfer the forward and lower end of the mizzen boom from one side of the mast to the other.

³ Full and by = close-hauled.

⁴ This realistic storm was borrowed by Dean Swift almost word for word from *The Mariner's Jewel* by James Love.

⁵ Mongolia and Manchuria.

⁶ Bering Sea.

to the ship, yet often upon a pinch I was forced to work like a common mariner. But I could not see how this could be done in their country, where the smallest wherry¹ was equal to a first-rate man-of-war among us; and such a boat as I could manage would never live in any of their rivers. Her Majesty said, if I would contrive a boat, her own joiner should make it, and she would provide a place for me to sail in. The fellow was an ingenious workman, and by my instructions in ten days finished a pleasure-boat, with all its tackling, able conveniently to hold eight Europeans.

When it was finished the Queen was so delighted that she ran with it in her lap to the King, who ordered it to be put into a cistern full of water, with me in it, by way of trial, where I could not manage my two sculls, or little oars, for want of room. But the Queen had before contrived another project. She ordered the joiner to make a wooden trough of three hundred feet long, fifty broad, and eight deep; which, being well pitched, to prevent leaking, was placed on the floor, along the wall, in an outer room of the palace. It had a cock near the bottom to let out the water, when it began to grow stale; and two servants could easily fill it in half an hour. Here I often used to row for my own diversion, as well as that of the Queen and her ladies, who thought themselves well entertained with my skill and agility. Sometimes I would put up my sail, and then my business was only to steer, while the ladies gave me a gale with their fans; and, when they were weary, some of the pages would blow my sail forward with their breath, while I showed my art by steering starboard or larboard as I pleased. When I had done, Glumdalclitch always carried back my boat into her closet, and hung it on a nail to dry.

¹ A small boat used in rivers and harbours for the conveyance of passengers.

In this exercise I once met an accident which had like to have cost me my life; for, one of the pages having put my boat into the trough, the governess who attended Glumdalclitch very officiously lifted me up, to place me in the boat; but I happened to slip through her fingers, and should have infallibly fallen down forty feet upon the floor, if, by the luckiest chance in the world, I had not been stopped by a pin that stuck in the good gentlewoman's stomacher. The head of the pin passed between my shirt and the waistband of my breeches, and thus I was held in the air till Glumdalclitch ran to my relief.

Another time, one of the servants, whose office it was to fill my trough every third day with fresh water, was so careless as to let a huge frog (not perceiving it) slip out of his pail. The frog lay concealed till I was put into my boat, but then, seeing a resting-place, climbed up, and made it lean so much on one side that I was forced to balance it with all my weight on the other, to prevent overturning. When the frog was got in, it hopped at once half the length of the boat; and then over my head, backward and forward, daubing my face and clothes with its odious slime. The largeness of its features made it appear the most deformed animal that can be conceived. However, I desired Glumdalclitch to let me deal with it alone. I banged it a good while with one of my sculls, and at last forced it to leap out of the boat.

Gulliver's Travels.

TOBIAS SMOLLETT

1721—1771

I

RODERICK RANDOM IS SEIZED BY THE
PRESS-GANG

As for my own part, I saw no resource but the army or navy, between which I hesitated so long, that I found myself reduced to a starving condition.

My spirit began to accommodate itself to my beggarly fate, and I became so mean as to go down towards Wapping, with an intention to enquire for an old school-fellow who, I understood, had got the command of a small coasting vessel, then in the river, and implore his assistance. But my destiny prevented this abject piece of behaviour; for as I crossed Tower wharf, a squat, tawny fellow with a hanger by his side, and a cudgel in his hand, came up to me, calling, "Yo, ho! brother, you must come along with me." As I did not like his appearance, instead of answering his salutation, I quickened my pace, in hope of ridding myself of his company; upon which he whistled aloud, and immediately another sailor appeared before me, who laid hold of me by the collar, and began to drag me along.

Not being of a humour to relish such treatment, I disengaged myself from the assailant, and with one blow of my cudgel laid him motionless on the ground; and perceiving myself surrounded in a trice by ten or a dozen more, exerted myself with such dexterity and success, that some of my opponents were fain to attack me with drawn cutlasses; and after an obstinate engagement, in which I received a large wound on my head, and

another on my left cheek, I was disarmed, taken prisoner, and carried on board a pressing tender; where, after being pinioned like a malefactor, I was thrust down into the hold, among a parcel of miserable wretches, the sight of whom well nigh distracted me.

As the commanding officer had not humanity enough to order my wounds to be dressed, and I could not use my own hands, I desired one of my fellow-captives who was unfettered, to take a handkerchief out of my pocket and tie it round my head, to stop the bleeding. He pulled out my handkerchief, 'tis true; but instead of applying it to the use for which I designed it, went to the grating of the hatch-way, and, with astonishing composure, sold it before my face to a bum-boat woman¹, then on board, for a quart of gin, with which he treated his companions, regardless of my circumstances and entreaties.

I complained bitterly of this robbery to the midshipman on deck, telling him at the same time that unless my hurts were dressed I should bleed to death. But compassion was a weakness of which no man can justly accuse this person, who squirting a mouthful of dissolved tobacco upon me through the gratings, told me, "I was a mutinous dog, and that I might die and be damned." Finding there was no other remedy, I appealed to patience, and laid up this usage in my memory, to be called at a fitter season.

In the meantime, loss of blood, vexation, and want of food, contributed, with the noisome stench of the place, to throw me into a swoon; out of which I was recovered by a tweak of the nose, administered by the tar who stood sentinel over us, who at the same time regaled me

¹ A bum-boat woman is one who sells bread, cheese, greens, liquor, and fresh provisions to the sailors, in a small boat that lies alongside the ship.—Smollett's Note.

with a draft of flip, and comforted me with the hopes of being put on board of the *Thunder* next day, where I should be freed of my handcuffs, and cured of my wounds by the doctor.

Roderick Random.

II

THE SURGEON'S MATES¹ OF THE *THUNDER*, OFF DUTY AND ON

WHILE he² entertained us with reflections suitable to this event, we heard the boatswain pipe to dinner; and immediately the boy belonging to our mess ran to the locker, from whence he carried off a large wooden platter, and in a few minutes returned with it full of boiled pease, crying, "Scaldings," all the way as he came.

The cloth, consisting of a piece of an old sail, was instantly laid, covered with three plates, which by the colour I could with difficulty discern to be metal, and as many spoons of the same composition, two of which were curtailed in the handles, and the other abridged in the lip.

Mr. Morgan himself enriched this mess with a lump of salt butter, scooped from an old gallipot, and a handful of onions shorn, with some pounded pepper.

I was not very much tempted with the appearance of this dish, of which, nevertheless, my messmates ate heartily, advising me to follow their example, as it was banyan-day, and we could have no meat till next noon. But I had already laid in sufficient for the occasion, and therefore desired to be excused, expressing a curiosity

¹ There were three Surgeon's Mates on board the *Thunder*; Mr. Morgan, First Mate; Mr. Thomson, Second; and Roderick Random (alias Smollett), Third.

² Morgan, the First Mate, a choleric but kind-hearted Welshman; one of Smollett's most famous characters.

to know the meaning of banyan-day. They told me that on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, the ship's company had no allowance for meat, and that these meagre days were called banyan-days, the reason of which they did not know; but I have since learned they take their denomination from a sect of devotees in some parts of the East Indies, who never taste flesh.

After dinner Thomson led me round the ship, showed me the different parts, described their uses, and, as far as he could, made me acquainted with the particulars of the discipline and economy practised on board. He then demanded of the boatswain a hammock for me, which was slung in a very neat manner by my friend Jack Rattlin; and as I had no bedclothes, procured credit for me with the purser for a mattress and two blankets.

At seven o'clock in the evening Morgan visited the sick, and having ordered what was proper for each, I assisted Thomson in making up his prescriptions. But when I followed him with the medicines into the sick berth or hospital, and observed the situations of the patients, I was much less surprised that people should die on board than that any sick person should recover.

Here I saw about fifty miserable distempered wretches suspended in rows, so huddled one upon another, that not more than fourteen inches space was allotted for each with his bed and bedding; and deprived of the light of the day as well as of fresh air; breathing nothing but a noisome atmosphere; devoured with vermin hatched in the filth that surrounded them; and destitute of every convenience necessary for people in that helpless condition.

I could not comprehend how it was possible for the attendants to come near those who hung on the inside towards the sides of the ship, in order to assist them, as

they seemed barricaded by those who lay on the outside, and entirely out of the reach of all visitation.

Much less could I conceive how my friend Thomson would be able to administer clysters that were ordered for some in that situation, when I saw him thrust his wig in his pocket, and strip himself to his waistcoat in a moment, then creep on all four under the hammocks of the sick, and forcing up his bare pate between two, keep them asunder with one shoulder until he had done his duty.

Eager to learn the service, I desired he would give me leave to perform the next operation of that kind, and he consenting, I undressed myself after his example, and crawling along got up, and pushing my head with great force between two hammocks, towards the middle, where the greatest resistance was, I made an opening indeed, but not understanding the knack of dexterously turning my shoulder to maintain my advantage, had the mortification to find myself stuck up as it were on a pillory, and the weight of three or four people bearing on each side of my neck; so that I was in danger of strangulation.

Roderick Random.

III

BRUTALITY OF CAPTAIN OAKUM

ABOUT this time, Captain Oakum, having received sailing orders, came on board, and brought along with him a surgeon of his own country, who soon made us sensible of the loss we suffered in the departure of Doctor Atkins; for he was grossly ignorant, and intolerably assuming—false, vindictive, and unforgiving; a merciless tyrant to his inferiors, an abject sycophant to those above him.

In the morning after the captain came on board, our first mate, according to custom, went to wait on him with a sick list, which when this grim commander had perused, he cried with a stern countenance, "Blood and oons! sixty-one sick people on board of my ship! Harkee you, Sir, I'll have no sick in my ship, by God."

The Welshman replied, he should be very glad to find no sick people on board; but while it was otherwise, he did no more than his duty in presenting him with a list.

"You and your list may be damned," said the captain, throwing it at him, "I say there shall be no sick in my ship while I have command of her."

Mr. Morgan being nettled at this treatment, told him his indignation ought to be directed to Got Almighty, who visited his people with distempers, and not to him who contributed all in his power towards their cure.

The bashaw not being used to such behaviour in any of his officers, was enraged to fury at this satirical insinuation, and stamping with his foot, called him insolent scoundrel, threatening to have him pinioned to the deck, if he should presume to utter another syllable. But the blood of Caractacus being thoroughly heated, disdained to be restricted by such a command, and began to manifest itself in, "Captain Oagum, I am a shentleman of birth and parentage (look you), and peradventure I am moreover—"

Here his harangue was broken off by the captain's steward, who being Morgan's countryman, hurried him out of the cabin before he had time to exasperate his master to a greater degree. And this would certainly have been the case, for the indignant Welshman could hardly be hindered by his friend's arguments and entreaties, from re-entering the presence-chamber, and defying Captain Oakum to his teeth.

He was, however, appeased at length, and came down

to the berth, where, finding Thomson and me at work preparing medicines, he bade us leave off our *labour* and go to play, for the captain by his sole word and power and command, had driven sickness a *pegging* to the *tevil*, and there was no more malady on board. So saying, he drank off a gill of brandy, sighed grievously three times, poured forth an ejaculation of "Got pless my heart, liver, and lungs!" and then began to sing a Welsh song with great earnestness of visage, voice, and gesture. I could not conceive the meaning of this singular phenomenon, and saw by the looks of Thomson, who at the same time shook his head, that he suspected poor Cadwallader's brains were unsettled. He, perceiving our amazement, told us he would explain the mystery; but at the same time bade us take notice, that he had lived poy, patchelor, married man, and widower, almost forty years, and in all that time, there was no man or mother's son in the whole world, who durst use him so ill as Captain Oakum had done.

Then he acquainted us with the dialogue that passed between them, as I have already related it; and had no sooner finished this narration, than he received a message from the surgeon to bring the sick-list to the quarter-deck, for the captain had ordered all the patients thither to be reviewed.

This inhuman order shocked us extremely, as we knew it would be impossible to carry some of them on the deck, without imminent danger to their lives; but as we likewise knew it would be to no purpose for us to remonstrate against it, we repaired to the quarter-deck in a body, to see this extraordinary muster; Morgan observing by the way, that the captain was going to send to the other world a great many evidences to testify against himself.

When he appeared upon deck, the captain bade the

doctor, who stood bowing at his right hand, look at these lazy lubberly sons of dogs, who were good for nothing on board but to eat the king's provision, and encourage idleness in the skulkers.

The surgeon grinned approbation, and taking the list, began to examine the complaints of each as they could crawl to the place appointed.

The first who came under his cognizance was a poor fellow just freed of a fever, which had weakened him so much, that he could hardly stand. Mr. Mackshane (for that was the doctor's name) having felt his pulse, protested he was as well as any man in the world; and the captain delivered him over to the boatswain's mate, with orders that he should receive a round dozen at the gangway immediately, for counterfeiting himself sick;—but before the discipline could be executed, the man dropped down on the deck, and had well nigh perished under the hands of the executioner.

The next patient to be considered, laboured under a quartan ague, and being then in his interval of health, discovered no other symptoms of distemper, than a pale meagre countenance, and emaciated body; upon which he was declared fit for duty, and turned over to the boatswain—but being resolved to disgrace the doctor, died upon the forecastle next day, during his cold fit.

The third complained of a pleuritic stitch, and spitting of blood, for which Doctor Mackshane prescribed exercise at the pump to promote expectoration; but whether this was improper for one in his situation, or that it was used to excess, I know not, but in less than half an hour he was suffocated with a deluge of blood that issued from his lungs.

A fourth, with much difficulty, climbed to the quarter-deck, being loaded with a monstrous ascites or dropsy, that invaded his chest so much he could scarce fetch his

breath; but his disease being interpreted into fat, occasioned by idleness and excess of eating, he was ordered, with a view to promote perspiration and enlarge his chest, to go aloft immediately.

It was in vain for this unwieldy wretch to allege his utter incapacity; the boatswain's driver was commanded to whip him up with the cat and nine tails.

The smart of this application made him exert himself so much, that he actually arrived at the puttock shrouds; but when the enormous weight of his body had nothing else to support it than his weakened arms, either out of spite or necessity he quitted his hold, and plumped into the sea, where he must have been drowned, had not a sailor, who was in a boat along-side, saved his life by keeping him afloat till he was hoisted on board by a tackle.

Roderick Random.

IV

THE COCKPIT IN TIME OF BATTLE¹

OUR forces being landed and stationed as I have already mentioned, set about erecting a fascine battery to cannonade the principal fort of the enemy, and in something more than three weeks it was ready to open. That we might do the Spaniards as much honour as possible, it was determined in a council of war, that five of our largest ships should attack the fort on one side, while the battery, strengthened by two mortars and twenty-four coehorns², should ply it on the other.

¹ This and the two preceding passages are not purely imaginative. They are based upon Smollett's reminiscences of service. As Surgeon's Mate of the *Cumberland* he sailed to the West Indies with Sir Chaloner Ogle in 1740 and played his part in Admiral Vernon's ill-fated attack on Carthagená in 1741.

² A very small and handy mortar, made of brass and named after the Dutch engineer who invented it.

Accordingly, the signal for our ship to engage, among others, was hoisted, we being advertised the night before, to make everything clear for that purpose; and in so doing a difference happened between Captain Oakum and his well beloved cousin and counsellor, Mackshane, which had well nigh terminated in an open rupture.

The doctor, who had imagined there was no more danger of being hurt by the enemy's shot in the cockpit than in the centre of the earth, was lately informed that a surgeon's mate had been killed in that part of the ship by a cannon-ball from two small redoubts that were destroyed before the disembarkation of our soldiers; and therefore insisted upon having a platform raised for the convenience of the sick and wounded, in the after-hold, where he deemed himself more secure than on the deck above.

The Captain, offended at this extraordinary proposal, accused him of pusillanimity, and told him there was no room in the hold for such an occasion; or if there was, he could not expect to be indulged more than the rest of the surgeons of the navy, who used the cockpit for that purpose. Fear rendered Mackshane obstinate: he persisted in his demand, and showed his instructions by which it was authorized.

The Captain swore these instructions were dictated by a parcel of lazy poltroons who were never at sea; nevertheless, he was obliged to comply, and sent for the carpenter to give him orders about it: but before any such measure could be taken, our signal was thrown out, and the doctor compelled to trust his carcase in the cockpit, where Morgan and I were busy in putting our instruments and dressings in order.

Our ship, with others destined for this service, immediately weighed, and in less than half an hour came to an anchor before the castle of Boca Chica, with a

spring upon our cable; and the cannonading, which indeed was terrible, began.

The surgeon, after having crossed himself, fell flat on the deck; and the chaplain and purser, who were stationed with us in the quality of assistants, followed his example, while the Welshman and I sat upon a chest, looking at one another with great discomposure, scarce able to restrain from the like prostration. And that the reader may know it was not a common occasion that alarmed us thus, I must inform him of the particulars of this dreadful din that astonished us. The fire of the Spaniards proceeded from eighty-four great guns, besides a mortar and small arms, in Boca Chica, thirty-six in Fort St. Joseph, twenty in two fascine batteries, and four men-of-war, mounting sixty-four guns each. This was answered by our land battery, mounted with twenty-one cannon, two mortars, and twenty-four coehorns, and five great ships of seventy or eighty guns, that fired without intermission.

We had not been many minutes engaged, when one of the sailors brought another on his back to the cockpit, where he tossed him down like a bag of oats, and pulling out his pouch, put a large chew of tobacco in his mouth, without speaking a word.

Morgan immediately examined the condition of the wounded man, and cried out—

“As I shall answer now, the man is as tead as my great grandfather.”

“Dead!” said his comrade. “He may be dead now, for ought I know, but I’ll be damned if he was not alive when I took him up.”

So saying, he was about to return to his quarters, when I bade him carry the body along with him, and throw it overboard.

“Damn the body!” said he. “I think it’s fair enough if I take care of my own.”

My fellow-mate, snatching up the amputation knife, pursued him half-way up the cockpit ladder, crying—

“You louzy rascal, is this the churchyard, or the charnel house, or the sepulchre, or the Golgotha of the ship?”—but was stopped in his career by one calling—

“Yo, ho, avast there—scaldings!”

“Scaldings!” answered Morgan. “Got knows ’tis hot enough indeed. Who are you?”

“Here’s one,” replied the voice.

And I immediately knew it to be that of my honest friend Jack Rattlin, who, coming towards me, told me, with great deliberation, he was come to be docked at last, and discovered the remains of one hand, which had been shattered to pieces with a grape shot.

I lamented with unfeigned sorrow his misfortune, which he bore with heroic courage, observing that every shot had its commission. It was well it did not take him in the head; or if it had, what then?—he should have died bravely, fighting for his king and country. Death was a debt which every man owed, and must pay; and that now was as well as another time.

I was much pleased and edified with the maxims of this sea-philosopher, who endured the amputation of his left hand without shrinking; the operation being performed, at his request, by me, after Mackshane, who was with difficulty prevailed to lift his head from the deck, had declared there was a necessity for his losing the limb.

While I was employed in dressing the stump I asked Jack’s opinion of the battle. He, shaking his head, frankly told me he believed we should do no good.

For why, because instead of dropping anchor close under shore, where we should have had to deal with one corner of Boca Chica only, we had opened the harbour, and exposed ourselves to the whole fire of the enemy

from their shipping and Fort St. Joseph, as well as from the castle we intended to cannonade; that, besides, we lay at too great a distance to damage the walls, and three parts in four of our shot did not take place; for there was scarce anybody on board who understood the pointing of a gun. "Ah! God help us!" continued he, "if your kinsman, Lieutenant Bowling, had been here, we should have had other guess-work."

By this time our patients had increased to such a number that we did not know which to begin with; and the first mate plainly told the surgeon that if he did not get up immediately, and perform his duty, he would complain of his behaviour to the Admiral, and make application for his warrant.

This remonstrance effectually roused Mackshane, who was never deaf to an argument in which he thought his interest was concerned. He therefore rose up, and, in order to strengthen his resolution, had recourse more than once to a case-bottle of rum, which he freely communicated to the chaplain and purser, who had as much need of such extraordinary inspiration as himself. Being thus supported, he went to work, and arms and legs were hewed down without mercy.

The fumes of the liquor mounting into the parson's brain, conspired, with his former agitation of spirits, to make him quite delirious; he stripped himself to the skin, and, besmearing his body with blood, could scarce be withheld from running upon deck in that condition. Jack Rattlin, scandalized at this deportment, endeavoured to allay his transports with reason; but finding all he said ineffectual, and great confusion occasioned by his frolics, he knocked him down with his right hand, and by threats kept him quiet in that state of humiliation.

But it was not in the power of rum to elevate the purser, who sat on the floor wringing his hands, and

cursing the hour in which he left his peaceable profession of a brewer in Rochester to engage in such a life of terror and disquiet.

Roderick Random.

V

A YARN FROM COMMODORE TRUNNION

MEANWHILE the Captain's choler gradually subsided, and he was pleased to desire Hatchway, by the familiar and friendly diminutive of Jack, to read a newspaper that lay on the table before him. This task was accordingly undertaken by the lame lieutenant, who, among other paragraphs, read that which follows, with an elevation of voice that seemed to prognosticate something extraordinary.

"We are informed that Admiral Bower will very soon be created a British peer, for his eminent services during the war, particularly in his late engagement with the French fleet."

Trunnion was thunderstruck at this piece of intelligence. The mug dropped from his hand, and shivered into a thousand pieces; his eye glistened like that of a rattlesnake, and some minutes elapsed before he could pronounce, "Avast! overhaul that article again."

It was no sooner read the second time, than, smiting the table with his fist, he started up, and with the most violent emphasis of rage and indignation, exclaimed, "Swing my heart and liver! 'tis a land lie, d'ye see; and I will maintain it to be a lie, from the spritsail-yard to the mizzen-topsail-halyards! Blood and thunder! Will Bower a peer of this realm! a fellow of yesterday, that scarce knows a mast from a manger; a snotty-nose boy, whom I myself have ordered to the gun, for stealing eggs out of the hencoops! and I, Hawser Trunnion, who

commanded a ship before he could keep a reckoning, am laid aside, d'ye see, and forgotten! If so be as this be the case, there is a rotten plank in our constitution, which ought to be hove down and repaired, slice my eyes! For my own part, d'ye see, I was none of your guinea pigs; I did not rise in the service by parliamenteering interest, or a handsome gunner of a wife. I was not hoisted over the backs of better men, nor strutted athwart the quarter-deck in a laced doublet, and thingumbobs at the wrists. Shake my limbs! I have been a hard-working man, and served all offices on board from cook's shifter¹ to the command of a vessel. Here, you Tunley, there's the hand of a seaman, you dog."

So saying, he laid hold on the landlord's fist, and honoured him to such a squeeze, as compelled him to roar with great vociferation, to the infinite satisfaction of the Commodore, whose features were a little unbended by this acknowledgment of his vigour; and he thus proceeded in a less outrageous strain, "They make a rare noise about this engagement with the French; but, egad! it was no more than a bumboat battle in comparison with some that I have seen. There was old Rooke and Jennings², and another whom I'll be blowed before I name, that knew what fighting was. As for my own share, d'ye see, I am none of those that halloo in their own commendation; but if so be that I were minded to stand my own trumpeter, some of those little fellows that hold their heads so high, would be taken all aback, as the saying is; they would be ashamed to show their colours, shut my eyes! I once lay eight glasses alongside of the *Flour de Louse*, a French man-of-war, though her

¹ *Shifter*, the "scullery maid" on board ship.

² Sir John Jennings [1664-1743], a brother-in-arms of Admiral Rooke; present at Vigo, the capture of Gibraltar, and the battle of Malaga; in 1733 Rear-Admiral of England; Governor of Greenwich for twenty-two years, a record tenure of office.

metal was heavier, and her complement larger by an hundred hands than mine. You, Jack Hatchway, cuss ye, what d'ye grin at? D'ye think I tell a story, because you never heard it before?"

"Why, look ye, sir," answered the lieutenant, "I am glad to find you can stand your own trumpeter on occasion; thof I wish you would change the tune; for that is the same you have been piping every watch for these ten months past. Tunley himself will tell you, he has heard it five hundred times."

"Lord forgive you, Mr. Hatchway," said the landlord, interrupting him; "as I am an honest man and a house-keeper, I never heard a syllable of the matter."

This declaration, though not strictly true, was extremely agreeable to Mr. Trunnion, who, with an air of triumph, observed, "Aha! Jack, I thought I should bring you up, with your jibes and your jokes; but suppose you had heard it before, is that any reason why it shouldn't be told to another person? There's the stranger. Belike he has heard it five hundred times too; ain't you, brother?" addressing himself to Mr. Pickle; who replied, with a look expressing curiosity, "No, never."

He thus went on: "Well, you seem to be an honest quiet sort of a man; and therefore you must know, as I said before, I fell in with a French man-of-war, Cape Finisterre bearing about six leagues on the weather-bow, and the chase three leagues to leeward, going before the wind; whereupon I set my studding sails, and, coming up with her, hoisted my jack and ensign, and poured in a whole broadside, before you could count three rattlins in the mizzen shrouds; for I always keep a good look-out, and love to have the first fire."

"That I'll be sworn," said Hatchway; "for the day we made the *Triumph*, you ordered the men to fire when she was hull-to, by the same token we below pointed the

guns at a flight of gulls; and I won a can of punch from the gunner, by killing the first bird."

Exasperated at this sarcasm, he replied with great vehemence, "You lie, lubber! Burn your bones! what business have you to come always athwart my hawse in this manner? You, Pipes, was upon deck, and can bear witness whether or not I fired too soon. Speak, you son of a gun, and that upon the word of a seaman; how did the chase bear of us when I gave orders to fire?"

Pipes, who had hitherto sat silent, being thus called upon to give his evidence, after divers strange gesticulations, opened his mouth like a gasping cod, and with a cadence like that of the east wind singing through a cranny, pronounced, "Half a quarter of a league right upon our lee-beam."

"Nearer, you porpuss-fac'd swab!" cried the Commadore, "nearer by twelve fathom; but howsomever, that's enough to prove the falsehood of Hatchway's jaw—and so, brother, d'ye see," turning to Mr. Pickle, "I lay alongside of the *Flour de Louse*, yard-arm and yard-arm, plying our great guns and small arms, and heaving in stink-pots¹, powder-bottles², and hand-grenades, till our shot was all expended, double-headed, partridge³, and grape; then we loaded with iron crows, marlin-spikes, and old nails; but finding the Frenchman took a great deal of drubbing, and that he had shot away all our rigging, and killed and wounded a great number of our men, d'ye see, I resolved to run him on board upon his quarter, and so ordered our grapplings to be got ready; but Monsieur perceiving what we were about, filled his

¹ *Stink Pot*, an earthen jar containing a preparation of pitch, rosin, nitre, gunpowder, asafoetida, and other suffocating and offensive ingredients.

² *Powder Bottle*, a Petard.

³ *Partridges*, Grenades thrown from a mortar.

topsails and sheered off, leaving us like a log upon the water, and our scuppers running with blood."

Mr. Pickle and the landlord paid such extraordinary attention to the rehearsal of this exploit, that Trunnion was encouraged to entertain them with more stories of the same nature; after which he observed, by way of encomium on the government, that all he had gained in the service was a lame foot and the loss of an eye.

Peregrine Pickle.

VI

COMMODORE TRUNNION'S WEDDING-DAY

ON the day appointed for their spousals, the church was surrounded by an inconceivable multitude.

The Commodore, to give a specimen of his gallantry, by the advice of his friend Hatchway, resolved to appear on horseback on the grand occasion, at the head of all his male attendants, whom he had rigged with the white shirts and black caps formerly belonging to his barge's crew; and he bought a couple of hunters for the accommodation of himself and his lieutenant.

With this equipage, then, he set out from the garrison for the church, after having dispatched a messenger to apprise the bride that he and his company were mounted. She got immediately into the coach, accompanied by her brother and his wife, and drove directly to the place of assignation, where several pews were demolished, and divers persons almost pressed to death by the eagerness of the crowd that broke in to see the ceremony performed. Thus arrived at the altar, and the priest in attendance, they waited a whole half hour for the Commodore, at whose slowness they began to be under some apprehension, and accordingly dismissed a servant to quicken his pace.

The valet having rode something more than a mile,

espied the whole troop disposed in a long field, crossing the road obliquely, and headed by the bridegroom and his friend Hatchway, who, finding himself hindered by a hedge from proceeding farther in the same direction, fired a pistol, and stood over to the other side, making an obtuse angle with the line of his former course; and the rest of the squadron followed his example, keeping always in the rear of each other like a flight of wild geese.

Surprised at this strange method of journeying, the messenger came up, and told the Commodore that his lady and her company expected him in the church, where they had tarried a considerable time, and were beginning to be very uneasy at his delay, and therefore desired he would proceed with more expedition.

To this message Mr. Trunnion replied, "Hark ye, brother, don't you see we make all possible speed? Go back, and tell those who sent you, that the wind has shifted since we weighed anchor, and that we are obliged to make very short trips in tacking, by reason of the narrowness of the channel, and that, as we lie within six points of the wind, they must make some allowance for variation and leeway."

"Lord, sir!" said the valet, "what occasion have you to go zigzag in that manner? Do but clap spurs to your horses, and ride straight forward, and I'll engage you shall be at the church porch in less than a quarter of an hour."

"What! right in the wind's eye?" answered the commander. "Ahey, brother! where did you learn your navigation? Hawser Trunnion is not to be taught at this time of day how to lie his course, or keep his own reckoning. And as for you, brother, you best know the trim of your own frigate." ♦

The courier, finding he had to do with people who would not be easily persuaded out of their own opinions,

returned to the temple, and made a report of what he had seen and heard, to the no small consolation of the bride, who had begun to discover some signs of disquiet. Composed, however, by this piece of intelligence, she exerted her patience for the space of another half-hour, during which period, seeing no bridegroom arrive, she was exceedingly alarmed; so that all the spectators could easily perceive her perturbation, which manifested itself in frequent palpitations, heart-heavings, and alterations of countenance, in spite of the assistance of a smelling-bottle, which she incessantly applied to her nostrils.

Various were the conjectures of the company on this occasion. Some imagined he had mistaken the place of rendezvous, as he had never been at church since he first settled in that parish; others believed he had met with some accident, in consequence of which his attendants had carried him back to his own house; and a third set, in which the bride herself was thought to be comprehended, could not help suspecting that the Commodore had changed his mind.

But all these suppositions, ingenious as they were, happened to be wide of the true cause that detained him, which was no other than this. The Commodore and his crew had, by dint of turning, almost weathered the parson's house that stood to windward of the church, when the notes of a pack of hounds unluckily reached the ears of the two hunters which Trunnion and the lieutenant bestrode.

These fleet animals no sooner heard the enlivening sound than, eager for the chase, they sprung away all of a sudden, and strained every nerve to partake of the sport, flew across the fields with incredible speed, over-leaped hedges and ditches, and everything in their way, without the least regard to their unfortunate riders.

The lieutenant, whose steed had got the heels of the

other, finding it would be great folly and presumption in him to pretend to keep the saddle with his wooden leg, very wisely took the opportunity of throwing himself off in his passage through a field of rich clover, among which he lay at his ease; and seeing his captain advancing at full gallop hailed him with the salutation of "What cheer? ho!"

The Commodore, who was in infinite distress, eyeing him askance as he passed, replied with a faltering voice, "Oh, souse you! you are safe at an anchor. I wish to old Harry I were as fast moored."

Nevertheless, conscious of his disabled heel, he would not venture to try the experiment which had succeeded so well with Hatchway, but resolved to stick as close as possible to his horse's back until Providence should interpose in his behalf.

With this view he dropped his whip, and with his right hand laid fast hold on the pommel, contracting every muscle in his body to secure himself in the seat, and grinning most formidably in consequence of this exertion.

In this attitude he was hurried on a considerable way, when all of a sudden his view was comforted by a five-bar gate that appeared before him, as he never doubted that there the career of his hunter must necessarily end.

But, alas! he reckoned without his host.

Far from halting at this obstruction, the horse sprung over it with amazing agility, to the utter confusion and disorder of his owner, who lost his hat and periwig in the leap, and now began to think in good earnest that he was actually mounted on the back of the devil.

He recommended himself to all the saints, his reflection forsook him, his eyesight and all his other senses failed, he quitted the reins, and, fastening by instinct on the mane, was in this condition conveyed into the midst of

the sportsmen, who were astonished at the sight of such an apparition.

Neither was their surprise to be wondered at, if we reflect on the figure that presented itself to their view. The Commodore's person was at all times an object of admiration; much more so on this occasion, when every singularity was aggravated by the circumstances of his dress and disaster.

He had put on, in honour of his nuptials, his best coat of blue broadcloth, cut by a tailor of Ramsgate, and trimmed with five dozen of brass buttons, large and small; his breeches were of the same piece, fastened at the knees with large bunches of tape; his waistcoat was of red plush, lapelled with green velvet, and garnished with vellum holes; his boots bore an infinite resemblance, both in colour and shape, to a pair of leather buckets; his shoulder was graced with a broad buff belt, from whence depended a huge hanger with a hilt like that of a backsword; and on each side of his pommel appeared a rusty pistol, rammed in a case covered with a bearskin.

The loss of his tie, periwig, and laced hat, which were curiosities of the kind, did not at all contribute to the improvement of the picture, but, on the contrary, by exhibiting his bald pate, and the natural extension of his lantern jaws, added to the peculiarity and extravagance of the whole.

Such a spectacle could not have failed of diverting the whole company from the chase, had his horse thought proper to pursue a different route, but the beast was too keen a sporter to choose any other way than that which the stag followed; and, therefore, without stopping to gratify the curiosity of the spectators, he, in a few minutes, outstripped every hunter in the field.

There being a deep, hollow way betwixt him and the hounds, rather than ride round about the length of a

furlong to a path that crossed the lane, he transported himself, at one jump, to the unspeakable astonishment and terror of a waggoner who chanced to be underneath, and saw the phenomenon fly over his carriage.

This was not the only adventure he achieved. The stag having taken a deep river that lay in his way, every man directed his course to a bridge in the neighbourhood; but our bridegroom's courser, despising all such conveniences, plunged into the stream without hesitation, and swam in a twinkling to the opposite shore.

This sudden immersion into an element, of which Trunnion was properly a native, in all probability helped to recruit the exhausted spirits of its rider, who, at his landing on the other side, gave some tokens of sensation, by hallooing aloud for assistance, which he could not possibly receive, because his horse still maintained the advantage he had gained, and would not allow himself to be overtaken.

In short, after a long chase that lasted several hours, and extended to a dozen miles at least, he was the first in at the death of the deer, being seconded by the lieutenant's gelding, which, actuated by the same spirit, had, without a rider, followed his companion's example.

Our bridegroom finding himself at last brought up, or, in other words, at the end of his career, took the opportunity of the first pause, to desire the huntsmen would lend him a hand in dismounting; and was by their condescension safely placed on the grass, where he sat staring at the company as they came in, with such wildness of astonishment in his looks, as if he had been a creature of another species, dropped among them from the clouds.

Before they had fleshed the hounds, however, he recollected himself, and seeing one of the sportsmen take a small flask out of his pocket and apply it to his mouth, judged the cordial to be no other than neat Cognac, which it really was; and expressing a desire of partici-

pation, was immediately accommodated with a moderate dose, which perfectly completed his recovery.

By this time he and his two horses had engrossed the attention of the whole crowd. While some admired the elegant proportion and uncommon spirit of the two animals, the rest contemplated the surprising appearance of their master, whom before they had only seen *en passant*; and at length one of the gentlemen, accosting him very courteously, signified his wonder at seeing him in such an equipage, and asked him if he had not dropped his companion by the way.

"Why, look ye, brother," replied the Commodore, "mayhap you think me an odd sort of a fellow, seeing me in this trim, especially as I have lost part of my rigging; but this here is the case, d'ye see. I weighed anchor this morning at ten A.M., with fair weather and a favourable breeze at south-south-east, being bound to the next church on the voyage of matrimony; but howsomever, we had not run down a quarter of a league, when the wind shifting, blowed directly in our teeth; so that we were forced to tack all the way, d'ye see, and had almost beat up within sight of the port, when these sons of guns of horses, which I had bought but two days before (for my own part, I believe they are devils incarnate), luffed round in a trice, and then refusing the helm, drove away like lightning with me and my lieutenant, who soon came to anchor in an exceeding good berth. As for my own part, I have been carried over rocks, and flats, and quicksands; among which I have pitched away a special good tie periwig, and an iron-bound hat; and at last, thank Heaven, am got into smooth water and safe riding; but if ever I venture my carcase upon such a hare'em scare'em blood of a pig again, my name is not Hawser Trunnion, slice my eyes!"

Peregrine Pickle.

VII

THE DEATH OF COMMODORE TRUNNION

ABOUT four o'clock in the morning our hero arrived at the garrison, where he found his generous uncle in extremity, supported in bed by Julia on one side, and Lieutenant Hatchway on the other; while Mr. Jolter administered spiritual consolation to his soul, and between whiles comforted Mrs. Trunnion, who, with her maid, sat by the fire, weeping with great decorum; the physician having just taken his last fee, and retired after pronouncing the fatal prognostic, in which he anxiously wished he might be mistaken.

Though the Commodore's speech was interrupted by a violent hiccup, he still retained the use of his senses; and, when Peregrine approached, stretched out his hand with manifest signs of satisfaction. The young gentleman, whose heart overflowed with gratitude and affection, could not behold such a spectacle unmoved.

He endeavoured to conceal his tenderness, which, in the wildness of his youth, and the pride of his disposition, he considered as a derogation from his manhood; but, in spite of all his endeavours, the tears gushed from his eyes, while he kissed the old man's hand; and he was so utterly disconcerted by his grief, that, when he attempted to speak, his tongue denied its office;—so that the commodore, perceiving his disorder, made a last effort of strength, and consoled him in these words:—

“Swab the spray from your bowsprit, my good lad, and coil up your spirits. You must not let the toplifts of your heart give way, because you see me ready to go down at these years.

“Many a better man has foundered before he has made half my way; thof I trust, by the mercy of Heaven,

I shall be sure in port in a very few glasses, and fast moored in a most blessed riding; for my good friend Jolter hath overhauled the journal of my sins, and, by the observation he hath taken of the state of my soul, I hope I shall happily conclude my voyage, and be brought up in the latitude of heaven.

"Here has been a doctor that wanted to stow me chock full of physic; but, when a man's hour is come, what signifies his taking his departure with a 'pothecary's shop in his hold? Those fellows come alongside of dying men, like the messengers of the Admiralty with sailing orders; but I told him as how I could slip my cable without his direction or assistance, and so he hauled off in dudgeon.

"This cursed hiccup makes such a rippling in the current of my speech, that mayhap you don't understand what I say. Now, while the sucker of my wind-pump will go, I would willingly mention a few things, which I hope you will set down in the log-book of your remembrance when I'm stiff, d'ye see?

"There's your aunt sitting whimpering by the fire; I desire you will keep her tight, warm, and easy in her old age; she's an honest heart in her own way, and, thof she goes a little crank and humoursome, by being often overstowed with Nantz and religion, she has been a faithful shipmate to me

"I need not talk of Pipes, because I know you'll do for him without any recommendation; the fellow has sailed with me in many a hard gale, and I'll warrant him as stout a seaman as ever set face to the weather. But I hope you'll take care of the rest of my crew, and not disrate them after I am dead in favour of new followers

"Shun going to law as you would shun the devil, and look upon all attorneys as devouring sharks or

ravenous fish of prey. As soon as the breath is out of my body, let minute guns be fired till I am safe under ground.

"I would also be buried in the red jacket I had on when I boarded and took the *Renummy*.

"Let my pistols, cutlass, and pocket-compass be laid in the coffin along with me. Let me be carried to the grave by my own men, rigged in the black caps and white shirts which my barge's crew were wont to wear; and they must keep a good look-out, that none of your pilfering rascallions may come and heave me up again, for the lucre of what they can get, until the carcass is belayed by a tombstone.

"As for the motto, or what you call it, I leave that to you and Mr. Jolter, who are scholars; but I do desire, that it may not be engraved in the Greek or Latin lingos, and much less in the French which I abominate, but in plain English, that when the angel comes to pipe all hands, at the great day, he may know that I am a British man, and speak to me in my mother tongue. And now I have no more to say, but God in heaven have mercy upon my soul, and send you all fair weather, wheresoever you are bound."

So saying, he regarded every individual around him with a look of complacency, and closing his eye, composed himself to rest, while the whole audience, Pipes himself not excepted, were melted with sorrow; and Mrs. Trunnion consented to quit the room, that she might not be exposed to the unspeakable anguish of seeing him expire.

His last moments, however, were not so near as they imagined. He began to doze, and enjoyed small intervals of ease, till next day in the afternoon; during which remissions, he was heard to pour forth many pious ejaculations, expressing his hope, that, for all the heavy

cargo of his sins, he should be able to surmount the puttock-shrouds of despair, and get aloft to the cross-trees of God's good favour.

At last his voice sank so low as not to be distinguished; and, having lain about an hour, almost without any perceptible signs of life, he gave up the ghost with a groan.

Peregrine Pickle.

HENRY FIELDING

1707—1754

LEAVES FROM THE JOURNAL OF A VOYAGE TO LISBON¹

I

AT RYDE

Monday, July 8, 1754. This evening we beat the sea off Sussex, in sight of Dungeness, with much more pleasure than progress; for the weather was almost a perfect calm, and the moon, which was almost at the full, scarce suffered a single cloud to veil her from our sight.

Tuesday, Wednesday, July 9, 10. These two days we had much the same fine weather, and made much the same way; but, in the evening of the latter day, a pretty fresh gale sprung up, at N.N.W., which brought us by the morning in sight of the Isle of Wight.

Thursday, July 11. This gale continued till towards noon; when the east end of the island bore but little a-head of us. The captain, being unwilling to come to

¹ Fielding sailed from Gravesend on June 30, 1754, in the *Queen of Portugal* [Captain Richard Veale], bound for Lisbon in search of health.

anchor, declared he would keep the sea; but the wind got the better of him, so that about three he gave up the victory, and, making a sudden tack, stood in for the shore, passed by Spithead and Portsmouth, and came to an anchor at a place called Ryde on the island; as did a great number of merchant ships, who attended our commodore from the Downs, and watched his motions so narrowly, that they seemed to think themselves unsafe when they did not regulate their motions by his.

A most tragical incident fell out this day at sea. While the ship was under sail, but making, as will appear, no great way, a kitten, one of four of the feline inhabitants of the cabin, fell from the window into the water. An alarm was immediately given to the captain, who was then upon deck, and received it with the utmost concern. He immediately gave orders to the steersman in favour of the poor thing, as he called it; the sails were instantly slackened, and all hands, as the phrase is, employed to recover the poor animal. I was, I own, extremely surprised at all this; less, indeed, at the captain's extreme tenderness¹, than at his conceiving any possibility of success; for, if puss had had nine thousand, instead of nine lives, I concluded they had been all lost. The boatswain, however, had more sanguine hopes; for, having stript himself of his jacket, breeches, and shirt, he leapt boldly into the water, and, to my great astonishment, in a few minutes, returned to the ship bearing the motionless animal in his mouth. Nor was this, I

¹ Fielding gives Captain Veale an amiable character. "Notwithstanding the strict rigour with which he preserved the dignity of his station, and the hasty impatience with which he resented any affront to his person or orders, disobedience to which he could in no instance brook in any person on board, he was one of the best natur'd fellows alive. He acted the part of a father to his sailors; he expressed great tenderness for any of them when ill, and never suffered any the least work of supererogation to go unrewarded by a glass of gin."

observed, a matter of such great difficulty as it appeared to my ignorance, and possibly may seem to that of my freshwater reader. The kitten was now exposed to air and sun on the deck, where its life, of which it retained no symptoms, was despaired of by all.

The captain's humanity, if I may so call it, did not so totally destroy his philosophy, as to make him yield himself up to affliction on this melancholy occasion. Having felt his loss like a man, he resolved to shew he could bear it like one; and, having declared, he had rather have lost a cask of rum or brandy, betook himself to threshing at backgammon with the Portuguese friar, in which innocent amusement they passed their leisure hours.

But as I have, perhaps, a little too wantonly endeavoured to raise the tender passions of my readers, in this narrative, I should think myself unpardonable if I concluded it, without giving them the satisfaction of hearing that the kitten at last recovered, to the great joy of the good captain; but to the great disappointment of some of the sailors, who asserted, that the drowning a cat was the very surest way of raising a favourable wind: a supposition of which, though we have heard several plausible accounts, we will not presume to assign the true original reason.

Friday, July 12. This day our ladies went a-shore at Ryde, and drank their afternoon tea at an alehouse there with great satisfaction: here they were regaled with fresh cream, to which they had been strangers since they left the Downs.

Saturday, July 13. The wind seeming likely to continue in the same corner, where it had been almost constantly for two months together, I was persuaded by my wife to go ashore, and stay at Ryde till we sailed. As to its situation, it is, I think, most

delightful, and in the most pleasant spot in the whole island. It is true it wants the advantage of that beautiful river, which leads from Newport to Cowes: but the prospect here extending to the sea, and taking in Portsmouth, Spithead, and St. Helen's, would be more than a recompense for the loss of the Thames itself, even in the most delightful part of Berkshire or Buckinghamshire, tho' another Denham, or another Pope, should unite in celebrating it. For my own part, I confess myself so entirely fond of a sea prospect, that I think nothing on the land can equal it; and if it be set off with shipping, I desire to borrow no ornament from the *terra firma*. A fleet of ships is, in my opinion, the noblest object which the art of man hath ever produced; and far beyond the power of those architects who deal in brick, in stone, or in marble.

II

CIRCE IN FLOWERED BROCADE

It will, doubtless, surprise many of my readers to hear, that when we lay at anchor within a mile or two of a town, several days together, and even in the most temperate weather, we should frequently want fresh provisions and herbage, and other emoluments of the shore, as much as if we had been an hundred leagues from land. And this too, while numbers of boats were in our sight, whose owners get their livelihood by rowing people up and down, and could be at any time summoned by a signal to our assistance, and while the captain had a little boat of his own with men always ready to row it at his command.

This, however, hath been partly accounted for already, by the imposing disposition of the people; who asked so much more than the proper price of their labour.

And as to the usefulness of the captain's boat, it requires to be a little expatiated upon, as it will tend to lay open some of the grievances which demand the utmost regard of our legislature, as they affect the most valuable part of the king's subjects, those by whom the commerce of the nation is carried into execution.

Our captain then, who was a very good and experienced seaman, having been above thirty years the master of a vessel, part of which he had served, as hath been before noticed, as commander of a privateer; and had discharged himself with great courage and conduct, and with as great success, discovered the utmost aversion to the sending his boat ashore, whenever we lay wind-bound in any of our harbours. This aversion did not arise from any fear of wearing out his boat by using it, but was, in truth, the result of experience, that it was easier to send his men on shore than to recall them. They acknowledged him to be their master while they remained on shipboard, but did not allow his power to extend to the shores, where they had no sooner set their foot, than every man became *sui juris*, and thought himself at full liberty to return when he pleased. Now it is not any delight that these fellows have in the fresh air, or verdant fields on the land. Every one of them would prefer his ship and his hammock to all the sweets of Arabia the happy; but unluckily for them, there are in every sea-port in England, certain houses, whose chief livelihood depends on providing entertainment for the gentlemen of the jacket. For this purpose, they are always well-furnished with those cordial liquors, which do immediately inspire the heart with gladness, banishing all careful thoughts, and indeed all others from the mind, and opening the mouth with songs of cheerfulness and thanksgiving, for the many wonderful blessings with which a seafaring life overflows.

For my own part, however whimsical it may appear, I confess, I have thought the strange story of Circe in the *Odyssey* no other than an ingenious allegory; in which Homer intended to convey to his countrymen the same kind of instruction, which we intend to communicate to our own in this digression. As teaching the art of war to the Greeks, was the plain design of the *Iliad*; so was teaching them the art of navigation the no less manifest intention of the *Odyssey*. For the improvement of this, their situation was most excellently adapted; and accordingly we find Thucydides, in the beginning of his history, considers the Greeks as a set of pirates, or privateers, plundering each other by sea. This being probably the first institution of commerce before the *Ars Cauponaria* was invented, and merchants, instead of robbing, began to cheat and outwit each other, and by degrees changed the *Metabletic*, the only kind of traffic allowed by Aristotle in his *Politics*, into the *Chrematistic*¹.

By this allegory then I suppose Ulysses to have been the captain of a merchant-ship, and Circe some good ale-wife, who made his crew drunk with the spirituous liquors of those days. With this the transformation into swine, as well as all other incidents of the fable, will notably agree; and thus a key will be found out for unlocking the whole mystery, and forging, at least, some meaning to a story which, at present, appears very strange and absurd.

Hence, moreover, will appear the very near resemblance between the sea-faring men of all ages and nations; and here perhaps may be established the truth and

¹ Piracy was probably the only true *commerce* or exchange of merchandise prior to the coming of shops. With the coming of shops men ceased to rob and learned to outwit each other. They ceased to traffic by interchange of commodities and chose to grow rich by exorbitant charges.

justice of that observation, which will occur oftener than once in this voyage, that all human flesh is not the same flesh, but that there is one kind of flesh of landmen, and another of seamen.

III

THE SEAMAN AFLOAT AND ASHORE

Sunday. The next morning, the captain told me he thought himself thirty miles to the westward of Plymouth, and before evening declared that the Lizard point, which is the extremity of Cornwall, bore several leagues to leeward. Nothing remarkable passed this day, except the captain's devotion, who, in his own phrase, summoned all hands to prayers, which were read by a common sailor upon deck, with more devout force and address, than they are commonly read by a country curate, and received with more decency and attention by the sailors than are usually preserved in city congregations. I am, indeed, assured that if any such affected disregard of the solemn office in which they were engaged, as I have seen practised by fine gentlemen and ladies, expressing a kind of apprehension lest they should be suspected of being really in earnest in their devotion, had been shewn here, they would have contracted the contempt of the whole audience. To say the truth, from what I observed in the behaviour of the sailors in this voyage, and on comparing it with what I have formerly seen of them at sea and on shore, I am convinced that on land there is nothing more idle and dissolute; in their own element, there are no persons near the level of their degree, who live in the constant practice of half so many good qualities. They are, for much the greater part, perfect masters of their business, and always extremely alert, and ready in executing it,

without any regard to fatigue or hazard. The soldiers themselves are not better disciplined, nor more obedient to orders than these whilst aboard; they submit to every difficulty which attends their calling with cheerfulness, and no less virtues than patience and fortitude are exercised by them every day of their lives.

All these good qualities, however, they always leave behind them on shipboard. The sailor out of water is, indeed, as wretched an animal as the fish out of water; for tho' the former hath in common with amphibious animals the bare power of existing on the land, yet if he be kept there any time, he never fails to become a nuisance.

IV

A HIGHWAYMAN DISGORGES

Monday. At noon the captain took an observation, by which it appeared that Ushant bore some leagues northward of us, and that we were just entering the Bay of Biscay. We had advanced a very few miles in this bay before we were entirely becalmed; we furl'd our sails, as being of no use to us. While we lay in this most disagreeable situation, more detested by the sailors than the most violent tempest, we were alarmed with the loss of a fine piece of salt beef, which had been hung in the sea to freshen it; this being, it seems, the strange property of salt water. The thief was immediately suspected, and presently afterwards taken by the sailors. He was indeed no other than a huge shark. Not knowing when he was well off, [he] swallowed another piece of beef, together with a great iron crook, on which it was hung and by which he was dragged into the ship.

I should scarce have mentioned the catching this shark, though so exactly conformable to the rules and practice of voyage-writing, had it not been for a strange

circumstance that attended it. This was the recovery of the stolen beef out of the shark's maw, where it lay unchewed and undigested, and whence being conveyed into the pot, the flesh, and the thief that had stolen it, joined together in furnishing variety to the ship's crew.

V

THE OCEAN SWELL

Wednesday. A gale struck up a little after sunrising, which carried us between three or four knots, or miles an hour. We were this day at noon about the middle of the bay of Biscay, when the wind once more deserted us, and we were so entirely becalmed, that we did not advance a mile in many hours. My fresh-water reader will perhaps conceive no unpleasant idea from this calm; but it affected us much more than a storm could have done; for as the irascible passions of men are apt to swell with indignation long after the injury which first raised them is over, so fared it with the sea. It rose mountains high, and lifted our poor ship up and down, backwards and forwards, with so violent an emotion, that there was scarce a man in the ship better able to stand than myself. Every utensil in our cabin rolled up and down, as we should have rolled ourselves, had not our chairs been fast lashed to the floor. In this situation, with our tables likewise fastened by ropes, the captain and myself took our meal with some difficulty, and swallowed a little of our broth, for we spilled much the greater part. The remainder of our dinner being an old lean, tame duck roasted, I regretted but little the loss of, my teeth not being good enough to have chewed it.

Our women¹, who began to creep out of their holes in the morning, retired again within the cabin to their

¹ Fielding's wife and eldest daughter accompanied him.

beds, and were no more heard of this day, in which my whole comfort was to find, by the captain's relation, that the swelling was sometimes much worse. He did, indeed, take this occasion to be more communicative than ever, and informed me of such misadventures that had befallen him within forty-six years at sea, as might frighten a very bold spirit from undertaking even the shortest voyage. Were these indeed but universally known, our matrons of quality would possibly be deterred from venturing their tender offspring at sea; by which means our navy would lose the honour of many a young commodore, who at twenty-two is better versed in maritime affairs than real seamen are made by experience at sixty.

Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon.

JAMES MACPHERSON

1736—1796

A SONG OF OSSIAN

CORMAR was the first of my race. He sported through the storm of waves. His black skiff bounded on ocean. He travelled on the wings of the wind. A spirit once embroiled the night. Seas swell and rocks resound. Winds drive along the clouds. The lightning flies on wings of fire. He feared and came to land: then blushed that he feared at all. He rushed again among the waves to find the son of the wind. Three youths guide the bounding bark. He stood with sword unsheathed. When the low-hung vapour passed, he took it by the curling head. He searched its dark womb with his steel. The son of the wind forsook the air. The moon

and stars returned! Such was the boldness of my race. Calmar is like his fathers. Danger flies from the lifted sword. They best succeed who dare!

Translation from Ossian.

LAURENCE STERNE

1713—1768

MAL DE MER

“Now hang it!” quoth I, as I looked towards the French coast, “a man should know something of his own country too, before he goes abroad. And I never gave a peep into Rochester church or took notice of the dock of Chatham, or visited St. Thomas at Canterbury, though they all three laid in my way——”

“——But mine indeed is a particular case——”

So without arguing the matter further with Thomas à Becket, or any one else, I skipped into the boat and in five minutes we got under sail and scudded away like the wind.

“Pray, captain,” quoth I, as I was going down into the cabin, “is a man ever overtaken by Death in this passage?”

“Why, there is not time for a man to be sick in it,” replied he. “What a cursed liar! for I am sick as a horse,” quoth I, “already. What a brain!——Upside down!——Heyday! the cells are broke loose one into another, and the blood and the lymph and the nervous juices, with the fixed and volatile salts, are all jumbled into one mass——Good God! every thing turns round in it like a thousand whirlpools——I’d give a shilling to know if I shan’t write the clearer for it——

Sick! sick! sick! sick!——

——“When shall we get to land, captain?——They have hearts like stones.——O! I am deadly sick!——Reach me that thing, boy——’Tis the most discomfiting sickness. I wish I was at the bottom——Madam, how is it with you?”

“Undone! undone! un——O! undone! sir——”

“What the first time?”

“No, ’tis the second, third, sixth, tenth time, sir——”

“Heyday!——what a trampling over head!——holloa! cabin boy! What’s the matter?”

“The wind chopped about!”

“S’Death! Then I shall meet him full in the face.”

“What luck——’tis chopped about again, master.”

“O the devil chop it——”

“Captain,” quoth she, “for heaven’s sake, let us get ashore!”

Tristram Shandy.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

1728—1774

OFFICERS OF “THE FLEET”

[Mr HONEYWOOD *tries to make his sweetheart believe that the BAILIFFS are “warrant” officers.*]

BAILIFF. Lookey, Sir, I have arrested as good men as you in my time: no disparagement of you neither. Men that would go forty guineas on a game of cribbage. I challenge the town to show a man in more genteeler practice than myself.

HONEYWOOD. Without all question, Mr. ——. I forget your name, Sir?

BAIL. How can you forget what you never knew; he! he! he!

HONEYW. May I beg leave to ask your name?

BAIL. Yes, you may.

HONEYW. Then, pray, Sir, what is your name?

BAIL. That I didn't promise to tell you. He! he! he! A joke breaks no bones, as we say among us that practise the law.

HONEYW. You may have reason for keeping it a secret, perhaps?

BAIL. The law does nothing without reason. I'm ashamed to tell my name to no man, Sir. If you can show cause, as why, upon a special capus, that I should prove my name—But come, Timothy Twitch is my name. And, now you know my name, what have you to say to that?

HONEYW. Nothing in the world, good Mr. Twitch, but that I have a favour to ask, that's all.

BAIL. Ay, favours are more easily asked than granted, as we say among us that practise the law. I have taken an oath against granting favours. Would you have me perjure myself?

HONEYW. But my request will come recommended in so strong a manner, as, I believe, you'll have no scruple—*(pulling out his purse)*. The thing is only this: I believe I shall be able to discharge this trifle in two or three days at farthest; but as I would not have the affair known for the world, I have thoughts of keeping you, and your good friend here, about me till the debt is discharged; for which I shall be properly grateful.

BAIL. Oh! that's another maxum, and altogether within my oath. For certain, if an honest man is to get any thing by a thing, there's no reason why all things should not be done in civility.

HONEYW. Doubtless, all trades must live, Mr. Twitch; and yours is a necessary one. *(Gives him money.)*

BAIL. Oh! your honour, I hope your honour takes

nothing amiss as I does, as I does nothing but my duty in so doing. I'm sure no man can say I ever give a gentleman, that was a gentleman, ill usage. If I saw that a gentleman was a gentleman, I have taken money not to see him for ten weeks together.

HONEYW. Tenderness is a virtue, Mr. Twitch.

BAIL. Ay, Sir, it's a perfect treasure. I love to see a gentleman with a tender heart. I don't know, but I think I have a tender heart myself. If all that I have lost by my heart was put together, it would make a—but no matter for that.

HONEYW. Don't account it lost, Mr. Twitch. The ingratitude of the world can never deprive us of the conscious happiness of having acted with humanity ourselves.

BAIL. Humanity, Sir, is a jewel. It's better than gold. I love humanity. People may say, that we in our way, have no humanity; but I'll shew you my humanity this moment. There's my follower here, little Flanigan, with a wife and four children. A guinea or two would be more to him, than twice as much to another. Now, as I can't shew him any humanity myself, I must beg leave you'll do it for me.

HONEYW. I assure you, Mr. Twitch, yours is a most powerful recommendation. (*Giving money to the follower.*)

BAIL. Sir, you're a gentleman. I see you know what to do with your money. But to business: we are to be with you here as your friends, I suppose. But set in case company comes.—Little Flanigan here, to be sure, has a good face; a very good face; but then, he is a little seedy, as we say among us that practise the law. Not well in clothes. Smoke the pocket-holes.

HONEYW. Well, that shall be remedied without delay.

Enter SERVANT.

SERV. Sir, Miss Richland is below.

HONEYW. How unlucky! Detain her a moment. We must improve, my good friend, little Mr. Flanigan's appearance first. Here, let Mr. Flanigan have a suit of my clothes—quick—the brown and silver—Do you hear?

SERV. That your honour gave away to the begging gentleman that makes verses, because it was as good as new.

HONEYW. The white and gold, then.

SERV. That, your honour, I made bold to sell, because it was good for nothing.

HONEYW. Well, the first that comes to hand then. The blue and gold. I believe Mr. Flanigan will look best in blue. *[Exit* FLANIGAN.

BAIL. Rabbet me, but little Flanigan will look well in anything. Ah, if your honour knew that bit of flesh as well as I do, you'd be perfectly in love with him. There's not a prettier scout in the four counties after a shy-cock than he: scents like a hound; sticks like a weazle. He was master of the ceremonies to the black Queen of Morocco, when I took him to follow me. (*Re-enter* FLANIGAN.) Heh, ecod, I think he looks so well, that I don't care if I have a suit from the same place for myself.

HONEYW. Well, well, I hear the lady coming. Dear Mr. Twitch, I beg you'll give your friend directions not to speak. As for yourself, I know you will say nothing without being directed.

BAIL. Never you fear me; I'll show the lady that I have something to say for myself as well as another. One man has one way of talking, and another man has another, that's all the difference between them.

Enter MISS RICHLAND and her MAID.

MISS RICH. You'll be surpris'd, Sir, with this visit. But you know I'm yet to thank you for choosing my little library.

HONEYW. Thanks, madam, are unnecessary; as it was I, that was obliged by your commands. Chairs here. Two of my very good friends, Mr. Twitch and Mr. Flanigan. Pray, gentlemen, sit without ceremony.

MISS RICH. Who can these odd-looking men be! I fear it is as I was informed. It must be so. (*Aside.*)

BAIL. (*after a pause.*) Pretty weather, very pretty weather for the time of the year, madam.

FOL. Very good circuit weather in the country.

HONEYW. You officers are generally favourites among the ladies. My friends, madam, have been upon very disagreeable duty, I assure you. The fair should, in some measure, recompense the toils of the brave!

MISS RICH. Our officers do indeed deserve every favour. The gentlemen are in the marine service, I presume, Sir?

HONEYW. Why, madam, they do—occasionally serve in the Fleet, madam. A dangerous service!

MISS RICH. I'm told so. And I own, it has often surprised me, that, while we have had so many instances of bravery there, we have had so few of wit at home to praise it.

HONEYW. I grant, madam, that our poets have not written as our soldiers have fought; but they have done all they could, and Hawke or Amherst could do no more.

MISS RICH. I'm quite displeased when I see a fine subject spoiled by a dull writer.

HONEYW. We should not be so severe against dull writers, madam. It is ten to one, but the dullest writer

exceeds the most rigid French critic who presumes to despise him.

FOL. Damn the French, the *parley-voos*, and all that belongs to them.

MISS RICH. Sir!

HONEYW. Ha, ha, ha! honest Mr. Flanigan. A true English officer, madam; he's not contented with beating the French, but he will scold them too.

MISS RICH. Yet, Mr. Honeywood, this does not convince me but that severity in criticism is necessary. It was our first adopting the severity of French taste, that has brought them in turn to taste us.

BAIL. Taste us! By the Lord, madam, they devour us. Give monseers but a taste, and I'll be damn'd but they come in for a bellyful.

MISS RICH. Very extraordinary this!

FOL. But very true. What makes the bread rising? the *parley-voos* that devour us. What makes the mutton fivepence a pound? the *parley-voos* that eat it up. What makes the beer threepence-halfpenny a pot?—

HONEYW. Ah! the vulgar rogues; all will be out. (*Aside.*) Right, gentlemen, very right, upon my word, and quite to the purpose. They draw a parallel, madam, between the mental taste and that of our senses. We are injured as much by the French severity in the one, as by French rapacity in the other. That's their meaning.

MISS RICH. Though I don't see the force of the parallel, yet I'll own, that we should sometimes pardon books, as we do our friends, that have now and then agreeable absurdities to recommend them.

BAIL. That's all my eye. The King only can pardon, as the law says: for, set in case—

HONEYW. I'm quite of your opinion, Sir. I see the whole drift of your argument. Yes, certainly, our presuming to pardon any work, is arrogating a power

that belongs to another. If all have power to condemn, what writer can be free?

BAIL. By his habus corpus. His habus corpus can set him free at any time: for, set in case——

HONEYW. I'm oblig'd to you, Sir, for the hint. If, madam, as my friend observes, our laws are so careful of a gentleman's person, sure we ought to be equally careful of his dearer part, his fame.

FOL. Ay, but if so be a man's nabb'd, you know——

HONEYW. Mr. Flanigan, if you spoke for ever, you could not improve the last observation. For my own part, I think it conclusive.

BAIL. As for the matter of that, mayhap——

HONEYW. Nay, Sir, give me leave in this instance to be positive. For where is the necessity of censuring works without genius, which must shortly sink of themselves? what is it, but aiming our unnecessary blow against a victim already under the hands of justice?

BAIL. Justice! O, by the elevens, if you talk about justice, I think I am at home there: for, in a course of law——

HONEYW. My dear Mr. Twitch, I discern what you'd be at perfectly; and I believe the lady must be sensible of the art with which it is introduced. I suppose you perceive the meaning, madam, of his course of law.

MISS RICH. I protest, Sir, I do not. I perceive only that you answer one gentleman before he has finished, and the other before he has well begun.

BAIL. Madam, you are a gentlewoman, and I will make the matter out. This here question is about severity and justice, and pardon, and the like of they. Now to explain the thing——

HONEYW. O! curse your explanations. [*Aside.*]

Enter SERVANT.

SERV. Mr. Leontine, Sir, below, desires to speak with you upon earnest business.

HONEYW. That's lucky. (*Aside.*) Dear madam, you'll excuse me and my good friends here, for a few minutes. There are books, madam, to amuse you. Come, gentlemen, you know I make no ceremony with such friends. After you, Sir. Excuse me. Well, if I must. But I know your natural politeness.

BAIL. Before and behind, you know.

FOL. Ay, ay, before and behind, before and behind.

[*Exeunt* HONEYWOOD, BAILIFF, and FOLLOWER.

MISS RICH. What can all this mean, Garnet?

GARN. Mean, madam! why, what should it mean, but what Mr. Lofty sent you here to see! These people he calls officers are officers sure enough: sheriff's officers; bailiffs, madam.

The Good-natured Man.

EDMUND BURKE

1729—1797

NEW ENGLAND FISHERS

As to the wealth which the Colonies have drawn from the sea by their fisheries, you had all that matter fully opened at your bar¹. You surely thought those acquisitions of value, for they seemed even to excite your envy. And yet the spirit by which that enterprising employment has been exercised ought rather, in my opinion, to have raised your esteem and admiration. And pray, Sir², what

¹ Burke is addressing the House of Commons.

² Mr. Speaker.

in the world is equal to it? Pass by the other parts and look at the manner in which the people of New England have of late carried on the Whale Fishery. Whilst we follow them among the tumbling mountains of ice and behold them penetrating into the deepest frozen recesses of Hudson's Bay and Davis's Straits, whilst we are looking for them beneath the Arctic Circle, we hear that they have pierced into the opposite region of polar cold, that they are at the antipodes and engaged under the frozen Serpent of the south. Falkland Island, which seemed too remote and romantic an object for the grasp of national ambition¹, is but a stage and resting place in the progress of their victorious industry. Nor is the equinoctial heat more discouraging to them than the accumulated winter of both the poles. We know that whilst some of them draw the line and strike the harpoon on the coast of Africa, others run the longitude² and pursue their gigantic game along the coast of Brazil. No sea but what is vexed by their fisheries. No climate that is not witness to their toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise ever carried this most perilous mode of hardy industry to the extent to which it has been pushed by this recent people, a people who are still, as it were, but in the gristle and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood.

When I contemplate these things, when I know that the Colonies in general owe little or nothing to any care of ours and that they are not squeezed into this happy form by the constraints of watchful and suspicious

¹ Discovered in the sixteenth century, the Falkland Islands were deemed at first unworthy of acquisition. In 1773, two years before this speech of Burke's, Britain occupied West Falkland but almost immediately abandoned it. The islands attained their eventual importance through the growth of the whale fisheries.

² *Run the longitude, sail due south.*

government, but that through a wise and salutary neglect a generous nature has been suffered to take her own way to perfection; when I reflect upon these effects, when I see how profitable they have been to us, I feel all the pride of power sink, and all presumption in the wisdom of human contrivances melt and die within me. My rigour relents. I pardon something to the spirit of liberty.

Speech on conciliation with America.

HORACE WALPOLE

1717—1797

THE CRISIS¹

To the HON. H. S. CONWAY².

SATURDAY, 18 July, 1778.

YESTERDAY evening the following notices were fixed up in Lloyd's coffee-house,

That a merchant in the city had received an express from France that the Brest fleet, consisting of twenty-eight ships of the line, were sailed with orders to burn, sink and destroy.

That Admiral Keppel was at Plymouth and had sent to demand three more ships of the line to enable him to meet the French.

¹ When the French intervened in George III's quarrel with his American subjects, the Royal Navy was in a state of unreadiness without example since the days of Charles II.

² A soldier of distinction; the kinsman and gossip of Horace Walpole; fought at Dettingen, Fontenoy and Culloden; and in the Seven Years' War served at Rochefort and under Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick. At the time he received this letter he was a General Officer and opposed to the continuance of war with America. He lived to be a Field Marshal and Commander-in-Chief of the British Army.

On these notices stocks sunk three-and-a-half per cent.

An account I have received this morning from a good hand says that on Thursday the Admiralty received a letter from Admiral Keppel, who was off the Land's End, saying that the *Worcester*¹ was in sight, that the *Peggy* had joined him and had seen the *Thunderer*¹ making sail for the fleet, that he was waiting for the *Centaur*¹, *Terrible*¹, and *Vigilant*¹, and that having received advice from Lord Shuldham² that the *Shrewsbury*¹ was to sail from Plymouth on Thursday he should likewise wait for her. His fleet will then consist of thirty ships of the line, and he hoped to have an opportunity of trying his strength with the French fleet on our own coast. If not, he would seek them on theirs.

The French fleet sailed on the 7th, consisting of thirty-one ships of the line, two fifty-gun ships³, and eight frigates.

This state is probably more authentic than those at Lloyd's.

Thus you see how big the moment is! And unless far more favourable to us in its burst than good sense allows one to promise, it must leave us greatly exposed. Can we expect to beat without considerable loss? And then—where have we another fleet? I need not state the danger from a reverse.

The Spanish Ambassador certainly arrived on Monday.

¹ All these ships joined Keppel in time to take part in the famous battle of Ushant, 27 July, 1778.

² Commander-in-chief at Portsmouth.

³ The *Fifty* was an "intermediate" ship like an armoured cruiser of to-day. Properly she served as commodore to a squadron of frigates. Sometimes she was called upon to fill a place in the line. The two "fifties" named in the letter were so requisitioned at Ushant: for Keppel had thirty ships of the line and cleverly cut off two of the enemy's thirty [not "thirty-one"] before the general action commenced.

I shall go to town on Monday for a day or two. Therefore, if you write to-morrow, direct to Arlington Street.

I add no more, for words are unworthy of the situation; and to blame now would be childish. It is hard to be gamed for against one's consent. But when one's country is at stake, one must throw one's self out of the question. When one is old and nobody, one must be whirled with the current; and shake one's wings like a fly, if one lights on a pebble. The prospect is so dark that one may rejoice at whatever does not happen, that may. Thus I have composed a sort of philosophy for myself, that reserves every possible chance. You want none of these artificial aids to your resolution. Invincible courage and immaculate integrity are not dependent on the folly of ministers or on the events of war. Adieu!

Letters.

EDWARD GIBBON

1737—1794

I

THE NAVY OF BYZANTIUM

THE command of the Mediterranean, from the mouth of the Tanais¹ to the columns of Hercules, was always claimed, and often possessed, by the successors of Constantine. Their capital was filled with naval stores and dexterous artificers; the situation of Greece and Asia, the long coasts, deep gulfs, and numerous islands accustomed their subjects to the exercise of navigation; and the trade of Venice and Amalfi supplied a nursery of seamen to the Imperial fleet.

Since the time of the Peloponnesian and Punic Wars,

¹ Don.

the sphere of action had not been enlarged; and the science of naval architecture appears to have declined. The art of constructing those stupendous machines which displayed three, or six, or ten, ranges of oars, rising above or falling behind each other, was unknown to the ship-builders of Constantinople, as well as to the mechanicians of modern days. The *Dromons* or light galleys of the Byzantine empire were content with two tier of oars; each tier was composed of five and twenty benches; and two rowers were seated on each bench, who plied their oars on either side of the vessel. To these we must add the captain or centurion, who, in time of action, stood erect with his armour-bearer on the poop, two steersmen at the helm, and two officers at the prow, the one to manage the anchor, the other to point and play against the enemy the tube of liquid fire.

The whole crew, as in the infancy of the art, performed the double service of mariners and soldiers. They were provided with defensive and offensive arms, with bows and arrows, which they used from the upper deck, with long pikes, which they pushed through the portholes of the lower tier. Sometimes, indeed, the ships of war were of a larger and more solid construction; and the labours of combat and navigation were more regularly divided between seventy soldiers and two hundred and thirty mariners. But for the most part they were of the light and manageable size; and as the cape of Malea in Peloponnesus was still clothed with its ancient terrors, an Imperial fleet was transported five miles over land across the Isthmus of Corinth.

The principles of maritime tactics had not undergone any change since the time of Thucydides. A squadron of galleys still advanced in a crescent, charged to the front, and strove to impel their sharp beaks against the feeble sides of their antagonists. A machine for casting

stones and darts was built of strong timbers in the midst of the deck; and the operation of boarding was effected by a crane that hoisted baskets of armed men.

The language of signals, so clear and copious in the naval grammar of the moderns, was imperfectly expressed by the various positions and colours of a commanding flag. In the darkness of night the same orders to chase, to attack, to halt, to retreat, to break, to form, were conveyed by the lights of the leading galley. By land, the fire-signals were repeated from one mountain to another. A chain of eight stations commanded a space of five hundred miles, and Constantinople in a few hours was apprised of the hostile motions of the Saracens at Tarsus.

Some estimate may be formed of the power of the Greek Emperors, by the curious and minute detail of the armament which was prepared for the reduction of Crete¹. A fleet of one hundred and twelve galleys, and seventy-five vessels of the Pamphylian style, was equipped in the capital, the islands of the Aegean sea, and the sea-ports of Asia, Macedonia, and Greece. It carried thirty-four thousand mariners, seven thousand three hundred and forty soldiers, seven hundred Russians, and five thousand and eighty-seven Mardaites, whose fathers had been transplanted from the mountains of Libanus. Their pay, most probably of a month, was computed at thirty-four centenaries of gold, about one hundred and thirty-six thousand pounds sterling. Our fancy is bewildered by the endless recapitulation of arms and engines, of clothes and linen, of bread for the men and forage for the horses, and of stores and utensils of every description, inadequate to the conquest of a petty island, but amply sufficient for the establishment of a flourishing colony.

Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.

¹ A.D. 902.

II

GREEK OR MARITIME FIRE

THE deliverance of Constantinople¹ may be chiefly ascribed to the novelty, the terrors, and the real efficacy of the *Greek Fire*. The important secret of compounding and directing this artificial flame was imparted by Callinicus, a native of Heliopolis in Syria, who deserted from the service of the Caliph to that of the Emperor. The skill of a chemist and engineer was equivalent to the succour of fleets and armies; and this discovery or improvement of the military art was fortunately reserved for the distressful period, when the degenerate Romans of the East were incapable of contending with the warlike enthusiasm and youthful vigour of the Saracens.

The historian who presumes to analyse this extraordinary composition should suspect his own ignorance and that of his Byzantine guides, so prone to the marvellous, so careless, and in this instance so jealous, of the truth. From their obscure and perhaps fallacious hints, it should seem that the principal ingredient of the Greek fire was the naptha, or liquid bitumen, a light, tenacious, and inflammable oil, which springs from the earth and catches fire as soon as it comes in contact with the air. The naptha was mingled, I know not by what methods or in what proportions, with sulphur and with the pitch that is extracted from evergreen firs.

From this mixture, which produced a thick smoke and a loud explosion, proceeded a fierce and obstinate flame, which not only rose in perpendicular ascent, but likewise burnt with equal vehemence in descent or lateral progress. Instead of being extinguished, it was nourished and quickened by the element of water; and sand or vinegar were the only remedies that would damp the

¹ A.D. 718.

fury of this powerful agent which was justly denominated by the Greeks the *liquid* or *maritime* fire. For the annoyance of the enemy it was employed with equal effect, by sea and land, in battles or in sieges. It was either poured from the rampart in huge boilers, or launched in red-hot balls of stone and iron, or darted in arrows and javelins, twisted round with flax and tow, which had deeply imbibed the inflammable oil. Sometimes it was deposited in fire-ships, the victims and instruments of a more ample revenge, and was most commonly blown through long tubes of copper, which were planted on the prow of a galley, and fancifully shaped into the mouths of savage monsters that seemed to vomit a stream of liquid and consuming fire.

This important art was preserved at Constantinople, as the palladium of the state. The galleys and artillery might occasionally be lent to the allies of Rome; but the composition of the Greek fire was concealed with the most jealous scruple, and the terror of the enemies was increased and prolonged by their ignorance and surprise. In the treatise *Of the Administration of the Empire* the royal author¹ suggests the answers and excuses that might best elude the indiscreet curiosity and importunate demands of the Barbarians. They should be told that the mystery of the Greek fire had been revealed by an angel to the first and greatest of the Constantines, with a sacred injunction that this gift of heaven, this peculiar blessing of the Romans, should never be communicated to any foreign nation; that the prince and subject were alike bound to religious silence under the temporal and spiritual penalties of treason and sacrilege; and that the impious attempt would provoke the sudden and supernatural vengeance of the God of the Christians.

By these precautions the secret was confined above

¹ Constantine VII.

four hundred years to the Romans of the East; and, at the end of the eleventh century, the Pisans to whom every sea and every art were familiar, suffered the effects, without understanding the composition of the Greek fire. It was at length either discovered or stolen by the Mohammedans; and in the holy wars of Syria and Egypt they retorted an invention, contrived against themselves, on the heads of the Christians. A knight, who despised the swords and lances of the Saracens, relates, with heartfelt sincerity, his own fears and those of his companions at the sight and sound of the mischievous engine that discharged a torrent of the Greek fire, the *feu Gregeois*, as it is styled by the more early of the French writers. It came flying through the air, says Joinville¹, like a winged long-tailed dragon, about the thickness of a hogshead, with the reports of thunder and the velocity of lightning; and the darkness of night was dispelled by this deadly illumination. The use of the Greek or, as it might now be called, of the Saracen fire was continued to the middle of the fourteenth century, when the scientific or casual compound of nitre, sulphur, and charcoal effected a new revolution in the art of war and the history of mankind.

Decline and Fall.

III

OVER LAND

THE reduction of the city² appeared to be hopeless, unless a double attack could be made from the harbour as well as from the land. But the harbour was inaccessible. An impenetrable chain was now defended by eight large ships, more than twenty of a smaller size, with several galleys and sloops; and instead of forcing

¹ *Histoire de Saint Louis.*

² Constantinople.

this barrier, the Turks might apprehend a naval sally and a second encounter in the open sea.

In this perplexity the genius of Mohammed¹ conceived and executed a plan of a bold and marvellous cast, of transporting by land his lighter vessels and military stores from the Bosphorus into the higher part of the harbour. The distance is about ten miles; the ground is uneven and was overspread with thickets; and as the road must be opened behind the suburb of Galata, their free passage or total destruction must depend on the option of the Genoese². But these selfish merchants were ambitious of the favour of being the last devoured; and the deficiency of art was supplied by the strength of obedient myriads.

A level way was covered with a broad platform of strong and solid planks; and to render them more slippery and smooth they were anointed with the fat of sheep and oxen. Fourscore light galleys and brigantines of fifty and thirty oars were disembarked on the Bosphorus shore, arranged successively on rollers, and drawn forwards by the power of men and pulleys. Two guides or pilots were stationed at the helm and the prow of each vessel; the sails were unfurled to the winds; and the labour was cheered by song and acclamation. In the course of a single night, this Turkish fleet painfully climbed the hill, steered over the plain, and was launched from the declivity into the shallow waters of the harbour, far above the molestation of the deeper vessels of the Greeks.

The real importance of this operation was magnified by the consternation and confidence which it inspired; but the notorious, unquestionable fact was displayed before the eyes, and is recorded by the pens of the two nations. A similar stratagem had been repeatedly

¹ Mohammed II, 1451-81.

² Who inhabited the Galata quarter of the city.

practised by the ancients; the Ottoman galleys [I must again repeat] should be considered as large boats; and if we compare the magnitude and the distance, the obstacles and the means, the boasted miracle has perhaps been equalled by the industry of our own times¹.

As soon as Mohammed had occupied the upper harbour with a fleet and army, he constructed in the narrowest part a bridge, or rather mole, of fifty cubits in breadth and one hundred in length. It was formed of casks and hogsheads, joined with rafters linked with iron and covered with a solid floor. On this floating battery he planted one of his largest cannon, while the fourscore galleys with troops and scaling-ladders approached the most accessible side, which had formerly been stormed by the Latin conquerors.

The indolence of the Christians has been accused for not destroying these unfinished works; but their fire, by a superior fire, was controlled and silenced; nor were they wanting in a nocturnal attempt to burn the vessels as well as the bridge of the sultan. His vigilance prevented their approach. Their foremost galliots were sunk or taken. Forty youths, the bravest of Italy and Greece, were inhumanly massacred at his command. Nor could the Emperor's grief be assuaged by the just though cruel retaliation of exposing from the walls the heads of two hundred and sixty Mussulman captives.

After a siege of forty days, the fate of Constantinople could no longer be averted.

Decline and Fall.

¹ I particularly allude to our own embarkations on the lakes of Canada in the years 1776 and 1777, so great in their labour, so fruitless in the event.—GIBBON'S NOTE.

S

ROBERT SOUTHEY

1774—1843

THE DEATH OF NELSON

THE death of Nelson was felt in England as something more than a public calamity. Men started at the intelligence and turned pale, as if they had heard of the loss of a dear friend. An object of our admiration and affection, of our pride and of our hopes, was suddenly taken from us; and it seemed as if we had never, till then, known how deeply we loved and revered him. What the country had lost in its great naval hero—the greatest of our own, and of all former times, was scarcely taken into the account of grief. So perfectly, indeed, had he performed his part, that the maritime war, after the battle of Trafalgar, was considered at an end. The fleets of the enemy were not merely defeated, but destroyed. New navies must be built, and a new race of seamen reared for them, before the possibility of their invading our shores could again be contemplated. It was not, therefore, from any selfish reflection upon the magnitude of our loss that we mourned for him: the general sorrow was of a higher character. The people of England grieved that funeral ceremonies, and public monuments, and posthumous rewards were all that they could now bestow upon him, whom the king, the legislature, and the nation, would have alike delighted to honour; whom every tongue would have blessed; whose presence in every village through which he might have passed would have wakened the church bells, have given schoolboys a holiday, have drawn children from their sports to gaze upon him, and “old men from the chimney corner,” to look upon Nelson ere they died. The victory of Trafalgar

was celebrated, indeed, with the usual forms of rejoicing, but they were without joy. For such already was the glory of the British navy through Nelson's surpassing genius, that it scarcely seemed to receive any addition from the most signal victory that ever was achieved upon the seas. And the destruction of this mighty fleet, by which all the maritime schemes of France were totally frustrated, hardly appeared to add to our security or strength; for while Nelson was living to watch the combined squadrons of the enemy, we felt ourselves as secure as now, when they were no longer in existence.

There was reason to suppose, from the appearances upon opening the body, that, in the course of nature, he might have attained, like his father, to a good old age. Yet he cannot be said to have fallen prematurely whose work was done; nor ought he to be lamented, who died so full of honours, and at the height of human fame. The most triumphant death is that of the martyr; the most awful that of the martyred patriot; the most splendid that of the hero in the hour of victory. And if the chariot and the horses of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. He has left us, not indeed his mantle of inspiration, but a name and an example, which are at this hour inspiring thousands of the youth of England: a name which is our pride, and an example which will continue to be our shield and our strength.

The Life of Nelson.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

1771—1832

I

DIRK HATTERAICK—SMUGGLER

OUR hero was about to speak to the prophetess, when a voice, hoarse as the waves with which it mingled, hallooed twice, and with increasing impatience: "Meg, Meg Merrilies!—Gypsy—hag—tousand deyvils!"

"I am coming, I am coming, Captain," answered Meg; and in a moment or two the impatient commander whom she addressed made his appearance from the broken part of the ruins.

He was apparently a seafaring man, rather under the middle size, and with a countenance bronzed by a thousand conflicts with the north-east wind. His frame was prodigiously muscular, strong, and thickset, so that it seemed as if a man of much greater height would have been an inadequate match in any close personal conflict. He was hard-favoured, and, which was worse, his face bore nothing of the *insouciance*, the careless, frolicsome jollity and vacant curiosity of a sailor on shore. These qualities, perhaps, as much as any others, contribute to the high popularity of our seamen, and the general good inclination which our society expresses towards them. Their gallantry, courage, and hardihood are qualities which excite reverence, and perhaps rather humble pacific landmen in their presence; and neither respect nor a sense of humiliation are feelings easily combined with a familiar fondness towards those who inspire them. But the boyish frolics, the exulting high spirits, the unreflecting mirth of a sailor when enjoying himself on shore, temper the more formidable points of his character.

There was nothing like these in this man's face; on the contrary, a surly and even savage scowl appeared to darken features which would have been harsh and unpleasant under any expression or modification. "Where are you, Mother Deyvilson?" he said, with somewhat of a foreign accent, though speaking perfectly good English. "Donner and blitzen! we have been staying this half hour. Come, bless the good ship and the voyage, and be cursed to ye for a hag of Satan!"

At this moment he noticed Mannering, who, from the position which he had taken to watch Meg Merrilies's incantations, had the appearance of some one who was concealing himself, being half hidden by the buttress behind which he stood. The captain—for such he styled himself—made a sudden and startled pause, and thrust his right hand into his bosom, between his jacket and waistcoat, as if to draw some weapon. "What cheer, brother? You seem on the outlook, eh?"

Ere Mannering, somewhat struck by the man's gesture and insolent tone of voice, had made any answer, the gypsy emerged from her vault and joined the stranger. He questioned her in an undertone, looking at Mannering, "A shark alongside, eh?"

She answered in the same tone of under-dialogue, using the cant language of her tribe: "Cut ben whids, and stow them; a gentry cove of the ken¹."

The fellow's cloudy visage cleared up. "The top of the morning to you, sir; I find you are a visitor of my friend Mr Bertram. I beg pardon, but I took you for another sort of a person."

Mannering replied, "And you, sir, I presume, are the master of that vessel in the bay?"

"Ay, ay, sir; I am Captain Dirk Hatteraick, of the

¹ "Stop your uncivil language; 'tis a gentleman from the house below."

*Yungfrau Hagenslaapen*¹, well known on this coast; I am not ashamed of my name, nor of my vessel,—no, nor of my cargo neither, for that matter.”

“I daresay you have no reason, sir.”

“Tousand donner, no; I’m all in the way of fair trade. Just loaded yonder at Douglas, in the Isle of Man,—neat cognac, real hyson and souchong, Mechlin lace, if you want any. Right cognac; we bumped ashore a hundred kegs last night.”

“Really, sir, I am only a traveller, and have no sort of occasion for anything of the kind at present.”

“Why, then, good-morning to you; for business must be minded,—unless ye’ll go aboard and take schnaps. You shall have a pouch-full of tea ashore,—Dirk Hatteraick knows how to be civil.”

There was a mixture of impudence, hardihood, and suspicious fear about this man which was inexpressibly disgusting. His manners were those of a ruffian conscious of the suspicion attending his character, yet aiming to bear it down by the affectation of a careless and hardy familiarity. Mannering briefly rejected his proffered civilities; and after a surly good-morning, Hatteraick retired with the gypsy to that part of the ruins from which he had first made his appearance. A very narrow staircase here went down to the beach, intended probably for the convenience of the garrison during a siege. By this stair, the couple, equally amiable in appearance and respectable by profession, descended to the seaside. The *soi-disant* captain embarked in a small boat with two men who appeared to wait for him, and the gypsy remained on the shore, reciting or singing, and gesticulating with great vehemence².

Guy Mannering.

¹ *The Lady Tramp.*

² At the village of Stromness, on the Orkney Main island, called Pomona, lived, in 1814, an aged dame, called Bessie Millie, who helped

II

CAST UP BY THE SEA

THE hulk, for it was little better, was now in the very midst of the current, and drifting at a great rate towards the foot of the precipice, upon whose verge they were placed. Yet it was a long while ere they had a distinct view of the object which they had at first seen as a black speck amongst the waters, and then, at a nearer distance, like a whale, which now scarce shows its back-fin above the waves, now throws to view its large black side. Now, however, they could more distinctly observe the appearance of the ship, for the huge swelling waves which bore her forward to the shore, heaved her alternately high upon the surface, and then plunged her into the trough or furrow of the sea. She seemed a vessel of two or three hundred tons, fitted up for defence, for they could see her port-holes. She had been dismasted probably in the gale of the preceding day, and lay water-logged on the waves, a prey to their

out her subsistence by selling favourable winds to mariners. He was a venturesome master of a vessel who left the roadstead of Stromness without paying his offering to propitiate Bessie Millie; her fee was extremely moderate, being exactly sixpence, for which, as she explained herself, she boiled her kettle and gave the bark advantage of her prayers, for she disclaimed all unlawful arts. The wind thus petitioned for was sure, she said, to arrive, though sometimes the mariners had to wait some time for it. The woman's dwelling and appearance were not unbecoming her pretensions; her house, which was on the brow of the steep hill on which Stromness is founded, was only accessible by a series of dirty and precipitous lanes, and for exposure might have been the abode of Æolus himself, in whose commodities the inhabitant dealt. She herself was, as she told us, nearly one hundred years old, withered and dried up like a mummy. A clay-coloured kerchief, folded round her head, corresponded in colour to her corpse-like complexion. Two light-blue eyes, that gleamed with a lustre like that of insanity, an utterance of astonishing rapidity, a nose and chin that almost met together, and a ghastly expression of cunning, gave her the effect of Hecaté.—SCOTT'S NOTE.

violence. It appeared certain that the crew, finding themselves unable either to direct the vessel's course, or to relieve her by pumping, had taken to their boats, and left her to her fate. All apprehensions were therefore unnecessary, so far as the immediate loss of human lives was concerned; and yet it was not without a feeling of breathless awe that Mordaunt and his father beheld the vessel—that rare masterpiece by which human genius aspires to surmount the waves, and contend with the winds—upon the point of falling a prey to them.

Onward she came, the large black hulk seeming larger at every fathom's length. She came nearer until she bestrode the summit of one tremendous billow, which rolled on with her unbroken, till the wave and its burden were precipitated against the rock, and then the triumph of the elements over the work of human hands was at once completed. One wave, we have said, made the wrecked vessel completely manifest in her whole bulk, as it raised her and bore her onward against the face of the precipice. But when that wave receded from the foot of the rock, the ship had ceased to exist; and the retiring billow only bore back a quantity of beams, planks, casks, and similar objects, which swept out to the offing, to be brought in again by the next wave, and again precipitated upon the face of the rock.

It was at this moment that Mordaunt conceived he saw a man floating on a plank or water-cask, which, drifting away from the main current, seemed about to go ashore upon a small spot of sand, where the water was shallow, and the waves broke more smoothly. To see the danger, and to exclaim, "He lives, and may yet be saved!" was the first impulse of the fearless Mordaunt. The next was, after one rapid glance at the front of the cliff, to precipitate himself—such seemed the rapidity of his movement—from the verge, and to commence.

by means of slight fissures, projections, and crevices in the rock, a descent, which, to a spectator, appeared little else than an act of absolute insanity.

"Stop, I command you, rash boy!" said his father; "the attempt is death. Stop, and take the safer path to the left." But Mordaunt was already completely engaged in his perilous enterprise.

"Why should I prevent him?" said his father, checking his anxiety with the stern and unfeeling philosophy whose principles he had adopted. "Should he die now, full of generous and high feeling, eager in the cause of humanity, happy in the exertion of his own conscious activity and youthful strength—should he die now, will he not escape misanthropy, and remorse, and age, and the consciousness of decaying powers, both of body and mind?—I will not look upon it, however—I will not—I cannot behold this young light so suddenly quenched."

He turned from the precipice accordingly, and hastening to the left for more than a quarter of a mile, he proceeded towards a *riva*, or cleft in the rock, containing a path, called Erick's Steps, neither safe, indeed, nor easy, but the only one by which the inhabitants of Yarlshof were wont, for any purpose, to seek access to the foot of the precipice.

But long ere Mertoun had reached even the upper end of the pass, his adventurous and active son had accomplished his more desperate enterprise. He had been in vain turned aside from the direct line of descent, by the intervention of difficulties which he had not seen from above—his route became only more circuitous, but could not be interrupted. More than once, large fragments to which he was about to entrust his weight gave way before him, and thundered down into the tormented ocean; and in one or two instances, such detached pieces of rock rushed after him, as if to bear

him headlong in their course. A courageous heart, a steady eye, a tenacious hand, and a firm foot, carried him through his desperate attempt; and in the space of seven minutes he stood at the bottom of the cliff, from the verge of which he had achieved his perilous descent.

The place which he now occupied was the small projecting spot of stones, sand, and gravel, that extended a little way into the sea, which on the right hand lashed the very bottom of the precipice, and on the left, was scarce divided from it by a small wave-worn portion of beach that extended as far as the foot of the rent in the rocks called Erick's Steps, by which Mordaunt's father proposed to descend.

When the vessel split and went to pieces, all was swallowed up in the ocean, which had, after the first shock, been seen to float upon the waves, excepting only a few pieces of wreck, casks, chests, and the like, which a strong eddy, formed by the reflux of the waves, had landed, or at least grounded, upon the shallow where Mordaunt now stood. Amongst these, his eager eye discovered the object that had at first engaged his attention, and which now, seen at nigher distance, proved to be in truth a man, and in a most precarious state. His arms were still wrapped with a close and convulsive grasp round the plank to which he had clung in the moment of the shock, but sense and power of motion were fled; and, from the situation in which the plank lay, partly grounded upon the beach, partly floating in the sea, there was every chance that it might be again washed off shore, in which case death was inevitable. Just as he had made himself aware of these circumstances, Mordaunt beheld a huge wave advancing, and hastened to interpose his aid ere it burst, aware that the reflux might probably sweep away the sufferer.

He rushed into the surf, and fastened on the body

with the same tenacity, though under a different impulse, with that wherewith the hound seizes his prey. The strength of the retiring wave proved even stronger than he had expected, and it was not without a struggle for his own life, as well as for that of the stranger, that Mordaunt resisted being swept off with the receding billow, when, though an adroit swimmer, the strength of the tide must either have dashed him against the rocks, or hurried him out to sea. He stood his ground, however, and ere another such billow had returned, he drew up, upon the small slip of dry sand, both the body of the stranger and the plank to which he continued firmly attached. But how to save and to recall the means of ebbing life and strength, and how to remove into a place of greater safety the sufferer, who was incapable of giving any assistance towards his own preservation, were questions which Mordaunt asked himself eagerly, but in vain.

He looked to the summit of the cliff on which he had left his father, and shouted to him for his assistance, but his eye could not distinguish his form, and his voice was only answered by the scream of the sea-birds. He gazed again on the sufferer. A dress richly laced, according to the fashion of the times, fine linen, and rings upon his fingers, evinced he was a man of superior rank; and his features showed youth and comeliness, notwithstanding they were pallid and disfigured. He still breathed, but so feebly that his respiration was almost imperceptible, and life seemed to keep such a slight hold of his frame, that there was every reason to fear it would become altogether extinguished, unless it were speedily reinforced. To loosen the handkerchief from his neck, to raise him with his face towards the breeze, to support him with his arms, was all that Mordaunt could do for his assistance, whilst he anxiously looked

for some one who might lend his aid in dragging the unfortunate to a more safe situation.

At this moment he beheld a man advancing slowly and cautiously along the beach. He was in hopes, at first, it was his father, but instantly recollected that he had not had time to come round by the circuitous descent, to which he must necessarily have recourse, and besides, he saw that the man who approached him was shorter in stature.

As he came nearer, Mordaunt was at no loss to recognise the pedlar whom the day before he had met with at Harfra, and who was known to him before upon many occasions. He shouted as loud as he could, "Bryce, hollo! Bryce, come hither!" But the merchant, intent upon picking up some of the spoils of the wreck, and upon dragging them out of reach of the tide, paid for some time little attention to his shouts.

When he did at length approach Mordaunt, it was not to lend him his aid, but to remonstrate with him on his rashness in undertaking the charitable office. "Are you mad?" said he; "you that have lived sae lang in Zetland, to risk the saving of a drowning man? Wot ye not, if you bring him to life again, he will be sure to do you some capital injury¹?"

The Pirate.

¹ It is remarkable, that in an archipelago where so many persons must be necessarily endangered by the waves, so strange and inhuman a maxim should have ingrafted itself upon the minds of a people otherwise kind, moral, and hospitable. But all with whom I have spoken agree, that it was almost general in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and was with difficulty weeded out by the sedulous instructions of the clergy, and the rigorous injunctions of the proprietors. There is little doubt it had been originally introduced as an excuse for suffering those who attempted to escape from the wreck to perish unassisted, so that, there being no survivor, she might be considered as lawful plunder. A story was told me, I hope an untrue one, that, a vessel having got ashore among the breakers on one of the remote Zetland islands, five or six men, the whole or greater part of the unfortunate crew, endeavoured to land by assistance of a hawser, which they had secured to a rock; the inhabitants were assembled, and looked on with

III

THE MAKING OF A PIRATE

CLEVELAND composed his countenance, and replied,—"A short while before my father's death, I came, though then very young, into the command of a sloop, manned with thirty as desperate fellows as ever handled a musket. We cruised for a long while with bad success, taking nothing but wretched small craft, which were destined to catch turtle, or otherwise loaded with coarse and worthless trumpery. I had much ado to prevent my comrades from avenging upon the crews of those baubling shallops the disappointment which they had occasioned to us. At length we grew desperate, and made a descent on a village, where we were told we should intercept the mules of a certain Spanish governor laden with treasure. We succeeded in carrying the place; but while I endeavoured to save the inhabitants from the fury of my followers, the muleteers, with their precious cargo, escaped into the neighbouring woods. This filled up the measure of my unpopularity. My people, who had been long discontented, became openly mutinous. I was deposed from my command, in solemn council, and condemned, as having too little luck and too much humanity for the profession I had undertaken, to be marooned, as the phrase goes, on one of those little sandy, bushy islets, which are called in the West Indies, keys, and which are frequented only by turtle and by sea-fowl. Many of them are supposed to be haunted—some by the demons worshipped by the old inhabitants—some by

some uncertainty, till an old man said, "Sirs, if these men come ashore, the additional mouths will eat all the meal we have in store for winter; and how are we to get more?" A young fellow, moved with this argument, struck the rope asunder with his axe, and all the poor wretches were immersed among the breakers, and perished.

SCOTT'S NOTE.

caciques and others, whom the Spaniards had put to death by torture, to compel them to discover their hidden treasures, and others by the various spectres in which sailors of all nations have implicit faith¹. My place of banishment, called Coffin Key, about two leagues and a half to the south-east of Bermudas, was so infamous as the resort of these supernatural inhabitants, that I believe the wealth of Mexico would not have persuaded the bravest of the scoundrels who put me ashore there, to have spent an hour on the islet alone, even in broad daylight; and when they rowed off, they pulled for the sloop like men that dared not cast their eyes behind them. And there they left me, to subsist as I might, on a speck of unproductive sand, surrounded by the boundless Atlantic, and haunted, as they supposed, by malignant demons."

"And what was the consequence?" said Minna eagerly.

"I supported life," said the adventurer, "at the expense of such sea-fowl, aptly called boobies, as were silly enough to let me approach so near as to knock them down with a stick; and by means of turtle-eggs, when these complaisant birds became better acquainted with the mischievous disposition of the human species, and more shy, of course, of my advances."

"And the demons of whom you spoke?"—continued Minna.

"I had my secret apprehensions upon their account," said Cleveland. "In open daylight, or in absolute

¹ An elder brother, now no more, who was educated in the navy, and had been a midshipman in Rodney's squadron in the West Indies, used to astonish the Author's boyhood with tales of those haunted islets. On one of them, called, I believe, Coffin Key, the seamen positively refused to pass the night, and came off every evening while they were engaged in completing the watering of the vessel, returning the following sunrise.—SCOTT'S NOTE.

darkness, I did not greatly apprehend their approach; but in the misty dawn of the morning, or when evening was about to fall, I saw, for the first week of my abode on the key, many a dim and undefined spectre, now resembling a Spaniard, with his capa wrapped around him, and his huge sombrero, as large as an umbrella, upon his head—now a Dutch sailor, with his rough cap and trunk-hose—and now an Indian cacique, with his feathery crown and long lance of cane.”

“Did you not approach and address them?” said Minna.

“I always approached them,” replied the seaman; “but—I grieve to disappoint your expectations, my fair friend—whenever I drew near them, the phantom changed into a bush, or a piece of driftwood, or a wreath of mist, or some such cause of deception; until at last I was taught by experience to cheat myself no longer with such visions, and continued a solitary inhabitant of Coffin Key, as little alarmed by visionary terrors as I ever was in the great cabin of a stout vessel, with a score of companions around me.”

“You have cheated me into listening to a tale of nothing,” said Minna; “but how long did you continue on the island?”

“Four weeks of wretched existence,” said Cleveland, “when I was relieved by the crew of a vessel which came thither a-turtling. Yet my miserable seclusion was not entirely useless to me; for on that spot of barren sand I found, or rather forged, the iron mask, which has since been my chief security against treason, or mutiny of my followers. It was there I formed the resolution to seem no softer hearted, nor better instructed—nor more humane, and no more scrupulous, than those with whom fortune had leagued me. I thought over my former story, and saw that seeming more brave, skilful, and

enterprising than others, had gained me command and respect, and that seeming more gently nurtured and more civilised than they had made them envy and hate me as a being of another species. I bargained with myself, then, that, since I could not lay aside my superiority of intellect and education, I would do my best to disguise, and to sink in the rude seaman, all appearance of better feeling and better accomplishments. I foresaw then what has since happened, that, under the appearance of daring obduracy, I should acquire such a habitual command over my followers, that I might use it for the insurance of discipline, and for relieving the distresses of the wretches who fell under our power. I saw, in short, that, to attain authority, I must assume the external semblance, at least, of those over whom it was to be exercised. The tidings of my father's fate, while it excited me to wrath and to revenge, confirmed the resolution I had adopted. He also had fallen a victim to his superiority of mind, morals, and manners, above those whom he commanded. They were wont to call him the gentleman; and, unquestionably, they thought he waited some favourable opportunity to reconcile himself, perhaps at their expense, to those existing forms of society his habits seemed best to suit with, and, even therefore, they murdered him. Nature and justice alike called on me for revenge. I was soon at the head of a new body of adventurers, who are so numerous in those islands. I sought not after those by whom I had been myself marooned, but after the wretches who had betrayed my father; and on them I took a revenge so severe, that it was of itself sufficient to stamp me with the character of that inexorable ferocity which I was desirous to be thought to possess, and which, perhaps, was gradually creeping on my natural disposition in actual earnest. My manner, speech, and conduct seemed

so totally changed, that those who formerly knew me were disposed to ascribe the alteration to my intercourse with the demons who haunted the sands of Coffin Key; nay, there were some superstitious enough to believe that I had actually formed a league with them."

The Pirate.

CHARLES LAMB

1775—1834

THE OLD MARGATE HOY¹

CAN I forget thee, thou old Margate Hoy, with thy weather-beaten, sun-burnt captain, and his rough accommodations—ill exchanged for the foppery and fresh-water niceness of the modern steam-packet? To the winds and waves thou committedst thy goodly freightage, and did'st ask no aid of magic fumes, and spells and boiling caldrons. With the gales of heaven thou wentest swimmingly; or, when it was their pleasure, stoodest still with sailor-like patience. Thy course was natural, not forced, as in a hotbed. Nor did'st thou go poisoning the breath of ocean with sulphureous smoke—a great sea chimera, chimneying and furnacing the deep; or liker to that fire-god parching up Scamander.

Can I forget thy honest, yet slender crew, with their coy reluctant responses [yet to the suppression of anything like contempt] to the raw questions, which we of the great city would be ever and anon putting to them, as to the uses of this or that strange naval implement?

¹ "A small vessel, usually rigged as a sloop, and employed in carrying passengers and goods, particularly in short distances on the sea-coast; it acquired its name from stopping when called to from the shore."—Admiral Smyth, *Sailor's Word-Book*.

'Specially—Can I forget thee, thou happy medium, thou shade of refuge between us and them, conciliating interpreter of their skill to our simplicity, comfortable ambassador between sea and land!—whose sailor-trousers did not more convincingly assure thee to be an adopted denizen of the former, than thy white cap and whiter apron over them with thy neat-fingered practice in thy culinary vocation bespoke thee to have been of inland nurture heretofore—a master cook of Eastcheap. How busily did'st thou ply thy multifarious occupation, cook, mariner, attendant, chamberlain; here, there, like another Ariel¹, flaming at once about all parts of the deck, yet with kindlier ministrations—not to assist the tempest but, as if touched with a kindred sense of our infirmities, to soothe the qualms which that untried motion might haply raise in our crude land-fancies. And when the o'erwashing billows drove us below deck [for it was far gone in October and we had stiff and blowing weather], how did thy officious ministerings, still catering for our comfort, with cards and cordials and thy more cordial conversation, alleviate the closeness and the confinement of thy else [truth to say] not very savoury nor very inviting little cabin!

With these additaments to boot we had on board a fellow-passenger, whose discourse in verity might have beguiled a longer voyage than we meditated and have made mirth and wonder abound as far as the Azores. He was a dark, Spanish-complexioned young man, remarkably handsome, with an officer-like assurance

¹ *Ariel*. I boarded the king's ship. Now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin
I flamed amazement. Sometimes I 'ld divide
And burn in many places. On the topmast,
The yards and bowsprit would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join.

Shakespeare, *The Tempest*.

and an insuppressible volubility of assertion. He was, in fact, the greatest liar I had met with then or since. He was none of your hesitating half story-tellers [a most painful description of mortals] who go on sounding your belief, and only giving you as much as they see you can swallow at a time—the nibbling pickpockets of your patience—but one who committed downright, daylight depredations upon his neighbour's faith. He did not stand shivering upon the brink, but was a hearty, thorough-paced liar, and plunged at once into the depths of your credulity. I partly believe, he made pretty sure of his company. Not many rich, not many wise or learned, composed at that time the common stowage of a Margate packet. We were, I am afraid, a set of as unseasoned Londoners [let our enemies give it a worse name] as Aldermanbury, or Watling Street at that time of day could have supplied. There might be an exception or two among us. But I scorn to make any invidious distinctions among such a jolly companionable ship's company as those were whom I sailed with. Something too must be conceded to the *Genius Loci*. Had the confident fellow told us half the legends on land which he favoured us with on the other element, I flatter myself the good sense of most of us would have revolted. But we were in a new world with everything unfamiliar about us. And the time and place disposed us to the reception of any prodigious marvel whatsoever. Time has obliterated from my memory much of his wild fablings. And the rest would appear but dull as written and to be read on shore. He had been aide-de-camp [among other rare accidents and fortunes] to a Persian Prince, and at one blow had stricken off the head of the King of Carimania on horseback. He of course married the Prince's daughter. I forget what unlucky turn in the politics of that court, combining with the loss of his consort, was the reason

of his quitting Persia. But with the rapidity of a magician he transported himself, along with his hearers, back to England, where we still found him in the confidence of great ladies. There was some story of a princess—Elizabeth, if I remember—having intrusted to his care an extraordinary casket of jewels upon some extraordinary occasion. But as I am not certain of the name or circumstance at this distance of time, I must leave it to the Royal daughters of England to settle the honour among themselves in private. I cannot call to mind half his pleasant wonders. But I perfectly remember that in the course of his travels he had seen a phoenix: and he obligingly undeceived us of the vulgar error that there is but one of the species at a time, assuring us that they were not uncommon in some parts of Upper Egypt. Hitherto he had found the most implicit listeners. His dreaming fancies had transported us beyond the “ignorant present.” But when [still hardying more and more in his triumphs over simplicity] he went on to affirm that he had actually sailed through the legs of the Colossus at Rhodes, it really became necessary to make a stand. And here I must do justice to the good sense and intrepidity of one of our party, a youth that had hitherto been one of his most deferential auditors, who from his recent reading made bold to assure the gentleman that there must be some mistake as “the Colossus in question had been destroyed long since”; to whose opinion, delivered with all modesty, our hero was obliging enough to concede thus much, that “the figure was indeed a little damaged.” This was the only opposition he met with, and it did not at all seem to stagger him. For he proceeded with his fables, which the same youth appeared to swallow with still more complacency than ever,—confirmed as it were by the extreme candour of that concession. With these prodigies he wheedled us on till we came in sight of the

Reculvers, which one of our own company [having been the voyage before] immediately recognizing and pointing out to us was considered by us as no ordinary seaman.

All this time sat upon the edge of the deck quite a different character. It was a lad, apparently very poor, very infirm and very patient. His eye was ever on the sea, with a smile. And if he caught now and then some snatches of these wild legends, it was by accident and they seemed not to concern him. The waves to him whispered more pleasant stories. He was as one being with us but not of us. He heard the bell of dinner ring without stirring. And when some of us pulled out our private stores—our cold meat and our salads—he produced none and seemed to want none. Only a solitary biscuit he had laid in, provision for the one or two days and nights, to which these vessels then were oftentimes obliged to prolong their voyage. Upon a nearer acquaintance with him, which he seemed neither to court nor decline, we learned that he was going to Margate with the hope of being admitted into the Infirmary there for sea-bathing. His disease was a scrofula which appeared to have eaten all over him. He expressed great hopes of a cure: and when we asked him whether he had any friends where he was going, he replied he *had* no friends.

These pleasant, and some mournful passages, with the first sight of the sea co-operating with youth and a sense of holidays and out-of-door adventure, to me that had been pent up in populous cities for many months,—have left upon my mind the fragrance as of summer days gone by, bequeathing nothing but their remembrance for cold and wintry hours to chew upon.

Will it be thought a digression [it may spare some unwelcome comparisons] if I endeavour to account for the *dissatisfaction* which I have heard so many persons confess to have felt [as I did myself feel in part on this

occasion], *at the sight of the sea for the first time*? I think the reason usually given—referring to the incapacity of actual objects for satisfying our preconceptions of them—scarcely goes deep enough into the question. Let the same person see a lion, an elephant, a mountain for the first time in his life, and he shall perhaps feel himself a little mortified. The things do not fill up that space which the idea of them seemed to take up in his mind. But they have still a correspondency to his first notion, and in time grow up to it, so as to produce a very similar impression, enlarging themselves [if I may say so] upon familiarity. But the sea remains a disappointment. Is it not that in *the latter* we had expected to behold [absurdly, I grant, but I am afraid by the law of imagination, unavoidably] not a definite object as those wild beasts or that mountain compassable by the eye, but *all the sea at once*, THE COMMENSURATE ANTAGONIST OF THE EARTH? I do not say we tell ourselves so much. But the craving of the mind is to be satisfied with nothing less. I will suppose the case of a young person of fifteen [as I then was] knowing nothing of the sea but from description. He comes to it for the first time—all that he has been reading of it all his life and *that* the most enthusiastic part of life,—all he has gathered from narratives of wandering seamen,—what he has gained from true voyages and what he cherishes as credulously from romance and poetry,—crowding their images and exacting strange tributes from expectation. He thinks of the great deep and of those who go down to it; of its thousand isles and of the vast continents it washes; of its receiving the mighty Plata or Orellana into its bosom without disturbance or sense of augmentation; of Biscay swells and the mariner

For many a day and many a dreadful night
Incessant labouring round the stormy Cape¹;

¹ Thomson, *Seasons*.

of fatal rocks and the "still vexed Bermoothes"; of great whirlpools and the waterspout; of sunken ships and sumless treasures swallowed up in the unrestoring depths; of fishes and quaint monsters, to which all that is terrible on earth—

Be but as buggs to frighten babes withal
Compared with the creatures in the sea's entrail¹;

of naked savages and Juan Fernandez; of pearls and shells; of coral beds and of enchanted isles; of mermaids' grotts—

I do not assert that in sober earnest he expects to be shown all these wonders at once. But he is under the tyranny of a mighty faculty which haunts him with confused hints and shadows of all these. And when the actual object opens first upon him, seen [in tame weather too most likely] from our unromantic coasts—a speck, a slip of sea-water, as it shows to him—what can it prove but a very unsatisfying and even diminutive entertainment? Or if he has come to it from the mouth of a river, was it much more than the river widening? And, even out of sight of land, what had he but a flat watery horizon about him, nothing comparable to the vast o'ercurling sky, his familiar object, seen daily without dread or amazement?—Who, in similar circumstances, has not been tempted to exclaim with Charoba in the poem of Gebir²,

Is this the mighty ocean? Is this *all*?

Essays of Elia.

¹ Spenser, *Faërie Queene*.

² W. S. Landor.

WASHINGTON IRVING

1783—1859

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA

THE situation of Columbus was daily becoming more and more critical. The impatience of the seamen rose to absolute mutiny. They gathered together in the retired parts of the ships, at first in little knots of two and three, which gradually increased and became formidable, joining in murmurs and menaces against the Admiral. They exclaimed against him as an ambitious desperado, who in a mad fantasy had determined to do something extravagant to render himself notorious. What obligation bound them to persist, or when were the terms of their agreement to be considered as fulfilled? They had already penetrated into seas untraversed by a sail, and where man had never before adventured. Were they to sail on until they should perish, or until all return with their frail ships should become impossible? Who would blame them should they consult their safety and return? The Admiral was a foreigner, without friends or influence. His scheme had been condemned by the learned as idle and visionary, and discountenanced by people of all ranks. There was, therefore, no party on his side, but rather a large number who would be gratified by his failure.

Such are some of the reasonings by which these men prepared themselves for open rebellion. Some even proposed, as an effectual mode of silencing all after complaints of the Admiral, that they should throw him into the sea, and give out that he had fallen overboard while contemplating the stars and signs of the heavens with his astronomical instruments.

Columbus was not ignorant of these secret cabals, but he kept a serene and steady countenance, soothing

some with gentle words, stimulating the pride or the avarice of others, and openly menacing the most refractory with punishment. New hopes diverted them for a time. On the 25th of September Martin Alonzo Pinzon mounted on the stern of his vessel and shouted, "Land! land! Señor, I claim the reward!" There was, indeed, such an appearance of land in the south-west that Columbus threw himself upon his knees and returned thanks to God; and all the crews joined in chanting *Gloria in Excelsis*. The ships altered their course and stood all night to the south-west, but the morning light put an end to all their hopes as to a dream; the fancied land proved to be nothing but an evening cloud, and had vanished in the night.

For several days they continued on, with alternate hopes and murmurs, until the various signs of land became so numerous that the seamen, from a state of despondency, passed to one of high excitement. Eager to obtain the promised pension, they were continually giving the cry of land, until Columbus declared that should anyone give a notice of the kind, and land not be discovered within three days afterwards, he should thenceforth forfeit all claim to the reward.

On the 7th of October they had come seven hundred and fifty leagues, the distance at which Columbus had computed to find the island of Cipango. There were great flights of small field birds to the south-west, which seemed to indicate some neighbouring land in that direction, where they were sure of food and a resting-place. Yielding to the solicitations of Martin Alonzo Pinzon and his brothers, Columbus, on the evening of the 7th, altered his course, therefore, to the west-south-west. As he advanced, the signs of land increased; the birds came singing about the ships; and herbage floated by as fresh and green as if recently from shore. When, however, on the evening of the third day of this new course, the

seamen beheld the sun go down upon a shoreless horizon, they again broke forth into loud clamours, and insisted upon abandoning the voyage. Columbus endeavoured to pacify them by gentle words and liberal promises; but finding these only increased their violence, he assumed a different tone, and told them it was useless to murmur; the expedition had been sent by the sovereigns to seek the Indies, and happen what might, he was determined to persevere until, by the blessing of God, he should accomplish the enterprise.

He was now at open defiance with his crew, and his situation would have been desperate, but, fortunately, the manifestations of land on the following day were such as no longer to admit of doubt. A green fish, such as keeps about rocks, swam by the ships; and a branch of thorn, with berries on it, floated by; they picked up, also, a reed, a small board, and, above all, a staff artificially carved. All gloom and murmuring was now at an end, and throughout the day each one was on the watch for the long-sought land.

In the evening, when, according to custom, the mariners had sung the *Salve regina*, or vesper hymn to the Virgin, Columbus made an impressive address to his crew, pointing out the goodness of God in thus conducting them by soft and favouring breezes across a tranquil ocean to the promised land. He expressed a strong confidence of making land that very night, and ordered that a vigilant lookout should be kept from the forecabin, promising to whomsoever should make the discovery a doublet of velvet, in addition to the pension to be given by the sovereigns.

The breeze had been fresh all day, with more sea than usual; at sunset they stood again to the west, and were ploughing the waves at a rapid rate, the *Pinta* keeping the lead from her superior sailing. The greatest animation

prevailed throughout the ships; not an eye was closed that night. As the evening darkened, Columbus took his station on the top of the castle or cabin on the high poop of his vessel. However he might carry a cheerful and confident countenance during the day, it was to him a time of the most painful anxiety; and now, when he was wrapped from observation by the shades of night, he maintained an intense and unremitting watch, ranging his eye along the dusky horizon, in search of the most vague indications of land. Suddenly, about ten o'clock, he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a distance. Fearing that his eager hopes might deceive him, he called to Pedro Gutierrez, gentleman of the king's bed-chamber, and demanded whether he saw a light in that direction. The latter replied in the affirmative. Columbus, yet doubtful whether it might not be some delusion of the fancy, called Rodrigo Sanchez of Segovia, and made the same enquiry. By the time the latter had ascended the Round House¹ the light had disappeared. They saw it once or twice afterwards in sudden and passing gleams, as if it were a torch in the barque of a fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves; or in the hands of some person on shore, borne up and down as he walked from house to house. So transient and uncertain were these gleams that few attached any importance to them; Columbus, however, considered them as certain signs of land, and, moreover, that the land was inhabited.

They continued on their course until two in the morning, when a gun from the *Pinta* gave the joyful signal of land. It was first discovered by a mariner named Rodriguez Bermejo, resident of Triana, a suburb of Seville, but native of Alcala de la Guadaira; but the reward was afterwards adjudged to the Admiral, for having

¹ In 1492 the word *Round House* signified Poop.

previously perceived the light. The land was now clearly seen about two leagues distant, whereupon they took in sail, and laid to, waiting impatiently for the dawn.

The thoughts and feelings of Columbus in this little space of time must have been tumultuous and intense. At length, in spite of every difficulty and danger, he had accomplished his object. The great mystery of the ocean was revealed; his theory, which had been the scoff of sages, was triumphantly established; he had secured to himself a glory which must be as durable as the world itself.

It is difficult even for the imagination to conceive the feelings of such a man, at the moment of so sublime a discovery. What a bewildering crowd of conjectures must have thronged upon his mind, as to the land which lay before him, covered with darkness. That it was fruitful was evident from the vegetables which floated from its shores. He thought, too, that he perceived in the balmy air the fragrance of aromatic groves. The moving light which he had beheld proved that it was the residence of man. But what were its inhabitants? Were they like those of other parts of the globe, or were they some strange and monstrous race, such as the imagination in those times was prone to give to all remote and unknown regions? Had he come upon some wild island, far in the Indian seas; or was this the famed Cipango itself, the object of his golden fancies? A thousand speculations of the kind must have swarmed upon him, as he watched for the night to pass away; wondering whether the morning light would reveal a savage wilderness, or dawn upon spicy groves and glittering fanes and gilded cities, and all the splendours of Oriental civilization.

Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus.

CAPTAIN MARRYAT

1792—1848

I

A FLOGGING ROUND THE FLEET

A MAN sentenced to be flogged round the fleet receives an equal part of the whole number of lashes awarded, alongside each ship composing that fleet. For instance, if sentenced to three hundred lashes, in a fleet composed of ten sail, he will receive thirty alongside of each ship.

A launch is fitted up with a platform and sheers. It is occupied by the unfortunate individual, the provost-marshal, the boatswain and his mates with their implements of office, and armed marines stationed at the bow and stern. When the signal is made for punishment, all the ships in the fleet send one or two boats each, with crews cleanly dressed, the officers in full uniform, and marines under arms. These boats collect at the side of the ship where the launch is lying, the hands are turned up, and the ship's company are ordered to mount the rigging, to witness that portion of the whole punishment which, after the sentence has been read, is inflicted upon the prisoner. When he has received the allotted number of lashes, he is, for the time, released, and permitted to sit down, with a blanket over his shoulders, while the boats, which attend the execution of the sentence, make fast to the launch, and tow it to the next ship in the fleet, where the same number of lashes are inflicted with corresponding ceremonies;—and thus he is towed from one ship to another until he has received the whole of his punishment.

The severity of this punishment consists not only in the number of lashes, but in the peculiar manner in which they are inflicted; as, after the unfortunate wretch has

received the first part of his sentence alongside of one ship, the blood is allowed to congeal, and the wounds partially to close, during the interval which takes place previously to his arrival alongside of the next, when the cat again subjects him to renewed and increased torture. During the latter part of the punishment the suffering is dreadful; and a man who has undergone this sentence is generally broken down in constitution, if not in spirits, for the remainder of his life.

The King's Own.

II

CAPTAIN CAPPERBAR

CAPTAIN CAPPERBAR¹ (for such was his name) should have been brought up as a missionary, for he could convert anything, and expend more profusely than any Bible Society. The name by which he had christened his domicile was probably given as a sort of salve to his conscience. He called it the "Ship"; and when he signed his name to the expense books of the different warrant officers, without specifying the exact use to which the materials were applied, the larger proportion were invariably expended, by the general term, for "*Ship's* use." He came into harbour as often as he could, always had a demand for stores to complete, and a defect or two for the dockyard to make good; and the admiral, who was aware of Mrs. Capperbar being a near resident, made every reasonable allowance for his partiality to Spithead. But we had better introduce the captain, sitting at his table in the fore-cabin, on the day of his arrival in port, the carpenter having obeyed his summons.

"Well, Mr. Cheeks, what are the carpenters about?"

¹ *Cap-a-bar* or *capabarre*, an old word for the misappropriation of Government stores. It probably dates from Dutch-War days and owes its derivation to *Ter Kaap Vaaren*, to go a privateering.

"Weston and Smallbridge are going on with the chairs—the whole of them will be finished to-morrow."

"Well?"

"Smith is about the chest of drawers, to match the one in my Lady Capperbar's bedroom."

"Very good. And what is Hilton about?"

"He has finished the spare-leaf of the dining-table, sir; he is now about a little job for the second lieutenant."

"A job for the second lieutenant, sir? How often have I told you, Mr. Cheeks, that the carpenters are not to be employed, except on ship's duty, without my special permission."

"His standing bedplace is broke, sir; he is only getting out a chock or two."

"Mr. Cheeks, you have disobeyed my most positive orders. By the by, sir, I understand you were not sober last night."

"Please your honour," replied the carpenter, "I wasn't drunk—I was only a little fresh."

"Take you care, Mr. Cheeks. Well, now, what are the rest of your crew about?"

"Why, Thompson and Waters are cutting out the pales for the garden out of the jib-booms; I've saved the heel to return."

"Very well; but there won't be enough, will there?"

"No, sir, it will take a hand-mast to finish the whole."

"Then we must expend one when we go out again. We can carry away a topmast, and make a new one out of the hand-mast at sea. In the meantime, if the sawyers have nothing to do, they may as well cut the palings at once. And now let me see—oh! the painters must go on shore, to finish the attics."

"Yes, sir, but my Lady Capperbar wishes the *jelaowsees* to be painted vermilion; she says it will look more rural."

"Mrs. Capperbar ought to know enough about ship's

stores by this time, to be aware that we are only allowed three colours. She may choose or mix them as she pleases; but as for going to the expense of buying paint, I can't afford it. What are the rest of the men about?"

"Repairing the second cutter, and making a new mast for the pinnacle."

"By the by—that puts me in mind of it—have you expended any boat's masts?"

"Only the one carried away, sir."

"Then you must expend two more. Mrs. C. has just sent me off a list of a few things that she wishes made while we are at anchor, and I see two poles for clothes-lines. Saw off the sheave-holes, and put two pegs through at right-angles—you know how I mean."

"Yes, sir. What am I to do, sir, about the cucumber frame? My Lady Capperbar says that she must have it, and I haven't glass enough—they grumbled at the yard last time."

"Mrs. C. must wait a little. What are the armourers about?"

"They have been so busy with your work, sir, that the arms are in a very bad condition. The first lieutenant said yesterday that they were a disgrace to the ship."

"Who dared say that?"

"The first lieutenant, sir."

"Well, then, let them rub up the arms, and let me know when they are done, and we'll get the forge up."

"The armourer has made six rakes, and six hoes, and the two little hoes for the children; but he says he can't make a spade."

"Then I'll take his warrant away, by Heaven! since he does not know his duty. That will do, Mr. Cheeks. I shall overlook your being in liquor, this time; but take care—send the boatswain to me."

"Yes, sir," and the carpenter quitted the cabin.

"Well, Mr. Hurley," said the captain, as the boatswain stroked down his hair, as a mark of respect, when he entered the cabin, "are the cots all finished?"

"All finished, your honour, and slung, except the one for the babby. Had not I better get a piece of duck for that?"

"No, no—number seven will do as well; Mrs. C. wants some fearnought, to put down in the entrance hall."

"Yes, your honour."

"And some cod-lines laid up for clothes-lines."

"Yes, your honour."

"Stop, let me look at my list—'Knife-tray, meat-screen, leads for window-sashes'—ah! have you any hand-leads not on charge?"

"Yes, your honour, four or five."

"Give them to my steward.—'Small chair for Ellen—canvas for veranda.'—Oh! here's something else—have you any painted canvas?"

"Only a waist-hammock-cloth, sir, ready fitted."

"We must expend that; 'no old on charge.' Send it on shore to the cottage, and I shall want some pitch."

"We've lots of that, your honour."

"That will do, Mr. Hurley; desire the sentry to tell my steward to come here."

"Yes, your honour." (*Exit boatswain, and enter steward.*)

This personage belonged to the party of marines who had been drafted into the ship—for Captain Capperbar's economical propensities would not allow him to hire a servant brought up to the situation, who would have demanded wages independent of the ship's pay. Having been well-drilled at barracks, he never answered any question put to him by an officer without recovering himself from his usual "stand-at-ease" position—throwing shoulders back, his nose up in the air, his arms down his sides, and the palms of his hands flattened on his thighs. His replies were given with all the brevity that

the question would admit, or rapid articulation on his own part would enable him to confer.

"Thomas, are the sugar and cocoa ready to go on shore?"

"Yes, sir."

"Don't forget to send that letter to Mr. Gibson for the ten dozen port and sherry."

"No, sir."

"When it comes on board, you'll bring it on shore a dozen at a time in the hair trunk."

"Yes, sir."

"Mind you don't let any of the hay peep outside."

"No, sir."

"Has the cooper finished the washing-tubs?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the small kids?"

"No, sir."

"Have you inquired among the ship's company for a gardener?"

"Yes, sir; there's a marine kept the garden of the major in the barracks."

"Don't forget to bring him on shore."

"No, sir."

"Recollect, too, that Mrs. Capperbar wants some vinegar—the boatswain's is the best—and a gallon or two of rum—and you must corn some beef. The harness cask may remain on shore, and the cooper must make me another."

"Yes, sir."

"Master Henry's trousers—are they finished yet?"

"No, sir; Spriggs is at them now. Bailly and James are making Miss Ellen's petticoats."

"And the shoes for Master John—are they finished?"

"Yes, sir."

"And Master Henry's?"

"No, sir. Wilson says that he has lost Master Henry's measure."

"Careless scoundrel! he shall have four-water grog for a week; and, steward, take three bags of bread on shore, and forty pounds of flour."

"Yes, sir."

"That's all. Oh no—don't forget to send some pease on shore for the pig."

"No, sir," and the steward departed to execute his variety of commissions.

The King's Own.

III

THE HARDSHIPS OF IMPRESSMENT

HERE we were interrupted—"I say, you waterman, have you a mind for a good fare?" cried a dark-looking, not over clean, square-built, short young man, standing on the top of the flight of steps.

"Where to, sir?"

"Gravesend, my jokers, if you a'n't afraid of salt water."

"That's a long way, sir," replied Tom; "and for salt water, we must have salt to our porridge."

"So you shall, my lads, and a glass of grog into the bargain."

"Yes; but the bargain a'n't made yet, sir. Jacob, will you go?"

"Yes, but not under a guinea."

"Not under two guineas," replied Tom, aside. "Are you in a great hurry, sir?" continued he, addressing the young man.

"Yes, in a devil of a hurry; I shall lose my ship. What will you take me for?"

"Two guineas, sir."

"Very well. Just come up to the public-house here, and put in my traps."

We brought down his luggage, put it into the wherry, and started down the river with the tide. Our fare was very communicative, and we found out that he was master's mate¹ of the *Immortalité*, forty-gun frigate, lying off Gravesend, which was to drop down the next morning and wait for sailing orders at the Downs. We carried the tide with us, and in the afternoon were close to the frigate, whose blue ensign waved proudly over the taffrail. There was a considerable sea arising from the wind meeting the tide, and before we arrived close to her, we had shipped a great deal of water; and when we were alongside, the wherry, with the chest in her bows, pitched so heavily, that we were afraid of being swamped. Just as a rope had been made fast to the chest, and they were weighing it out of the wherry, the ship's launch with water came alongside, and, whether from accident or wilfully I know not, although I suspect the latter, the midshipman who steered her, shot her against the wherry, which was crushed in, and immediately filled, leaving Tom and me in the water, and in danger of being jammed to death between the launch and the side of the frigate. The seamen in the boat, however, forced her off with their oars, and hauled us in, while our wherry sank with her gunnel even with the water's edge, and floated away astern.

As soon as we had shaken ourselves a little, we went up the side, and asked one of the officers to send a boat to pick up our wherry.

"Speak to the first-lieutenant—there he is," was the reply.

I went up to the person pointed out to me: "If you please, sir——"

¹ Not a quartermaster or master's assistant, but a one-time midshipman, weary of waiting for a commission and willing to qualify for a master's warrant in order to secure an increase of pay.

"What the devil do you want?"

"A boat, sir, to——"

"A boat! the devil you do!"

"To pick up our wherry, sir," interrupted Tom.

"Pick it up yourself," said the first-lieutenant, passing us, and hailing the men aloft. "Maintop there, hook on your stays. Be smart. Lower away the yards. Marines and after-guard, clear launch. Boatswain's mate!"

"Here sir."

"Pipe marines and after-guard to clear launch."

"Ay, ay, sir."

"But we shall lose our boat, Jacob," said Tom to me. "They stove it in, and they ought to pick it up." Tom then went up to the master's mate, whom we had brought on board, and explained our difficulty.

"Upon my soul, I darn't say a word. I'm in a scrape for breaking my leave. Why the devil didn't you take care of your wherry, and haul ahead when you saw the launch coming?"

"How could we, when the chest was hoisting out?"

"Very true. Well, I am very sorry for you, but I must look after my chest." So saying, he disappeared down the gangway ladder.

"I'll try it again, anyhow," said Tom, going up to the first-lieutenant. "Hard case to lose our boat and our bread, sir," said Tom, touching his hat.

The first-lieutenant, now that the marines and after-guard were at a regular stamp and go, had, unfortunately, more leisure to attend to us. He looked at us earnestly, and walked aft to see if the wherry was yet in sight. At that moment, up came the master's mate, who had not yet reported himself to the first-lieutenant.

"Tom," said I, "there is a wherry close to,—let us get into it, and go after our boat ourselves."

"Wait one moment to see if they will help us, and

get our money at all events," replied Tom; and we both walked aft.

"Come on board, sir," said the master's mate, touching his hat with humility.

"You've broke your leave, sir," replied the first-lieutenant, "and now I've to send a boat to pick up the wherry through your carelessness."

"If you please, they are two very fine young men," observed the mate. "Make capital foretopmen. Boat's not worth sending for, sir."

This hint, given by the mate to the first lieutenant, to regain his favour, was not lost. "Who are you, my lads?" said the first-lieutenant to us.

"Watermen, sir."

"Watermen, heh! Was that your own boat?"

"No, sir," replied I; "it belonged to the man that I serve with."

"O! not your own boat? Are you an apprentice, then?"

"Yes, sir, both apprentices."

"Show me your indentures¹."

"We don't carry them about with us."

"Then how am I to know that you are apprentices?"

"We can prove it, sir, if you wish it."

"I do wish it; at all events, the captain will wish it."

"Will you please to send for the boat, sir? she's almost out of sight."

"No, my lads; I can't find king's boats for such service."

"Then we had better go ourselves, Tom," said I; and we went forward to call the waterman, who was lying on his oars close to the frigate.

"Stop—stop; not so fast. Where are you going, my lads?"

¹ Apprentices were exempt from impressment for three years from the date of their indentures.

"To pick up our boat, sir."

"Without my leave, heh?"

"We don't belong to the frigate, sir."

"No; but I think it very likely that you will, for you have no protections."

"We can send for them, and have them down by to-morrow morning."

"Well, you may do so, if you please, my lads; but you cannot expect me to believe everything that is told me. Now, for instance, how long have you to serve, my lad?" said he, addressing Tom.

"My time is up to-morrow, sir."

"Up to-morrow? Why, then I shall detain you until to-morrow, and then I shall press you."

"If you detain me now, sir, I am pressed to-day."

"O no! you are only detained until you prove your apprenticeship, that's all."

"Nay, sir, I certainly am pressed during my apprenticeship."

"Not at all, and I'll prove it to you. You don't belong to the ship until you are victualled on her books. Now I shan't *victual* you to-day, and therefore you won't be *pressed*."

Jacob Faithful.

IV

WEATHERING THE CAPE, AND A CHAT WITH THE BO'S'N

ON deck the superior officers were in conversation with the captain, who had expressed the same fear that O'Brien had in our berth. The men, who knew what they had to expect—for this sort of intelligence is soon communicated through a ship—were assembled in knots,

looking very grave, but at the same time not wanting in confidence. They knew that they could trust to the captain, as far as skill or courage could avail them, and sailors are too sanguine to despair, even at the last moment. As for myself, I felt such admiration for the captain, after what I had witnessed that morning, that, whenever the idea came over me, that in all probability I should be lost in a few hours, I could not help acknowledging how much more serious it was that such a man should be lost to his country. I do not intend to say that it consoled me; but it certainly made me still more regret the chances with which we were threatened.

Before twelve o'clock, the rocky point which we so much dreaded was in sight, broad on the lee-bow; and if the low sandy coast appeared terrible, how much more did this, even at a distance: the black masses of rock, covered with foam, which each minute dashed up in the air, higher than our lower mast-heads. The captain eyed it for some minutes in silence, as if in calculation.

"Mr. Falcon," said he at last, "we must put the mainsail on her."

"She never can bear it, sir."

"She *must* bear it," was the reply. "Send the men aft to the mainsheet. See that careful men attend the buntlines."

The mainsail was set, and the effect of it upon the ship was tremendous. She careened over so that her lee channels were under the water, and when pressed by a sea, the lee-side of the quarter-deck and gangway were afloat. She now reminded me of a goaded and fiery horse, mad with the stimulus applied; not rising as before, but forcing herself through whole seas, and dividing the waves, which poured in one continual torrent from the forecastle down upon the decks below. Four men were secured to the wheel—the sailors were obliged to cling,

to prevent being washed away—the ropes were thrown in confusion to leeward, the shot rolled out of the lockers, and every eye was fixed aloft, watching the masts, which were expected every moment to go over the side. A heavy sea struck us on the broadside, and it was some moments before the ship appeared to recover herself; she reeled, trembled, and stopped her way, as if it had stupefied her. The first lieutenant looked at the captain, as if to say, “This will not do.” “It is our only chance,” answered the captain to the appeal. That the ship went faster through the water, and held a better wind, was certain; but just before we arrived at the point the gale increased in force. “If anything starts, we are lost, sir,” observed the first lieutenant again.

“I am perfectly aware of it,” replied the captain, in a calm tone; “but, as I said before, and you must now be aware, it is our only chance. The consequence of any carelessness or neglect in the fitting and securing of the rigging, will be felt now; and this danger, if we escape it, ought to remind us how much we have to answer for if we neglect our duty. The lives of a whole ship’s company may be sacrificed by the neglect or incompetence of an officer when in harbour. I will pay you the compliment, Falcon, to say, that I feel convinced that the masts of the ship are as secure as knowledge and attention can make them.”

The first lieutenant thanked the captain for his good opinion, and hoped it would not be the last compliment which he paid him.

“I hope not too; but a few minutes will decide the point.”

The ship was now within two cables’ lengths of the rocky point; some few of the men I observed to clasp their hands, but most of them were silently taking off their jackets, and kicking off their shoes, that they might not lose a chance of escape provided the ship struck.

"'Twill be touch and go indeed, Falcon," observed the captain (for I had clung to the belaying-pins, close to them, for the last half-hour that the mainsail had been set). "Come aft. You and I must take the helm. We shall want *nerve* there, and only there, now."

The captain and first lieutenant went aft, and took the forespokes of the wheel, and O'Brien, at a sign made by the captain, laid hold of the spokes behind him. An old quarter-master kept his station at the fourth. The roaring of the seas on the rocks, with the howling of the wind, were dreadful; but the sight was more dreadful than the noise. For a few moments I shut my eyes, but anxiety forced me to open them again. As near as I could judge, we were not twenty yards from the rocks, at the time that the ship passed abreast of them. We were in the midst of the foam, which boiled around us; and as the ship was driven nearer to them, and careened with the wave, I thought that our main-yard-arm would have touched the rock; and at this moment a gust of wind came on, which laid the ship on her beam-ends, and checked her progress through the water, while the accumulated noise was deafening. A few moments more the ship dragged on, another wave dashed over her and spent itself upon the rocks, while the spray was dashed back from them, and returned upon the decks. The main rock was within ten yards of her counter, when another gust of wind laid us on our beam-ends, the foresail and mainsail split, and were blown clean out of the bolt-ropes—the ship righted, trembling fore and aft. I looked astern: the rocks were to windward on our quarter, and we were safe. I thought at the time, that the ship, relieved of her courses, and again lifting over the waves, was not a bad similitude of the relief felt by us all at that moment; and, like her, we trembled as we panted with the sudden reaction, and felt the removal of the intense anxiety which oppressed our breasts.

The captain resigned the helm, and walked aft to look at the point, which was now broad on the weather quarter. In a minute or two, he desired Mr. Falcon to get new sails up and bend them, and then went below to his cabin. I am sure it was to thank God for our deliverance: I did most fervently, not only then, but when I went to my hammock at night. We were now comparatively safe—in a few hours completely so; for strange to say, immediately after we had weathered the rocks, the gale abated, and before morning we had a reef out of the topsails. It was my afternoon watch, and perceiving Mr. Chucks on the forecastle, I went forward to him, and asked him what he thought of it.

“Thought of it, sir!” replied he; “why, I always think bad of it when the elements won’t allow my whistle to be heard; and I consider it hardly fair play. I never care if we are left to our own exertions; but how is it possible for a ship’s company to do their best, when they cannot hear the boatswain’s pipe? However, God be thanked, nevertheless, and make better Christians of us all! As for that carpenter¹, he is mad. Just before we weathered the point, he told me that it was just the same 27,600 and odd years ago. I do believe that on his death-bed (and he was not far from a very hard one yesterday), he will tell us how he died so many thousand years ago, of the same complaint. And that gunner of ours is a fool. Would you believe it, Mr. Simple, he went crying about the decks, ‘O my poor guns, what will become of them if they break loose?’ He appeared to consider it of no consequence if the ship and ship’s company were all lost, provided that his guns were safely landed on the beach. ‘Mr. Dispart,’ said I, at last, ‘allow me to observe, in the most delicate way in the world, that you’re a d—d old fool.’ You see, Mr. Simple, it’s the duty of an officer

¹ Mr Muddle, called derisively “Philosopher Chipps,”

to generalise, and be attentive to parts, only in consideration of the safety of the whole. I look after my anchors and cables, as I do after the rigging; not that I care for any of them in particular, but because the safety of a ship depends upon her being well found. I might just as well cry because we sacrificed an anchor and cable yesterday morning, to save the ship from going on shore."

"Very true, Mr. Chucks," replied I.

"Private feelings," continued he, "must always be sacrificed for the public service. As you know, the lower deck was full of water, and all our cabins and chests were afloat; but I did not think then about my shirts, and look at them now, all blowing out in the forerigging, without a particle of starch left in the collars or the frills. I shall not be able to appear as an officer ought to do for the whole of the cruise."

As he said this, the cooper, going forward, passed by him, and jostled him in passing. "Beg pardon, sir," said the man, "but the ship lurched."

"The ship lurched, did it?" replied the boatswain, who, I am afraid, was not in the best of humours about his wardrobe. "And pray, Mr. Cooper, why has heaven granted you two legs, with joints at the knees, except to enable you to counteract the horizontal deviation? Do you suppose they were meant for nothing but to work round a cask with? Hark, sir, did you take me for a post to scrub your pig's hide against? Allow me just to observe, Mr. Cooper—just to insinuate, that when you pass an officer, it is your duty to keep at a respectable distance, and not to soil his clothes with your rusty iron jacket. Do you comprehend me, sir; or will this make you recollect in future?" The rattan was raised, and descended in a shower of blows, until the cooper made his escape into the head. "There, take that, you contaminating, stave-dubbing, gimlet-carrying, quintessence

of a bung-hole! I beg your pardon, Mr. Simple, for interrupting the conversation, but when duty calls, we must obey."

Peter Simple.

V

PASSING FOR LIEUTENANT

I HAD only brought one suit of clothes with me: they were in very good condition when I arrived, but salt water plays the devil with a uniform. I laid in bed until they were dry; but when I put them on again, not being before too large for me, for I grew very fast, they were now shrunk and shrivelled up, so as to be much too small. My wrists appeared below the sleeves of my coat—my trousers had shrunk half way up to my knees—the buttons were all tarnished, and altogether I certainly did not wear the appearance of a gentlemanly, smart midshipman. I would have ordered another suit, but the examination was to take place at ten o'clock the next morning, and there was no time. I was therefore obliged to appear as I was, on the quarter-deck of the line-of-battle ship, on board of which the passing was to take place. Many others were there to undergo the same ordeal, all strangers to me, and as I perceived by their nods and winks to each other, as they walked up and down in their smart clothes, not at all inclined to make my acquaintance.

There were many before me on the list, and our hearts beat every time that a name was called, and the owner of it walked aft into the cabin. Some returned with jocund faces, and our hopes mounted with the anticipation of similar good fortune; others came out melancholy and crest-fallen, and then the expression of their countenances was communicated to our own, and we quailed with fear

and apprehension. I have no hesitation in asserting, that although "passing" may be a proof of being qualified; "not passing" is certainly no proof to the contrary. I have known many of the cleverest young men turned back (while others of inferior abilities have succeeded), merely from the feeling of awe occasioned by the peculiarity of the situation: and it is not to be wondered at, when it is considered that all the labour and exertion of six years are at stake at this appalling moment. At last my name was called, and almost breathless from anxiety, I entered the cabin, where I found myself in presence of the three captains who were to decide whether I were fit to hold a commission in His Majesty's service. My logs and certificates were examined and approved; my time calculated and allowed to be correct. The questions in navigation which were put to me were very few, for the best of all possible reasons, that most captains in His Majesty's service know little or nothing of navigation. During their servitude as midshipmen, they learn it by *rote*, without being aware of the principles upon which the calculations they use are founded. As lieutenants, their services as to navigation are seldom required, and they rapidly forget all about it. As captains, their whole remnant of mathematical knowledge consists in being able to set down the ship's position on the chart. As for navigating the ship, the master is answerable; and the captains not being responsible themselves, they trust entirely to his reckoning. . . .

As soon as I had answered several questions satisfactorily, I was desired to stand up. The captain who had interrogated me on navigation, was very grave in his demeanour towards me, but at the same time not uncivil. During his examination, he was not interfered with by the other two, who only undertook the examination in "seamanship." The captain, who now desired

me to stand up, spoke in a very harsh tone, and quite frightened me. I stood up pale and trembling, for I augured no good from this commencement. Several questions in seamanship were put to me, which I have no doubt I answered in a very lame way, for I cannot even now recollect what I said.

"I thought so," observed the captain; "I judged as much from your appearance. An officer who is so careless of his dress, as not even to put on a decent coat when he appears at his examination, generally turns out an idle fellow, and no seaman. One would think you had served all your time in a cutter, or a ten-gun brig, instead of dashing frigates. Come, sir, I'll give you one more chance."

I was so hurt at what the captain said, that I could not control my feelings. I replied, with a quivering lip, "that I had had no time to order another uniform,"—and I burst into tears.

"Indeed, Burrows, you are rather too harsh," said the third captain; "the lad is frightened. Let him sit down and compose himself for a little while. Sit down, Mr. Simple, and we will try you again directly."

I sat down, checking my grief and trying to recall my scattered senses. The captains, in the meantime, turning over the logs to pass away the time; the one who had questioned me in navigation reading the Plymouth newspaper, which had a few minutes before been brought on board and sent into the cabin. "Heh! what's this? I say Burrows—Keats, look here," and he pointed to a paragraph. "Mr. Simple, may I ask whether it was you who saved the soldier who leaped off the wharf yesterday?"

"Yes, sir," replied I; "and that's the reason why my uniforms are so shabby. I spoilt them then, and had no time to order others. I did not like to say why

they were spoilt." I saw a change in the countenances of all the three, and it gave me courage. Indeed, now that my feelings had found vent, I was no longer under any apprehension.

"Come, Mr. Simple, stand up again," said the captain, kindly, "that is, if you feel sufficiently composed; if not, we will wait a little longer. Don't be afraid, we *wish* to pass you."

I was not afraid, and stood up immediately. I answered every question satisfactorily; and finding that I did so, they put more difficult ones. "Very good, very good indeed, Mr. Simple; now let me ask you one more; it's seldom done in the service, and perhaps you may not be able to answer it. Do you know how to *club-haul* a ship?"

"Yes, sir," replied I, having, as the reader may recollect, witnessed the manœuvre when serving under poor Captain Savage, and I immediately stated how it was to be done.

"That is sufficient, Mr. Simple. I wish to ask you no more questions. I thought at first you were a careless officer and no seaman: I now find that you are a good seaman and a gallant young man. Do you wish to ask any more questions?" continued he, turning to the two others.

They replied in the negative; my passing certificate was signed, and the captains did me the honour to shake hands with me, and wish me speedy promotion. Thus ended happily this severe trial to my poor nerves; and, as I came out of the cabin, no one could have imagined that I had been in such distress within, when they beheld the joy that irradiated my countenance.

Peter Simple.

VI

EQUALITY, AND THE RIGHTS OF MAN

WHEN Jack Easy had gained the deck, he found the sun shining gaily, a soft air blowing from the shore, and the whole of the rigging and every part of the ship loaded with the shirts, trousers, and jackets of the seamen, which had been wetted during the heavy gale, and were now hanging up to dry; all the wet sails were also spread on the booms or triced up in the rigging, and the ship was slowly forging through the blue water. The captain and first lieutenant were standing on the gangway in converse, and the majority of the officers were with their quadrants and sextants ascertaining the latitude at noon. The decks were white and clean, the sweepers had just laid by their brooms, and the men were busy coiling down the ropes. It was a scene of cheerfulness, activity, and order, which lightened his heart after the four days of suffering, close air, and confinement, from which he had just emerged.

The captain, who perceived him, beckoned to him, asked him kindly how he felt: the first lieutenant also smiled upon him, and many of the officers, as well as his messmates, congratulated him upon his recovery.

The captain's steward came up to him, touched his hat, and requested the pleasure of his company to dinner in the cabin. Jack was the essence of politeness, took off his hat, and accepted the invitation. Jack was standing on a rope which a seaman was coiling down; the man touched his hat and requested he would be so kind as to take his foot off. Jack took his hat off his head in return, and his foot off the rope. The master touched his hat, and reported twelve o'clock to the first-lieutenant,—the first-lieutenant touched his hat, and

reported twelve o'clock to the captain,—the captain touched his hat, and told the first-lieutenant to make it so. The officer of the watch touched his hat, and asked the captain whether they should pipe to dinner,—the captain touched his hat and said,—“If you please.”

The midshipman received his orders, and touched his hat, which he gave to the head boatswain's mate, who touched his hat, and then the calls whistled cheerily.

“Well,” thought Jack, “politeness seems to be the order of the day, and every one has an equal respect for the other.” Jack stayed on deck; he peeped through the ports, which were open, and looked down into the deep blue wave; he cast his eyes aloft, and watched the tall spars sweeping and tracing with their points, as it were, a small portion of the clear sky, as they acted in obedience to the motion of the vessel; he looked forward at the range of carronades which lined the sides of the deck, and then he proceeded to climb one of the carronades¹, and lean over the hammocks to gaze on the distant land.

“Young gentleman, get off those hammocks,” cried the master, who was officer of the watch, in a surly tone.

Jack looked round.

“Do you hear me, sir? I'm speaking to you,” said the master again.

Jack felt very indignant, and he thought that politeness was not quite so general as he supposed.

Mr. Midshipman Easy.

¹ Guns of short range but immense destructiveness, used on the upper deck, and made at Carron near Falkirk.

MICHAEL SCOTT

1789—1835

I

A SEA-PIECE. BLUE AND GOLD

THERE was the corvette in very truth—she had just tacked, and was close aboard of us on our lee quarter, within musket-shot at the farthest, bowling along upon a wind, with the green, hissing, multitudinous sea surging along her sides, and washing up in foam, like snow flakes, through the mid-ship ports, far aft on the quarterdeck, to the glorification of Jack, who never minds a wet jacket, so long as he witnesses the discomfiture of his ally, Peter Pipeclay. The press of canvas she was carrying laid her over, until her copper sheathing, clear as glass, and glancing like gold, was seen high above the water, throughout her whole length, above which rose her glossy jet black bends, surmounted by a milk-white streak, broken at regular intervals into eleven goodly ports, from which the British cannon, ugly customers at the best, were grinning, tompion out, open-mouthed at us; and above all, the clean, well-stowed white hammocks filled the nettings, from taffrail to cat-head—Oh! that I had been in one of them, snug on the berth deck! Aloft, a cloud of white sail swelled to the breeze, till the cloth seemed inclined to say good-bye to the bolt ropes, bending the masts like willow-wands (as if the devil, determined to beat Paganini himself, was preparing fiddle-sticks to play a spring with, on the cracking and straining weather shrouds and backstays), and tearing her sharp wedge-like bows out of the bowels of the long swell, until the cutwater, and ten yards of the keel next to it, were hove

clean out of the sea, into which she would descend again with a roaring plunge, burying everything up to the hawse-holes, and driving the brine into mist, over the fore-top, like vapour from a waterfall, through which, as she rose again, the bright red copper on her bows flashed back the sunbeams in momentary rainbows. We were so near, that I could with the naked eye distinctly see the faces of the men. There were at least 150 determined fellows at quarters, and clustered with muskets in their hands, wherever they could be posted to most advantage.

There they were in groups about the ports (I could even see the captains of the guns, examining the locks), in their clean white frocks and trousers, the officers of the ship, and the marines, clearly distinguishable by their blue or red jackets. *I could discern the very sparkle of the epaulets.*

High overhead, the red cross, that for a thousand years "has braved the battle and the breeze," blew out strong from the peak, like a sheet of flickering white flame, or a thing instinct with life, struggling to tear away the ensign halyards, and to escape high into the clouds; while, from the main-royal-masthead, the long white pennant streamed upwards into the azure heavens, like a ray of silver light.

Tom Cringle's Log.

II

A NOCTURNE. SILVER AND BLACK

I WENT aft, and mounted the small poop and looked forward towards the rising moon, whose shining wake of glow-worm coloured light, sparkling in the small waves, that danced in the gentle wind on the heaving bosom of the dark-blue sea, was right a-head of us, like a river of quicksilver with its course diminished in the distance to

a point, flowing towards us, from the extreme verge of the horizon, through a rolling sea of ink, with the waters of which, for a time, it disdained to blend. Concentrated, and shining like polished silver afar off—intense and sparkling as it streamed down nearer, but becoming less and less brilliant as it widened in its approach to us, until, like the stream of the great estuary of the Magdalena, losing itself in the salt waste of waters, it gradually melted beneath us and around us into the darkness.

I looked aloft—every object appeared sharply cut out against the dark firmament, and the swaying of the masts—heads to and fro, as the vessel rolled, was so steady and slow, that *they* seemed stationary, while it was the moon and stars which appeared to vibrate and swing from side to side, high overhead, like the vacillation of the clouds in a theatre, when the scene is first let down.

The masts and yards, and standing and running rigging, looked like black pillars, and bars and wires of iron, reared against the sky, by some mighty spirit of the night; and the sails, as the moon shone dimly through them, were as dark as if they had been tarpaulins. But when I walked forward and looked aft, what a beauteous change! Now each mast, with its gently swelling canvas, the higher sails decreasing in size, until they tapered away nearly to a point, through topsail, topgallant-sail, royal and skysails, showed like towers of snow, and the cordage like silver threads, while each dark spar seemed to be of ebony, *fished* with ivory, as a flood of cold, pale, mild light streamed from the beauteous planet over the whole stupendous machine, lighting up the sand-white decks, on which the shadows of the men, and of every object that intercepted the moonbeams, were cast as strongly as if the planks had been inlaid with jet.

There was nothing moving about the decks. The look-outs aft, and at the gangways, sat or stood like

statues, half bronze, half alabaster. The old quarter-master, who was conning the ship, and had perched himself on a carronade, with his arm leaning on the weather nettings, was equally motionless. The watch had all disappeared forward, or were stowed out of sight under the lee of the boats; the first lieutenant, as if captivated by the serenity of the scene, was leaning with folded arms on the weather-gangway, looking abroad upon the ocean, and whistling now and then, either for a wind or for want of thought. The only being who showed sign of life was the man at the wheel, and he scarcely moved, except now and then to give her a spoke or two, when the cheep of the tiller-rope, running through the well-greased leading blocks, would grate on the ears as a sound of some importance; while in daylight, in the ordinary bustle of the ship, no one could say he ever heard it.

Three bells!—"Keep a bright look-out there," sung out the lieutenant.

"Ay, ay, sir," from the four look-out men, in a volley.

Then from the weather-gangway, "All's well," rose shrill into the night air.

Tom Cringle's Log.

III

WOUNDED

It was a dead calm, and as I had desired the cabin to be again used as a cockpit, it was at this time full of poor fellows, waiting to have their wounds dressed, whenever the surgeon could go below. The lantern was brought, and sitting down on a wadding-tub, I stripped. The ball, which I knew had lodged in the fleshy part of my left shoulder, had first of all struck me right over the collar-bone, from which it had glanced, and then

buried itself in the muscle of the arm, just below the skin, where it stood out, as if it had been a sloe, both in shape and colour. The collar-bone was much shattered, and my chest was a good deal shaken, and greatly bruised; but I had perceived nothing of all this at the time I was shot; the sole perceptible sensation was the feeling of cold water running down, and the pinch in the shoulder, as already described. I was much surprised (every man who has been seriously hit being entitled to expatiate) with the extreme smallness of the puncture in the skin through which the ball had entered; you could not have forced a pea through it, and there was scarcely any flow of blood.

"A very simple affair this, sir," said the surgeon, as he made a minute incision right over the ball.

Tom Cringle's Log.

IV

COMMODORE SIR OLIVER OAKPLANK AND LIEUTENANT DAVID SPRAWL

THE Commodore was a red-faced little man, with a very irritable cast of countenance, which, however, was by no means a true index to his warm heart, for I verily believe that no commander was ever more beloved by officers and men than he was. He had seen a great deal of service, and had been several times wounded. He was a wag in his way, and the officer now perambulating the deck alongside of him was an unfailing source of mirth; although the Commodore never passed the limits of strict naval etiquette, or the bounds of perfect good breeding in his fun. The gallant old fellow was dressed in faded nankeen trousers, discoloured cotton stockings, shoes with corn-holes cut in the toes, an ill-washed and *rumpled* white

Marseilles waistcoat, an old blue uniform coat, worn absolutely threadbare, and white and soapy at the seams and elbows; each shoulder being garnished with a faded gold-lace strap, to confine the epaulets when mounted, and that was only on a Sunday. His silk neckcloth had been most probably black *once*, but now it was a dingy brown; and he wore a most shocking bad hat—an old white beaver, with very broad brims, the snout of it fastened back to the crown with a lanyard of common spunyarn, buttoned up, as it were, like the *chapeaux* in Charles the Second's time, to prevent it flapping down over his eyes. He walked backwards and forwards very quickly, taking two steps for Sprawl's one, and whenever he turned he gave a loud stamp, and swung briskly about as if he had been on a pivot.

Lieutenant Sprawl, the officer with whom he was walking and keeping up an animated conversation, was also in no small degree remarkable in his externals, but in a totally different line. He was a tall man, at the very least six feet high, and stout in proportion; very square-shouldered; but, large as he was, his coat seemed to have been made to fit even a stouter person, for the shoulder-straps projected considerably beyond his shoulders, like the projecting eaves of a Swiss cottage, thus giving the upper part of his figure a sharp ungainly appearance. Below these wide-spreading upperworks he tapered away to nothing at the loins, and over the hips he was not the girth of a growing lad. His legs, from the knee down, were the longest I ever saw in man, reversing all one's notions of proportion or symmetry, for they gradually swelled out from the knee, until they ended in the ankle, which emulated, if it did not altogether surpass, the calf in diameter. His head was very large, and thatched with a great fell of coarse red hair, hanging down in greasy masses on each side of his pale freckled visage, until it

blended into two immense whiskers, which he cultivated under his chin with such care, that he appeared to be peeping through a fur collar, like a Madagascar ourang-outang. His eyes were large, prominent, and of a faded blue, like those of a dead fish; his general loveliness being diversified by a very noticeable squint. But his lovely mouth, who shall describe it? Lips he had none; and the first impression on one's mind when you saw him naturally led one to exclaim, "Bless me—what an oddity! The man has no mouth"—until he did make play with his potato-trap, and then to be sure it was like a gap suddenly split open in a piece of mottled freestone. It was altogether so much out of its latitude, that when he spoke it seemed *aside*, as the players say; and when he drank his wine, he looked for all the world as if he had been pouring it into his ear.

He wore a curious *wee* hat, with scarcely any brim, the remains of the nap bleached by a burning sun, and splashed and matted together from the pelting of numberless showers and the washing up of many a salt-sea spray, but carefully garnished, nevertheless, with a double stripe of fresh gold-lace, and a naval button on the left side. Add to this, an old-fashioned uniform coat, very far *through*, as we say; long-waisted, with remarkably short skirts, but the strap for the epaulet new and bright as the loop on the hat. Now, then, swathe him in a dingy white kerseymere waistcoat, over which dangles a great horn eye-glass, suspended by a magnificent new broad watered black ribbon; and, finally, take the trouble to shroud the lower limbs of the Apollo in ancient duck trousers, extending about half-way down the calf of the leg, if calf he had; leaving his pillar-like ankles conspicuously observable; and you will have a tolerably accurate idea of the presence and bearing of our amiable and accomplished shipmate, Mr. David Sprawl.

Yet he was a most excellent warm-hearted person at bottom; straightforward and kind to the men; never blazoning or amplifying their faults, but generally, on the other hand, softening them; and often astonishing the poor fellows by his out-of-the-way and unexpected kindness and civility. Indeed, he plumed himself on the general polish of his manners, whether to equals or inferiors, and the "Gazelles" repaid the compliment by christening him, at one time, "Old B— Politeful," and "Davie Doublepipe" at another, from a peculiarity that we shall presently describe.

You must know, therefore, that this remarkable personage was possessed of a very uncommon accomplishment, being neither more nor less than a natural ventriloquist. For he had two distinct voices, as if he had been a sort of living double flageolet; one a *falsetto*, small and liquid, and clear as the note of an octave flute; the other sonorous and rough as the groaning of a trombone. In conversation, the alternations, apparently involuntary, were so startling and abrupt, that they sounded as if ever and anon the keys of the high and low notes of an organ had been alternately struck; so instantaneously were the small notes snapped off into the lower ones, and *vice versa*—so that a stranger would, in all probability, have concluded, had he not known the peculiarities of the Adonis, that a little midshipman was at one moment squeaking up the main-hatchway from the hold, and at the next answered by a boatswain's mate on deck. Indeed, while the Commodore and his subaltern pursued their rapid walk, backwards and forwards, on the quarter-deck, the fine, manly, sailor-like voice of the old man, as it intertwined with the octave-flute note and the grumbling bass of David Sprawl, like a three-strand rope of gold thread, silver thread, and tarry spunyarn, might have given cause to believe that the two were

accompanied in their perambulations by some invisible familiar, who chose to take part in the conversation, and to denote his presence through the ear, while to the eye he was but thin air.

Thus beloved by the men, to his brother-officers he was the most obliging and accommodating creature that ever was invented. Numberless were the petty feuds which he soldered, that, but for his warm-hearted intervention, might have eventuated in pistol-shots and gunpowder; and the mids of the ship actually adored him. If leave to go on shore, or any little immunity was desired by them, "Old B— Politeful" was the channel through which their requests ran; and if any bother was to be eschewed, or any little fault sheltered, or any sternness on the part of the Commodore or any of the lieutenants to be mollified—in fine, if any propitiation of the higher powers was required, who interceded but "Davie Doublepipe"?

The Cruise of the Midge.

THOMAS CARLYLE

1795—1881

I

NAVAL OCCASIONS

OBSERVE, however, beyond the Atlantic, has not the new day verily dawned! Democracy, as we said, is born; storm-girt, is struggling for life and victory. A sympathetic France rejoices over the Rights of Man; in all saloons, it is said "What a spectacle!" Now too behold our Deane, our Franklin, American Plenipotentiaries, here in person soliciting: the sons of the Saxon Puritans, with

their Old-Saxon temper, Old-Hebrew culture, sleek Silas, sleek Benjamin, here on such errand, among the light children of Heathenism, Monarchy, Sentimentalism, and the Scarlet Woman. A spectacle indeed; over which saloons may cackle joyous; though Kaiser Joseph, questioned on it, gave this answer, most unexpected from a Philosophe, "Madame, the trade I live by is that of Royalist" ["*Mon métier à moi c'est d'être royaliste*"].

So thinks little Maurepas too; but the wind of Philosphism and force of public opinion will blow him round. Best wishes, meanwhile, are sent; clandestine privateers armed. Paul Jones shall equip his *Bonhomme Richard*: weapons, military stores can be smuggled over [if the English do not seize them]; wherein, once more Beaumarchais, dimly as the Giant Smuggler, becomes visible,—filling his own lank pocket withal. But surely, in any case, France should have a Navy. For which great object were not now the time; now when the proud Termagant of the Seas has her hands full? It is true, an impoverished Treasury cannot build ships; but the hint once given [which Beaumarchais says *he* gave] this and the other loyal Seaport, Chamber of Commerce, will build and offer them. Goodly vessels bound into the waters; a *Ville de Paris*, Leviathan of ships.

And now when gratuitous three-deckers dance there at anchor, with streamers flying; and eleutheromaniac Philosophedom grows ever more clamorous, what can a Maurepas do—but gyrate? Squadrons cross the ocean: Gateses, Lees, rough Yankee Generals, "with woollen nightcaps under their hats," present arms to the far-glancing Chivalry of France; and new-born Democracy sees, not without amazement, "Despotism tempered by Epigrams" fight at her side. So, however, it is. King's forces and heroic volunteers; Rochambeaus, Bouillés, Lameths, Lafayettes, have drawn their swords in this

sacred quarrel of mankind;—shall draw them again elsewhere, in the strangest way.

Off Ushant some naval thunder is heard. In the course of which did our young Prince, Duke de Chartres, “hide in the hold”; or did he materially, by *active* heroism, contribute to the victory? Alas, by a second edition, we learn that there was no victory; or that English Keppel had it. Our poor young Prince gets his Opera plaudits changed into mocking tehees; and cannot become Grand-Admiral,—the source to him of woes which one may call endless.

Woe also for *Ville de Paris*, the Leviathan of ships! English Rodney has clutched it, and led it home, with the rest; so successful was his “new manœuvre of breaking the enemy’s line.” It seems as if, according to Louis XV, “France were never to have a Navy.” Brave Suffren must return from Hyder Ally and the Indian Waters; with small result; yet with great glory for “six” *non-defeats*;—which indeed, with such seconding as he had, one may reckon heroic. Let the old sea-hero rest now, honoured of France, in his native Cevennes mountains; send smoke, not of gunpowder but mere culinary smoke, through the old chimneys of the Castle of Jalès,—which one day, in other hands, shall have other fame¹. Brave La Peyrouse² shall by and by lift anchor, on philanthropic Voyage of Discovery; for the King knows Geography. But, alas, this also will not prosper: the brave Navigator goes, and returns not; the Seekers search far seas for him

¹ *Castle of Jalès*. A rendezvous for loyalist reactionaries during the Revolution; subsequently burned down by the peasantry.

² *La Peyrouse*. After distinguished service as a naval officer during the War of American Independence, La Peyrouse sailed on a voyage of discovery in 1785. He explored the Strait, now named after him, between Yezo and Sakhalin. But though he sent his journals home, he himself never returned. His ship was probably cast away upon some uncharted reef in the Pacific.

in vain. He has vanished trackless into blue Immensity; and only some mournful mysterious shadow of him hovers long in all heads and hearts.

Neither, while the War yet lasts, will Gibraltar surrender. Not though Crillon, Nassau-Siegen, with the ablest projectors extant, are there; and Prince Condé and Prince d'Artois have hastened to help. Wondrous leather-roofed Floating-batteries, set afloat by French-Spanish *Pacte de Famille*, give gallant summons: to which, nevertheless, Gibraltar answers Plutonically, with mere torrents of red-hot iron,—as if stone Calpe had become a throat of the Pit; and utters such a Doom's-blast of a *No*, as all men must credit.

And so, with this loud explosion, the noise of War has ceased; an Age of Benevolence may hope, forever. Our noble volunteers of Freedom have returned, to be her missionaries. Lafayette, as the matchless of his time, glitters in the Versailles Œil-de-Bœuf; has his Bust set up in the Paris Hôtel-de-Ville. Democracy stands inexpugnable, immeasurable, in her New World; has even a foot lifted towards the Old;—and our French finances, little strengthened by such work, are in no healthy way.

The French Revolution.

II

THE VENGEUR AT DEATH GRIPS

THE snows of Winter, the flowers of Summer continue to be stained with warlike blood. Gaelic impetuosity mounts ever higher with victory; spirit of Jacobinism weds itself to national vanity: the Soldiers of the Republic are becoming, as we prophesied, very Sons of Fire. Barefooted, barebacked: but with bread and iron you can get to China! It is one Nation against the whole world;

but the Nation has that within her which the whole world will not conquer. Cimmeria, astonished, recoils faster or slower; all round the Republic there rises fiery, as it were, a magic ring of musket volleying and *ça-ira-ing*. Majesty of Prussia, as Majesty of Spain, will by and by acknowledge his sins and the Republic; and make a peace of Bâle.

Foreign Commerce, Colonies, Factories in the East and in the West, are fallen or falling into the hands of sea-ruling Pitt, enemy of human nature. Nevertheless what sound is this that we hear, on the first of June 1794; sound as of war-thunder borne from the Ocean too, of tone most piercing? War-thunder from off the Brest waters: Villaret-Joyeuse and English Howe, after long manœuvring, have ranked themselves there; and are belching fire. The enemies of human nature are on their own element; cannot be conquered; cannot be kept from conquering. Twelve hours of raging cannonade; sun now sinking westward through the battle-smoke: six French Ships taken, the Battle lost; what Ship soever can still sail, making off! But how is it, then, with that *Vengeur* Ship, she neither strikes, nor makes off? She is lamed, she cannot make off; strike she will not. Fire rakes her fore and aft from victorious enemies; the *Vengeur* is sinking. Strong are ye, Tyrants of the sea; yet we also, are we weak? Lo! all flags, streamers, jacks, every rag of tricolour that will yet run on rope, fly rustling aloft: the whole crew crowds to the upper deck; and with universal soul-maddening yell, shouts *Vive la République*,—sinking, sinking. She staggers, she lurches, her last drunk whirl; Ocean yawns abysmal: down rushes the *Vengeur*, carrying *Vive la République* along with her, unconquerable, into Eternity. Let foreign Despots think of that. There is an Unconquerable in man, when he stands on his Rights of Man: let Despots

and Slaves and all people know this, and only them that stand on the Wrongs of Man tremble to know it.—So has History written, nothing doubting of the sunk *Vengeur*.

—Reader! Mendez Pinto, Münchausen, Cagliostro, Psalmanazar have been great; but they are not the greatest. O Barrère, Barrère, Anacreon of the Guillotine! must inquisitive pictorial History, in a new edition, ask again, “How *is* it with the *Vengeur*?” in this its glorious suicidal sinking; and, with resentful brush, dash a bend-sinister of contumelious lampblack through thee and it? Alas, Alas! The *Vengeur*, after fighting bravely, did sink altogether as other ships do, her captain and above two-hundred of her crew escaping gladly in British boats; and this same enormous inspiring Feat, and rumour “of sound most piercing,” turns out to be an enormous inspiring Non-entity, extant nowhere save, as falsehood, in the brain of Barrère! Actually so. Founded, like the World itself, on *Nothing*; proved by Convention Report, by solemn Convention Decree and Decrees, and wooden “*Model of the Vengeur*”; believed, bewept, besung by the whole French People to this hour, it may be regarded as Barrère’s masterpiece; the largest, most inspiring piece of *blague* manufactured, for some centuries, by any man or nation. As such, and not otherwise, be it henceforth memorable.

The French Revolution.

III

SOUND AND SMOKE AT SANTA CRUZ .

COURAGE, my Lord Protector! Blake even now, though as yet you know it not, is giving the Spaniards a terrible scorching for you, in the Port of Santa Cruz!—Worth noting: In those very minutes while the Lord Protector is speaking as above, there goes on far off, on

the Atlantic brine, under shadow of the Peak of Teneriffe, one of the fieriest actions ever fought by land or water; this action of the Sea King Blake at the Port of Santa Cruz. The case was this. Blake cruising on the coast of Spain, watching as usual for Plate Fleets, heard for certain that there was a Fleet actually come as far as the Canary Isles, and now lying in the Bay of Santa Cruz in Teneriffe there. Blake makes instant sail thither; arrives there still in time this Monday morning early; finds the Fleet fast moored in Santa Cruz Bay; rich silver-ships, strong war-ships, Sixteen as we count them; stronger almost than himself, and moored here under defences unassailable apparently by any mortal. Santa Cruz Bay is shaped as a horse-shoe: at the entrance are Castles, in the inner circuit are other Castles, Eight of them in all, bristling with great guns; war-ships moored at the entrance, war-frigates moored all round the beach, and men and gunners at command: one great magazine of sleeping thunder and destruction: to appearance, if you wish for sure suicide to run into, this must be it. Blake, taking measure of the business, runs into it, defying its loud thunder; much out-thunders it,—mere whirlwinds of fire and iron hail, the old Peak never heard the like;—silences the Castles, sinks or burns every sail in the Harbour; annihilates the Spanish Fleet; and then, the wind veering round in his favour, sails out again, leaving Santa Cruz Bay much astonished at him. It is the last action of the brave Blake; who, worn out with toil and sickness and a cruise of three years, makes homewards shortly after; dies within sight of Plymouth.

Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches.

EDGAR ALLAN POE

1809—1849

A SAIL! A SAIL!

[*The Grampus brig is waterlogged and her company perishing of want.*]

SHORTLY afterwards an incident occurred which I am induced to look upon as more intensely productive of emotion, as far more replete with the extremes first of delight and then of horror, than even any of the thousand chances which afterwards befell me in nine long years, crowded with events of the most startling and in many cases of the most unconceived and unconceivable character. We were lying on deck near the companion-way and debating the possibility of yet making our way into the storeroom when, looking towards Augustus, who lay fronting myself, I perceived that he had become all at once deadly pale and that his lips were quivering in the most singular and unaccountable manner. Greatly alarmed, I spoke to him, but he made me no reply and I was beginning to think that he was suddenly taken ill when I took notice of his eyes which were glaring, apparently at some object behind me. I turned my head and shall never forget the ecstatic joy which thrilled through every particle of my frame when I perceived a large brig bearing down upon us, and not more than a couple of miles off. I sprang to my feet as if a musket bullet had suddenly struck me in the heart; and stretching out my arms in the direction of the vessel, stood in this manner, motionless, and unable to articulate a syllable. Peters and Parker were equally affected, although in different ways. The former danced about the deck like a madman, uttering the most extravagant rhodomontades,

intermingled with howls and imprecations, while the latter burst into tears, and continued for many minutes weeping like a child.

The vessel in sight was a large hermaphrodite brig, of a Dutch build, and painted black, with a tawdry gilt figurehead. She had evidently seen a good deal of rough weather and we supposed had suffered much in the gale which had proved so disastrous to ourselves: for her fore topmast was gone and some of her starboard bulwarks. When we first saw her she was, as I have already said, about two miles off and to windward, bearing down upon us. The breeze was very gentle and what astonished us chiefly was that she had no other sails set than her foresail and mainsail, with a flying jib. Of course she came down but slowly and our impatience amounted nearly to frenzy. The awkward manner in which she steered, too, was remarked by all of us, even excited as we were. She yawed about so considerably, that once or twice we thought it impossible she could see us, or imagined that, having seen us and discovered no person on board, she was about to tack and make off in another direction. Upon each of these occasions we screamed and shouted at the top of our voices, when the stranger would appear to change for a moment her intention and again hold on towards us,—this singular conduct being repeated two or three times so that at last we could think of no other manner of accounting for it than by supposing the helmsman to be in liquor.

No person was seen upon her decks until she arrived within about a quarter of a mile of us. We then saw three seamen, whom by their dress we took to be Hollanders. Two of these were lying on some old sails near the fore-castle and the third, who appeared to be looking at us with great curiosity, was leaning over the starboard bow near the bowsprit. This last was a stout and tall man,

with a very dark skin. He seemed by his manner to be encouraging us to have patience, nodding to us in a cheerful although rather odd way, and smiling constantly so as to display a set of the most brilliantly white teeth. As his vessel drew nearer, we saw a red flannel cap which he had on fall from his head into the water. But of this he took little or no notice, continuing his odd smiles and gesticulations. I relate these things and circumstances minutely, and I relate them, it must be understood, precisely as they *appeared* to us.

The brig came on slowly, and now more steadily than before and—I cannot speak calmly of this event—our hearts leaped up wildly within us, and we poured out our whole souls in shouts and thanksgivings to God for the complete, unexpected, and glorious deliverance that was palpably at hand.

Of a sudden and all at once there came wafted over the ocean from the strange vessel [which was now close upon us] a smell, a stench, such as the whole world has no name for—no conception of—hellish—utterly suffocating—insufferable—inconceivable. I gasped for breath and turning to my companions perceived that they were paler than marble. But we had now no time left for question or surmise. The brig was within fifty feet of us, and it seemed to be her intention to run under our counter, that we might board her without her putting out a boat. We rushed aft, when, suddenly, a wide yaw threw her off full five or six points from the course she had been running, and as she passed under our stern at the distance of about twenty feet we had a full view of her decks. Shall I ever forget the triple horror of that spectacle? Twenty-five or thirty human bodies, among whom were several females, lay scattered about between the counter and the galley in the last and most loathsome state of putrefaction. We plainly saw that not a soul

lived in that fated vessel! Yet we could not help shouting to the dead for help! Yes, long and loudly did we beg, in the agony of the moment, that those silent and disgusting images would stay for us, would not abandon us to become like them, would receive us among their goodly company! We were raving with horror and despair—thoroughly mad through the anguish of our grievous disappointment.

As our loud yell of terror broke forth it was replied to by something from near the bowsprit of the stranger, so closely resembling the scream of a human voice that the nicest ear might have been startled and deceived. At this instant another sudden yaw brought the region of the forecastle for a moment into view, and we beheld at once the origin of the sound. We saw the tall stout figure still leaning on the bulwark, and still nodding his head to and fro, but his face was now turned from us so that we could not behold it. His arms were extended over the rail, and the palms of his hands fell outward. His knees were lodged upon a stout rope, tightly stretched, and reaching from the heel of the bowsprit to a cathead. On his back, from which a portion of the shirt had been torn, leaving it bare, there sat a huge seagull, busily gorging itself with the horrible flesh, its bill and talons deeply buried and its white plumage spattered all over with blood. As the brig moved farther round so as to bring us close in view, the bird, with much apparent difficulty, drew out its crimsoned head, and after eyeing us for a moment as if stupefied, arose lazily from the body upon which it had been feasting and, flying directly above our deck, hovered there a while with a portion of clotted and liver-like substance in its beak. The horrid morsel dropped at length with a sullen splash immediately at the feet of Parker. May God forgive me, but now, for the first time, there flashed through my mind a thought, a thought which I will not mention, and I felt myself making

a step towards the ensanguined spot. I looked upward, and the eyes of Augustus met my own with a degree of intense and eager meaning which immediately brought me to my senses. I sprang forward quickly and with a deep shudder threw the frightful thing into the sea.

Arthur Gordon Pym.

LEIGH HUNT

1784—1859

I

SEAMEN ON SHORE

THE sole business of a seaman on shore, who has to go to sea again, is to take as much pleasure as he can. The moment he sets his foot on dry ground he turns his back on all salt beef and other salt-water restrictions. His long absence, and the impossibility of getting land pleasures at sea, put him upon a sort of desperate appetite. He lands, like a conqueror taking possession. He has been debarred so long, that he is resolved to have that matter out with the inhabitants. They must render an account to him of their treasures, their women, their victualling-stores, their entertainments, their everything; and in return he will behave like a gentleman and scatter his gold.

His first sensation on landing is the strange firmness of the earth, which he goes treading in a sort of heavy light way, half waggoner and half dancing-master, his shoulders rolling, and his feet touching and going; the same way, in short, in which he keeps himself prepared for all the chances of the vessel, when on deck. There is always this appearance of lightness of foot and heavy strength of upper works in a sailor. And he feels it

himself. He lets his jacket fly open, and his shoulders slouch, and his hair grow long, to be gathered into a heavy pigtail; but when full dressed he prides himself on a certain gentility of toe, on a white stocking and a *natty* shoe, issuing lightly out of the flowing blue trouser. His arms are neutral, hanging and swinging in a curve aloof; his hands half open, as if they had just been handling ropes, and had no object in life but to handle them again. He is proud of appearing in a new hat and slops, with a Belcher handkerchief flowing loosely round his neck, and the corner of another out of his pocket.

Thus equipped, with pinchbeck buckles in his shoes [which he bought for gold], he puts some tobacco in his mouth, not as if he were going to use it directly but as if he stuffed it in a pouch on one side, as a pelican does fish, to employ it hereafter; and so, with Bet Monson at his side, and perhaps a cane or whangee twisted under his other arm, sallies forth to take possession of all Lubberland. He buys everything that he comes athwart—nuts, gingerbread, apples, shoe-strings, beer, brandy, gin, buckles, knives, a watch [two, if he has money enough], gowns and handkerchiefs for Bet and his mother and sisters, dozens of “Superfine Best Men’s Cotton Stockings,” dozens of “Superfine Best Women’s Cotton Ditto,” best good Check for Shirts [though he has too many already], infinite needles and thread [to sew his trousers with some day], a footman’s laced hat, Bear’s Grease, to make his hair grow [by way of joke], several sticks, all sorts of Jew articles, a flute [which he can’t play, and never intends], a leg of mutton, which he carries somewhere to roast, and for a piece of which the landlord of the *Ship* makes him pay twice what he gave for the whole; in short, all that money can be spent upon, which is everything but medicine gratis, and this he would insist on paying for. He would buy all the painted

parrots on an Italian's head, on purpose to break them, rather than not spend his money. He has fiddles and a dance at the *Ship*, with oceans of flip and grog; and gives the blind fiddler tobacco for sweetmeats, and half-a-crown for treading on his toe. He asks the landlady, with a sigh, after her daughter Nance, who first fired his heart with her silk stockings; and finding that she is married and in trouble, leaves five half-crowns for her, which the old lady appropriates as part payment for a shilling in advance.

He goes to the Port playhouse with Bet Monson, and a great red handkerchief full of apples, gingerbread nuts, and fresh beef; calls out for the fiddlers and *Rule Britannia*; pelts Tom Sikes in the pit; and compares Othello to the black ship's cook in his white nightcap. When he comes to London, he and some messmates take a hackney-coach, full of Bet Monsons and tobacco-pipes, and go through the streets smoking and lolling out of window.

He has ever been cautious of venturing on horseback, and among his other sights in foreign parts, relates with unfeigned astonishment how he had seen the Turks ride. "Only," says he, guarding against the hearer's incredulity, "they have saddleboxes to hold 'em in, fore and aft, and shovels like for stirrups." He will tell you how the Chinese drink, and the *Negurs* dance, and the monkeys pelt you with coco-nuts; and how King Domy would have built him a mud hut and made him a peer of the realm, if he would have stopped with him, and taught him to make trousers.

He has a sister at a "School for Young Ladies," who blushes with a mixture of pleasure and shame at his appearance; and whose confusion he completes by slipping fourpence into her hand, and saying out loud that he has "no more copper" about him. His mother

and elder sisters at home dote on all he says and does; telling him, however, that he is a great sea-fellow, and was always wild ever since he was a hop-o'-my-thumb, no higher than the window locker. He tells his mother that she would be a duchess in Paranaboo; at which the portly old dame laughs and looks proud. When his sisters complain of his romping, he says that they are only sorry that it is not the baker. He frightens them with a mask made after the New Zealand fashion, and is forgiven for his learning. Their mantelpiece is filled by him with shells and shark's teeth; and when he goes to sea again, there is no end of tears, and "God bless you's!" and home-made gingerbread.

His officer on shore does much of all this, only, generally in a higher taste. The moment he lands he buys quantities of jewellery and other valuables, for all the females of his acquaintance; and is taken in for every article. He sends in a cart-load of fresh meat to the ship, though he is going to town next day; and calling in at a chandler's for some candles, is persuaded to buy a dozen of green wax, with which he lights up the ship at evening; regretting that the fine moonlight hinders the effect of the colour. A man, with a bundle beneath his arm, accosts him in an undertone; and, with a look in which respect for his knowledge is mixed with an avowed zeal for his own interest, asks if his Honour will just step under the gangway here and inspect some real India shawls. The gallant Lieutenant says to himself, "This fellow knows what's what, by his face"; and so he proves it, by being taken in on the spot. When he brings the shawls home he says to his sister, with an air of triumph, "There, Poll, there's something for you; only cost me twelve, and is worth twenty if it's worth a dollar." She turns pale—"Twenty what, my dear George? Why, you haven't given twelve dollars for it I hope?"—"Not

I, by the Lord."—"That's lucky; because you see, my dear George, that all together is not worth more than fourteen or fifteen shillings." "Fourteen or fifteen what! Why it's real India, en't it? Why the fellow told me so; or I'm sure I'd as soon"—[here he tries to hide his blushes with a bluster]—"I'd as soon have given him twelve douses on the chaps as twelve guineas."—"Twelve guineas!" exclaims the sister; and then drawling forth, "Why—my—*dear* George," is proceeding to show what the articles would have cost at Condell's, when he interrupts her by requesting her to go and choose for herself a tea-table service. He then makes his escape to some messmates at a coffee-house, and drowns his recollection of the shawls in the best wine, and a discussion on the comparative merits of the English and West-Indian beauties and tables....

He is nice in his watches and linen. He makes you presents of cornelians, antique seals, coco-nuts set in silver, and other valuables. When he shakes hands with you, it is like being caught in a windlass. He would not swagger about the streets in his uniform for the world. He is generally modest in company, though liable to be irritated by what he thinks ungentlemanly behaviour. He is also liable to be rendered irritable by sickness; partly because he has been used to command others, and to be served with all possible deference and alacrity; and partly, because the idea of suffering pain, without any honour or profit to get by it, is unprofessional, and he is not accustomed to it.

He treats talents unlike his own with great respect. He often perceives his own so little felt, that it teaches him this feeling for that of others. Besides, he admires the quantity of information which people can get, without travelling like himself; especially when he sees how interesting his own becomes, to them as well as to every-

body else. When he tells a story, particularly if full of wonders, he takes care to maintain his character for truth and simplicity, by qualifying it with all possible reservations, concessions, and anticipations of objection; such as, "in case," "at such times as," "so to speak," "as it were," "at least," "at any rate." He seldom uses sea-terms but when jocosely provoked by something contrary to his habits of life; as, for instance, if he is always meeting you on horseback, he asks if you never mean to walk the deck again; or if he finds you studying day after day, he says you are overhauling your log-book.

He makes more new acquaintances, and forgets his old ones less, than any other man in the busy world; for he is so compelled to make his home everywhere, remembers his native one as such a place of enjoyment, has all his friendly recollections so fixed upon his mind at sea, and has so much to tell and to hear when he returns, that change and separation lose with him the most heartless part of their nature. He also sees such a variety of customs and manners, that he becomes charitable in his opinions altogether; and charity, while it diffuses the affections, cannot let the old ones go. Half the secret of human intercourse is to make allowance for each other.

When the officer is superannuated or retires, he becomes, if intelligent and inquiring, one of the most agreeable old men in the world, equally welcome to the silent for his card-playing, and to the conversational for his recollections. He is fond of astronomy and books of voyages, and is immortal with all who know him for having been round the world, or seen the transit of Venus, or had one of his fingers carried off by a New Zealand hatchet, or a present of feathers from an Otaheitan beauty. If not elevated by his acquirements above some of his humbler tastes, he delights in a corner-cupboard, holding his coco-nuts and punch bowl; has his summer-house

castellated and planted with wooden cannon; and sets up the figure of his old ship, the *Britannia* or the *Lovely Nancy*, for a statue in the garden; where it stares eternally with red cheeks and round black eyes, as if in astonishment at its situation.

Collected Essays.

II

GANGWAY!

WHEN I entered the school, I was shown three gigantic boys, young men rather [for the eldest was between seventeen and eighteen], who, I was told, were going to the University. These were the Grecians. They were the three head boys of the Grammar School and were understood to have their destiny fixed for the Church. The next class to these, like a College of Cardinals to those three Popes [for every Grecian was in our eyes infallible], were the Deputy Grecians. The former were supposed to have completed their Greek studies, and were deep in Sophocles and Euripides. The latter were thought equally competent to tell you anything respecting Homer and Demosthenes.

These two classes, and the head boys of the Navigation School¹, held a certain rank over the whole place, both in school and out. Indeed, the whole of the Navigation School, upon the strength of cultivating their valour for the Navy, and being called King's Boys, had succeeded in establishing an extraordinary pretension to respect. This they sustained in a manner as laughable to call to mind as it was grave in its reception. It was an etiquette among them never to move out of a right line as they walked, whoever stood in their way. I believe there was

¹ Christ's Hospital, where Leigh Hunt was at school, specialized in the education of those who eventually obtained a *Master's* warrant to navigate His Majesty's ships.

a secret understanding with Grecians and Deputy Grecians, the former of whom were unquestionably lords paramount in point of fact, and stood and walked aloof when all the rest of the school were marshalled in bodies. I do not remember any clashing between these civil and naval powers; but I remember well my astonishment when I first beheld some of my little comrades overthrown by the progress of one of these very straight forward marine personages, who walked on with as tranquil and unconscious a face as if nothing had happened. It was not a fierce-looking push. There seemed to be no intention in it. The insolence lay in the boy not appearing to know that such inferior creatures existed. It was always thus, wherever he came. If aware, the boys got out of his way; if not, down they went, one or more. Away rolled the top or the marbles, and on walked the future captain—

In maiden navigation, frank and free.

Autobiography.

RICHARD HENRY DANA

1815—1882

I

“MAN OVERBOARD!”

Monday, November 17th. This was a black day in our calendar. At seven o'clock in the morning we were aroused from a sound sleep by the cry of “All hands ahoy! a man overboard!” This unwonted cry sent a thrill through the heart of every one, and hurrying on deck, we found the vessel hove flat aback¹, with all her

¹ *Hove flat aback.* The position into which a ship is put so that all her sails may be blown with their after surfaces against the mast. By this means the vessel is given stern way.

studding-sails set; for the boy who was at the helm left it to throw something overboard, and the carpenter, who was an old sailor, knowing that the wind was light, put the helm down and hove her aback. The watch on deck were lowering away the quarter-boat¹, and I got on deck just in time to heave myself into her as she was leaving the side; but it was not until out upon the wide Pacific in our little boat that I knew we had lost George Ballmer, a young English sailor, who was prized by the officers as an active and willing seaman, and by the crew as a lively, hearty fellow, and a good shipmate. He was going aloft to fit a strap round the main topmast-head for ringtail² halyards, and had the strap and block, a coil of halyards, and a marline-spike about his neck. He fell from the starboard futtock shrouds³, and not knowing how to swim, and being heavily dressed, with all those things round his neck, he probably sank immediately. We pulled astern in the direction in which he fell, and though we knew that there was no hope of saving him, yet no one wished to speak of returning, and we rowed about for nearly an hour without the hope of doing anything, but unwilling to acknowledge to ourselves that we must give him up. At length we turned the boat's head and made towards the vessel.

Death is at all times solemn, but never so much so as at sea. When a man falls overboard at sea and is lost there is a suddenness in the event, and a difficulty in realizing it, which give to it an air of awful mystery. Then, too, at sea—to use a homely but expressive phrase

¹ *Quarter-boat*. A boat hung at davits over the ship's quarter.

² *Ringtail*. A kind of studding-sail used for fore and aft canvas. The ship in which Dana served his time was the *Pilgrim*, an American brig.

³ *Futtock shrouds*. The ropes or chains that secure the topmast rigging to a band round the lower mast. They serve as a connecting ladder between the Lower-Mast shrouds and the shrouds of the topmast.

—you *miss* a man so much. A dozen men are shut up together in a little bark upon the wide sea, and for months and months see no forms and hear no voices but their own, and one is taken suddenly from among them, and they miss him at every turn.

All these things make such a death peculiarly solemn, and the effect of it remains upon the crew for some time. There is more kindness shown by the officers to the crew, and by the crew to one another. There is more quietness and seriousness. The officers are more watchful, and the crew go more carefully aloft. The lost man is seldom mentioned, or is dismissed with a sailor's rude eulogy—"Well, poor George is gone! His cruise is up soon! He knew his work, and did his duty, and was a good ship-mate."

We had hardly returned on board with our sad report, before an auction was held of the poor man's clothes. The captain had first, however, called all hands aft and asked them if they were satisfied that everything had been done to save the man, and if they thought there was any use in remaining there longer. The crew all said that it was in vain, for the man did not know how to swim, and was very heavily dressed. So we then filled away, and kept her off to her course.

The laws regulating navigation make the captain answerable for the effects of a sailor who dies during the voyage, and it is either a law or a universal custom, established for convenience, that the captain should immediately hold an auction of his things, in which they are bid off by the sailors, and the sums which they give are deducted from their wages at the end of the voyage. Accordingly, we had no sooner got the ship before the wind than his chest was brought up upon the fore-castle, and the sale began. The jackets and trousers in which we had seen him dressed but a few days before were

exposed and bid off while the life was hardly out of his body, and his chest was taken aft and used as a store-chest, so that there was nothing left which could be called *his*.

The night after this event, when I went to the galley to get a light, I found the cook inclined to be talkative, so I sat down on the spars and gave him an opportunity to hold a yarn. He talked about George's having spoken of his friends, and said he believed few men died without having a warning of it, which he supported by a great many stories of dreams, and the unusual behaviour of men before death. From this he went on to other superstitions—the Flying Dutchman, etc.—and talked rather mysteriously, having something evidently on his mind. At length he put his head out of the galley and looked carefully about to see if any one was within hearing, and, being satisfied on that point, asked me, in a low tone,

"I say, you know what countryman 'e carpenter be?"

"Yes," said I; "he's a German."

"What kind of a German?" said the cook.

"He belongs to Bremen," said I.

"Are you sure o' dat?" said he.

I satisfied him on that point by saying that he could speak no language but the German and English.

"I'm plaguy glad o' dat," said the cook. "I was mighty afraid he was a Finn."

I asked him the reason of this, and found that he was fully possessed with the notion that Finns are wizards, and especially have power over winds and storms. I tried to reason with him about it, but he had the best of all arguments, that from experience, at hand, and was not to be moved. He had been in a vessel at the Sandwich Islands in which the sailmaker was a Finn, and could do anything he felt inclined to do. This sailmaker kept a junk bottle in his berth, which was always just

half full of rum, though he got drunk upon it nearly every day.

He had heard of ships, too, beating up the Gulf of Finland against a head wind, and having a ship heave in sight astern, overhaul, and pass them, with as fair a wind as could blow and all studding-sails out, and find she was from Finland.

"Oh, oh," said he; "I've seen too much of them men to want to see 'em 'board a ship."

As I still doubted, he said he would leave it to John, who was the oldest seaman aboard, and would know if anybody did. John, to be sure, was the oldest, and at the same time the most ignorant man in the ship; but I consented to have him called. The cook stated the matter to him, and John, as I anticipated, sided with the cook, and said that he himself had been in a ship where they had a head wind for a fortnight, and the captain found out at last that one of the men, whom he had had some hard words with a short time before, was a Finn, and immediately told him if he didn't stop the head wind he would shut him down in the fore-peak. The Finn would not give in, and the captain shut him down in the fore-peak, and would not give him anything to eat. The Finn held out for a day and a half, when he could not stand it any longer, and did something or other which brought the wind round again, and they let him up.

"There," said the cook, "what do you think o' dat?"

I told him I had no doubt it was true, and that it would have been odd if the wind had not changed in fifteen days, Finn or no Finn.

Two Years Before the Mast.

II

A SAVAGE AND MERCILESS TYRANT

FOR several days the captain seemed very much out of humour. He quarrelled with the cook, and threatened to flog him for throwing wood on deck; and had a dispute with the mate about reeving a Spanish burton¹, the mate saying that he was right, and had been taught how to do it by a man *who was a sailor!* This the captain took in dudgeon, and they were at swords' points at once. But his displeasure was chiefly turned against a large, heavy-moulded fellow, from the Middle States, who was called Sam. This man hesitated in his speech, and was rather slow in his motions, but was a pretty good sailor, and always seemed to do his best; but the captain took a dislike to him, found fault with everything he did, and hazed² him for dropping a marline-spike from the main-yard, where he was at work. We worked late on Friday night, and were turned-to early on Saturday morning. About ten o'clock the captain ordered our new officer, Russell, to get the gig ready to take him ashore. John, the Swede, was sitting in the boat alongside, and Russell and myself were standing by the main hatchway, waiting for the captain, who was down in the hold, where the men were at work, when we heard his voice raised in violent dispute with somebody. Then came blows and scuffling. I ran to the side and beckoned to John, who came up, and we leaned down the hatchway; and though we could see no one, yet we knew that the captain had the advantage, for his voice was loud and clear:—

“You see your condition! Will you ever give me any more of your *jaw*?” No answer; and then came

¹ *Spanish burton*. A purchase employing three single blocks or two single blocks and a hook.

² *To haze*. To punish a man by making him do unnecessary work.

wrestling and heaving, as though the man was trying to turn him. "You may as well keep still, for I have got you," said the captain. Then came the question, "Will you ever give me any more of your jaw?"

"I never gave you any, sir," said Sam; for it was his voice that we heard.

"That's not what I ask you. Will you ever be impudent to me again?"

"I never have been, sir," said Sam.

"Answer my question, or I'll make a spread-eagle of you!"

"I'm no negro slave," said Sam.

"Then I'll make you one," said the captain; and he came to the hatchway and sprang on deck, threw off his coat, and rolling up his sleeves, called out to the mate, "Seize that man up, Mr. A——! seize him up! Make a spread-eagle of him! I'll teach you all who is master aboard!"

The crew and officers followed the captain up the hatchway, and after repeated orders the mate laid hold of Sam, who made no resistance, and carried him to the gangway.

"What are you going to flog that man for, sir?" said John, the Swede, to the captain.

Upon hearing this the captain turned upon him, but, knowing him to be quick and resolute, he ordered the steward to bring the irons, and calling upon Russell to help him, went up to John.

"Let me alone," said John. "You need not use any force"; and putting out his hands, the captain slipped the irons on, and sent him aft to the quarter-deck. Sam by this time was seized *up*—that is, placed against the shrouds, with his wrists made fast to the shrouds, his jacket off, and his back exposed. The captain stood on the break of the deck, a few feet from him, and a little

raised, so as to have a good swing at him, and held in his hand the bight of a thick, strong rope. The officers stood round, and the crew grouped together in the waist. All these preparations made me feel sick and almost faint, angry and excited as I was. A man—a human being, made in God's likeness—fastened up and flogged like a beast! The first and almost uncontrollable impulse was resistance. But what was to be done? The time for it had gone by. The two best men were fast, and there were only two beside myself, and a small boy of ten or twelve years of age. And then there were, beside the captain, three officers, steward, agent, and clerk. But beside the numbers, what is there for sailors to do? If they resist, it is mutiny; and if they succeed, and take the vessel, it is piracy. Bad as it was it must be borne. It is what a sailor ships for. Swinging the rope over his head, and bending his body so as to give it full force, the captain brought it down upon the poor fellow's back. Once, twice—six times. "Will you ever give me any more of your jaw?" The man writhed with pain, but said not a word. Three times more. This was too much, and he muttered something which I could not hear. This brought as many more as the man could stand, when the captain ordered the man to be cut down and to go forward.

"Now for you," said the captain, making up to John, and taking his irons off. As soon as he was loose, he ran forward to the forecastle. "Bring that man aft!" shouted the captain. The second mate, who had been a shipmate of John's, stood still in the waist, and the mate walked slowly forward; but our third officer, anxious to show his zeal, sprang over the windlass and laid hold of John; but he soon threw him from him. At this moment I would have given worlds for the power to help the poor fellow; but it was all in vain. The captain stood on the quarter-deck, bareheaded, his eyes

flashing with rage, and his face as red as blood, swinging the rope, and calling out to his officers, "Drag him aft! Lay hold of him! I'll *sweeten* him!" etc., etc.

The mate now went forward and told John quietly to go aft; and he, seeing resistance was in vain, threw the blackguard third mate from him, said he would go aft of himself, that they should not drag him, and went up to the gangway and held out his hands; but as soon as the captain began to make him fast the indignity was too much, and he began to resist; but the mate and Russell holding him, he was soon seized up. When he was made fast he turned to the captain, who stood turning up his sleeves and getting ready for the blow, and asked him what he was to be flogged for. "Have I ever refused my duty, sir? Have you ever known me to hang back, or to be insolent, or not to know my work?"

"No," said the captain; "it is not that that I flog you for; I flog you for your interference—for asking questions."

"Can't a man ask a question here without being flogged?"

"No," shouted the captain; "nobody shall open his mouth aboard this vessel but myself"; and began laying the blows upon his back, swinging half round between each blow to give it full effect. As he went on his passion increased, and he danced about the deck, calling out as he swung the rope, "If you want to know what I flog you for, I'll tell you. It's because I like to do it!—because I like to do it!—It suits me! That's what I do it for!"

The man writhed under the pain. My blood ran cold. I could look on no longer. Disgusted, sick, and horror-struck, I turned away and leaned over the rail and looked down into the water. A few rapid thoughts of my own situation, and of the prospect of future revenge, crossed

my mind; but the falling of the blows and the cries of the man called me back at once. At length they ceased, and, turning round, I found that the mate, at a signal from the captain, had cut him down.

Almost doubled up with pain the man walked slowly forward, and went down into the fore-castle. Everyone else stood still at his post, while the captain, swelling with rage, and with the importance of his achievement, walked the quarter-deck, and at each turn, as he came forward, calling out to us, "You see your condition! You see where I've got you all, and you know what to expect! You've been mistaken in me—you didn't know what I was! Now you know what I am!—I'll make you toe the mark, every soul of you, or I'll flog you all, fore and aft, from the boy up!—You've got a driver over you! Yes, a *slave-driver*—a *negro-driver*!"

With this and the like matter, equally calculated to quiet us, and to allay any apprehensions of future trouble, he entertained us for about ten minutes, when he went below. Soon after John came aft, with his bare back covered with stripes and wales in every direction, and dreadfully swollen, and asked the steward to ask the captain to let him have some salve or balsam to put upon it.

"No," said the captain, who heard him from below; "tell him to put his shirt on; that's the best thing for him; and pull me ashore in the boat. Nobody is going to lay-up on board this vessel." He then called Mr. Russell to take those two men and two others in the boat and pull him ashore. I went for one. The two men could hardly bend their backs, and the captain called to them to "give way, give way;" but finding they did their best he let them alone.

The agent was in the stern-sheets, but during the whole pull not a word was spoken. We landed; the

captain, agent, and officer went up to the house, and left us with the boat. I, and the man with me, stayed near the boat, while John and Sam walked slowly away and sat down on the rocks. They talked some time together, but at length separated, each sitting alone.

After the day's work was done we went down into the forecastle and ate our supper, but not a word was spoken. It was Saturday night, but there was no song—no *Sweethearts and Wives*. A gloom was over everything. The two men lay in their berths groaning with pain, and we all turned in—but, for myself, not to sleep. A sound coming now and then from the berths of the two men showed that they were awake, as awake they must have been, for they could hardly lie in one posture a moment; the dim, swinging lamp of the forecastle shed its light over the dark hole in which we lived; and many and various reflections and purposes coursed through my mind. I thought of our situation, living under a tyranny; of the character of the country we were in; of the length of the voyage, and of the uncertainty attending our return to America; and then, if we should return, of the prospect of obtaining justice and satisfaction for these poor men; and vowed that, if ever I should have the means, I would do something to redress the grievances and relieve the sufferings of that poor class of beings of whom I then was one.

Two Years before the Mast.

III

THE SAILORMAN AND HIS MEMORY

THIS leads me to speak of my watchmate for nine months, and, taking him all in all, the most remarkable man I have ever seen—Tom Harris. An hour every night, while lying in port, Harris and myself had the

deck to ourselves, and walking fore and aft, night after night for months, I learned his whole character and history, and more about foreign nations, the habits of different people, and especially the secret of sailors' lives and hardships, and also of practical seamanship, than I could ever have learned. But the most remarkable thing about him was the power of his mind. His memory was perfect; seeming to form a regular chain, reaching from his earliest childhood up to the time I knew him, without one link wanting. His power of calculation, too, was remarkable. He carried in his head not only a log-book of the whole voyage, in which everything was complete and accurate, and from which no one ever thought of appealing, but also an accurate registry of all the cargo; knowing precisely where each thing was, and how many hides we took in at every port. One night he made a rough calculation of the number of hides that could be stowed in the lower hold, between the fore and main mast, and the average area and thickness of a hide; he came surprisingly near the number, as it afterwards turned out. The mate frequently came to him to know the capacity of different parts of the vessel, and he could tell the sailmaker very nearly the amount of canvas he would want for each sail in the ship; for he knew the hoist of every mast, and spread of every sail, on the head and foot, in feet and inches. Calculation of all kinds was his delight. I doubt if he ever forgot anything that he read. The only thing in the way of poetry that he ever read was Falconer's *Shipwreck*, which he was delighted with, and whole pages of which he could repeat. He knew the name of every sailor that had ever been his shipmate, and also of every vessel, captain, and officer, and the principal dates of each voyage. His reasoning powers were remarkable. I have had harder work maintaining an argument with him in a watch,

even when I knew myself to be right, and he was only doubting, than I ever had before—not from his obstinacy, but from his acuteness. With an iron memory, he seemed to have your whole past conversation at command, and if you said a thing now which ill agreed with something said months before, he was sure to have you on the hip. In fact, I always felt, when with him, that I was with no common man. I had a positive respect for his powers of mind, and felt often that if half the pains had been spent upon his education which are thrown away yearly in our colleges, he would have been a man of great weight in society. Like most self-taught men, he over-estimated the value of an education; and this I often told him, though I profited by it myself; for he always treated me with respect, and often unnecessarily gave way to me from an over-estimate of my knowledge.

I recollect his posing me once on the subject of the Corn Laws. He asked me my opinion about them, which I gave him; and my reasons, my small stock of which I set forth to the best advantage. When I had got through, he took the liberty of differing from me; and, to my surprise, brought arguments and facts connected with the subject which were new to me, and to which I was entirely unable to reply. He knew every lunar star in both hemispheres, and was a perfect master of his quadrant and sextant. Such was the man who, at forty, was still a dog before the mast, at twelve dollars a month. The reason of this was to be found in his whole past life, as I had it, at different times, from himself.

He was a native of Ilfracombe, in North Devon. His father was skipper of a small coaster from Bristol, and dying, left him, when quite young, to the care of his mother, by whose exertions he received a common school

education, passing his winters at school and his summers in the coasting trade, until his seventeenth year, when he left home to go upon foreign voyages. Of his mother he often spoke with the greatest respect, and said that she was a strong-minded woman, and had the best system of education he had ever known—a system which had made respectable men of his three brothers, and failed only in him from his own indomitable obstinacy. It was no fault of hers that he was what I saw him; and so great was his sense of gratitude for her efforts, though unsuccessful, that he determined at the close of the voyage to embark for home with all the wages he could get, to spend with and for his mother, if perchance he should find her alive.

After leaving home he had spent nearly twenty years sailing upon all sorts of voyages, generally out of the ports of New York and Boston. Twenty years of vice! Every sin that a sailor knows he had gone to the bottom of. Several times, from his known capacity, he had been promoted to the office of chief mate, and as often his conduct when in port, especially his drunkenness, which neither fear nor ambition could induce him to abandon, put him back into the fore-castle. One night, when giving me an account of his life, and lamenting the years of manhood he had thrown away, he said that there, in the fore-castle, at the foot of the steps—a chest of old clothes—was the result of twenty-two years' hard labour and exposure—worked like a horse, and treated like a dog. As he grew older he began to feel the necessity of some provision for his later years, and came gradually to the conviction that rum had been his worst enemy. One night, in Havana, a young shipmate of his was brought aboard drunk, with a dangerous gash in his head, and his money and new clothes stripped from him. Harris had seen and been in hundreds of such scenes as

these, but in his then state of mind it fixed his determination, and he resolved never to drink another drop of strong drink of any kind. He signed no pledge and made no vow, but relied on his own strength of purpose. The first thing with him was a reason, and then a resolution, and the thing was done. The date of his resolution he knew, of course, to the very hour. It was three years before I knew him, and during all that time nothing stronger than cider or coffee had passed his lips. The sailors never thought of enticing Tom to take a glass, any more than they would of talking to the ship's compass.

He understood the management of a ship upon scientific principles, and could give the reason for hauling every rope; and a long experience, added to careful observation at the time, and a perfect memory, gave him a knowledge of the expedients and resorts in times of hazard which was remarkable, and for which I became much indebted to him, as he took the greatest pleasure in opening his stores of information to me in return for what I was enabled to do for him.

In fact, taking together all that I learned from him of seamanship, of the history of sailors' lives, of practical wisdom, and of human nature under new circumstances, I would not part with the hours I spent in the watch with that man for any given hours of my life passed in study and social intercourse.

Two Years before the Mast.

GEORGE BORROW

1803—1881

IN THE BAY OF BISCAY

AT the commencement of November, 1836, I again found myself on the salt water, on my way to Spain. I had returned to England for the purpose of consulting with my friends, and for planning the opening of a biblical campaign in Spain. It was now determined by us to print the New Testament, with as little delay as possible, at Madrid; and I was to be entrusted with the somewhat arduous task of its distribution.

I embarked in the Thames, on board the *M*——¹ steamer. We had a most unpleasant passage to Falmouth. The ship was crowded with passengers. Most of them were poor consumptive individuals and other invalids fleeing from the cold blasts of England's winter to the sunny shores of Portugal and Madeira. In a more uncomfortable vessel, especially steamship, it has never been my fate to make a voyage². The berths were small

¹ *Manchester*.

² Experiments in the construction of vessels propelled by steam were conducted in this country as early as 1788. But it was not until 1811 that the first real steamship appeared. The *Comet*—for so she was called—was built on the Clyde. She made her first trip in January, 1812, and plied regularly between Glasgow and Greenock. She was forty feet long and measured twenty-five tons. She was a paddle-wheel vessel and travelled at the rate of five miles an hour.

In 1819 the first attempt was made to cross the Atlantic under steam. The *Savannah*, a full-rigged sailing vessel of 350 tons, left New York on 24th May and arrived at Liverpool on 20th June. But her paddle-wheels were on deck most of the way: and of the 707 hours during which the journey lasted the vessel was under steam for eighty hours only. She had however one satisfaction. Off the

and insupportably close, and of these wretched holes mine was amongst the worst, the rest having been bespoken before I arrived on board; so that to avoid the suffocation which seemed to threaten me should I enter it, I lay upon the floor of one of the cabins throughout the voyage. We remained at Falmouth twenty-four hours, taking in coal, and repairing the engine, which had sustained considerable damage.

On Monday, the 7th, we again started, and made for the Bay of Biscay. The sea was high, and the wind strong and contrary; nevertheless, on the morning of the fourth day, we were in sight of the rocky coast to the north of Cape Finisterre. I must here observe, that this was the first voyage that the captain who commanded the vessel had ever made on board of her, and that he knew little or nothing of the coast towards which we were bearing. He was a person picked up in a hurry, the former captain having resigned his command on the ground that the ship was not seaworthy, and that the engines were frequently unserviceable. I was not acquainted with these circumstances at the time, or perhaps I should have felt more

coast of Ireland she was pursued by a revenue cruiser who laboured under the belief that she had caught fire.

In 1820 a steamer called the *Conde de Palmella* sailed from Liverpool to Lisbon. In 1821 a steam vessel was used to carry the mails to Ireland. In 1825 the first steamship voyages to India were undertaken. The *Falcon*, who made the first journey, was, like the *Savannah*, rigged as a sailing-vessel, with auxiliary steam. But the *Enterprise*, who covered the distance in 113 days, spent 103 under steam and the remaining ten in renewing her fuel. In 1838 the Atlantic was at last crossed "under continuous steam," at a moment when wiseacres had just committed themselves to the prophecy that the difficulty of carrying sufficient coal rendered the feat as improbable as a voyage from the earth to the moon. In 1839 the *Royal Mail Steam Packet Co.* was founded and in the following year the *Cunard* and *P. and O.*

It will thus be seen that Borrow's journey was undertaken at a moment when steamships had indeed justified their existence but when the marine engine was still vainly struggling to adapt itself to the conditions of sailing craft.

alarmed than I did, when I saw the vessel approaching nearer and nearer the shore, till at last we were only a few hundred yards distant. As it was, however, I felt very much surprised; for having passed it twice before, both times in steam vessels, and having seen with what care the captains endeavoured to maintain a wide offing, I could not conceive the reason of our being now so near this dangerous region. The wind was blowing hard towards the shore, if that can be called a shore which consists of steep abrupt precipices, on which the surf was breaking with the noise of thunder, tossing up clouds of spray and foam to the height of a cathedral. We coasted slowly along, rounding several tall forelands, some of them piled up by the hand of nature in the most fantastic shapes. About nightfall Cape Finisterre was not far ahead,—a bluff, brown, granite mountain, whose frowning head may be seen far away by those who traverse the ocean. The stream which poured round its breast was terrific, and though our engines plied with all their force, we made little or no way.

By about eight o'clock at night the wind had increased to a hurricane, the thunder rolled frightfully, and the only light which we had to guide us on our way was the red forked lightning, which burst at times from the bosom of the big black clouds which lowered over our heads. We were exerting ourselves to the utmost to weather the cape, which we could descry by the lightning on our lee, its brow being frequently brilliantly lighted up by the flashes which quivered around it, when suddenly, with a great crash, the engine broke, and the paddles, on which depended our lives, ceased to play.

I will not attempt to depict the scene of horror and confusion which ensued; it may be imagined, but never described. The captain, to give him his due, displayed the utmost coolness and intrepidity. He and the whole

crew made the greatest exertions to repair the engine, and when they found their labour in vain, endeavoured, by hoisting the sails, and by practising all possible manœuvres, to preserve the ship from impending destruction. But all was of no avail; we were hard on a lee shore, to which the howling tempest was impelling us. About this time I was standing near the helm, and I asked the steersman if there was any hope of saving the vessel, or our lives. He replied, "Sir, it is a bad affair. No boat could live for a minute in this sea, and in less than an hour the ship will have her broadside on Finisterre, where the strongest man-of-war ever built must go to shivers instantly—None of us will see the morning." The captain, likewise, informed the other passengers in the cabin to the same effect, telling them to prepare themselves; and having done so, he ordered the door to be fastened, and none to be permitted to come on deck. I, however, kept my station, though almost drowned with water, immense waves continually breaking over our windward side and flooding the ship. The water casks broke from their lashings, and one of them struck me down, and crushed the foot of the unfortunate man at the helm, whose place was instantly taken by the captain. We were now close to the rocks, when a horrid convulsion of the elements took place. The lightning enveloped us as with a mantle, the thunders were louder than the roar of a million cannon, the dregs of the ocean seemed to be cast up, and in the midst of all this turmoil, the wind, without the slightest intimation, *veered right about*, and pushed us from the horrible coast faster than it had previously driven us towards it.

The oldest sailors on board acknowledged that they had never witnessed so providential an escape. I said, from the bottom of my heart, "Our Father—hallowed be Thy name."

The next day we were near foundering, for the sea was exceedingly high, and our vessel, which was not intended for sailing, laboured terribly, and leaked much. The pumps were continually working. She likewise took fire, but the flames were extinguished. In the evening the steam-engine was partially repaired, and we reached Lisbon on the thirteenth, where in a few days we completed our repairs.

The Bible in Spain.

ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE

1809—1881

CONSTANTINOPLE

EVEN if we don't take a part in the chant about "mosques and minarets," we can still yield praises to Stamboul. We can chant about the harbour. We can say and sing that nowhere else does the sea come so home to a city. There are no pebbly shores, no sand-bars, no slimy river-beds, no black canals, no locks nor docks to divide the very heart of the place from the deep waters. If being in the noisiest mart of Stamboul you would stroll to the quiet side of the way amidst those cypresses opposite, you will cross the fathomless Bosphorus. If you would go from your hotel to the bazaars, you must pass by the bright blue pathway of the Golden Horn that can carry a thousand sail of the line. You are accustomed to the gondolas that glide among the palaces of St. Mark. But here at Stamboul it is a hundred-and-twenty-gun ship that meets you in the street. Venice strains out from the steadfast land, and in old times would send forth the Chief of the State to woo and wed the reluctant sea. But the stormy bride of the Doge is the bowing

slave of the Sultan. She comes to his feet with the treasures of the world. She bears him from palace to palace. By some unfailing witchcraft she entices the breezes to follow her and fan the pale cheek of her lord¹. She lifts his armed navies to the very gates of his garden. She watches the wall of his Serail. She stifles the intrigues of his Ministers. She quiets the scandals of his Court. She extinguishes his rivals and hushes his naughty wives all one by one. So vast are the wonders of the deep!

Eothen.

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT

1796—1859

PIONEERS IN THE PACIFIC

COASTING along the great continent, with his canvas still spread to favourable winds, the first place at which Ruiz cast anchor was off the little island of Gallo, about two degrees north². The inhabitants, who were not numerous, were prepared to give him a hostile reception,—for tidings of the invaders had preceded them along the country, and even reached this insulated spot. As the object of Ruiz was to explore, not to conquer, he did not care to entangle himself in hostilities with the natives; so, changing his purpose of landing, he weighed anchor,

¹ There is almost always a breeze either from the Marmara or from the Black Sea, that passes along the course of the Bosphorus.

² In 1526 Pizarro left Panama with two vessels, one commanded by himself, the other by Almagro. Reaching the River San Juan, they judged their numbers insufficient for their needs and Almagro returned to Panama for reinforcements. Pizarro meanwhile went ashore to examine the country while his own ship under his pilot, Bartholomew Ruiz, continued in a southerly direction to spy out the land.

and ran down the coast as far as what is now called the Bay of St. Matthew. The country, which, as he advanced, continued to exhibit evidence of a better culture as well as of a more dense population than the parts hitherto seen, was crowded, along the shores, with spectators, who gave no signs of fear or hostility. They stood gazing on the vessel of the white men as it glided smoothly into the crystal waters of the bay, fancying it, says an old writer, some mysterious being descended from the skies.

Without staying long enough on this friendly coast to undeceive the simple people, Ruiz, standing off shore, struck out into the deep sea; but he had not sailed far in that direction, when he was surprised by the sight of a vessel, seeming in the distance like a caravel of considerable size, traversed by a large sail that carried it sluggishly over the waters¹. The old navigator was not a little perplexed by this phenomenon, as he was confident no European bark could have been before him in these latitudes, and no Indian nation yet discovered, not even the civilized Mexican, was acquainted with the use of sails in navigation. As he drew near, he found it was a large vessel, or rather raft called *balsa* by the natives, consisting of a number of huge timbers of a light, porous wood, tightly lashed together, with a frail flooring of reeds raised on them by way of deck. Two masts or sturdy poles, erected in the middle of the vessel, sustained a large square sail of cotton, while a rude kind of rudder and a movable keel, made of plank inserted between the logs, enabled the mariner to give a direction to the floating fabric, which held on its course without the aid of oar or paddle....

¹ The typical caravel of the sixteenth century had four masts, the aftmost three setting lateen sails which diminished in size towards the stern. The craft was an early form of barquentine.

On coming alongside, Ruiz found several Indians, both men and women, on board, some with rich ornaments on their persons, besides several articles wrought with considerable skill in gold and silver, which they were carrying for purposes of traffic to the different places along the coast. But what most attracted his attention was the woollen cloth of which some of their dresses were made. It was of a fine texture, delicately embroidered with figures of birds and flowers, and dyed in brilliant colours. He also observed in the boat a pair of balances made to weigh the precious metals. His astonishment at these proofs of ingenuity and civilization, so much higher than anything he had ever seen in the country, was heightened by the intelligence which he collected from some of these Indians. Two of them had come from Tumbez, a Peruvian port, some degrees to the south; and they gave him to understand, that in their neighbourhood the fields were covered with large flocks of the animals from which the wool was obtained, and that gold and silver were almost as common as wood in the palaces of their monarch. The Spaniards listened greedily to reports which harmonized so well with their fond desires. Though half distrusting the exaggeration, Ruiz resolved to detain some of the Indians, including the natives of Tumbez, that they might repeat the wondrous tale to his commander, and at the same time, by learning the Castilian, might hereafter serve as interpreters with their countrymen. The rest of the party he suffered to proceed without further interruption on their voyage. Then holding on his course, the prudent pilot, without touching at any other point of the coast, advanced as far as the Punta de Pasado, about half a degree south, having the glory of being the first European who, sailing in this direction on the Pacific, had crossed the equinoctial line. This was the limit of his discoveries; on reaching which he

tacked about, and standing away to the north, succeeded, after an absence of several weeks, in regaining the spot where he had left Pizarro and his comrades.

It was high time; for the spirits of that little band had been sorely tried by the perils they had encountered. On the departure of his vessels Pizarro marched into the interior, in the hope of finding the pleasant champaign country which had been promised him by the natives. But at every step the forests seemed to grow denser and darker, and the trees towered to a height such as he had never seen, even in these fruitful regions, where Nature works on so gigantic a scale. Hill continued to rise above hill, as he advanced, rolling onward, as it were, by successive waves to join that colossal barrier of the Andes, whose frosty sides, far away above the clouds, spread out like a curtain of burnished silver, that seemed to connect the heavens with the earth.

On crossing these woody eminences, the forlorn adventurers would plunge into ravines of frightful depth where the exhalations of a humid soil steamed up amidst the incense of sweet-scented flowers, which shone through the deep glooms in every conceivable variety of colour. Birds, especially of the parrot tribe, mocked this fantastic variety of nature with tints as brilliant as those of the vegetable world. Monkeys chattered in crowds above their heads and made grimaces like the fiendish spirits of these solitudes, while hideous reptiles, engendered in the slimy depths of the pools, gathered round the footsteps of the wanderers. Here was seen the gigantic boa, coiling his unwieldy folds about the trees, so as hardly to be distinguished from their trunks, till he was ready to dart upon his prey; and alligators lay basking on the borders of the streams, or, gliding under the waters, seized their incautious victim before he was aware of their approach. Many of the Spaniards perished miserably in

this way, and others were waylaid by the natives, who kept a jealous eye on their movements, and availed themselves of every opportunity to take them at advantage. Fourteen of Pizarro's men were cut off at once in a canoe which had stranded on the bank of a stream.

Famine came in addition to other troubles, and it was with difficulty that they found the means of sustaining life on the scanty fare of the forest—occasionally the potato, as it grew without cultivation, or the wild coconut, or, on the shore, the salt and bitter fruit of the mangrove; though the shore was less tolerable than the forest, from the swarms of mosquitoes, which compelled the wretched adventurers to bury their bodies up to their very faces in the sand. In this extremity of suffering, they thought only of return; and all schemes of avarice and ambition—except with Pizarro and a few dauntless spirits—were exchanged for the one craving desire to return to Panama.

It was at this crisis that the pilot Ruiz returned with the report of his brilliant discoveries; and, not long after, Almagro sailed into port with his vessel laden with refreshments, and a considerable reinforcement of volunteers....

The arrival of the new recruits, all eager to follow up the expedition, the comfortable change in their circumstances produced by an ample supply of refreshments, and the glowing pictures of the wealth that awaited them in the south, all had their effect on the dejected spirits of Pizarro's followers. Their late toils and privations were speedily forgotten, and, with the buoyant and variable feelings incident to a freebooter's life, they now called as eagerly on their commander to go forward in the voyage as they had before called on him to abandon it. Availing themselves of the renewed spirit of enterprise, the captains embarked on board their vessels, and, under the guidance

of the veteran pilot, steered in the same track he had lately pursued.

But the favourable season for a southern course, which in these latitudes lasts but a few months in the year, had been suffered to escape. The breezes blew steadily towards the north, and a strong current, not far from shore, set in the same direction. The winds frequently rose into tempests, and the unfortunate voyagers were tossed about, for many days, in the boiling surges, amidst the most awful storms of thunder and lightning, until, at length, they found a secure haven in the island of Gallo, already visited by Ruiz. As they were now too strong in numbers to apprehend an assault, the crews landed, and, experiencing no molestation from the natives, they continued on the island for a fortnight, refitting their damaged vessels, and recruiting themselves after the fatigues of the ocean. Then, resuming their voyage, the captains stood towards the south until they reached the Bay of St. Matthew. As they advanced along the coast they were struck, as Ruiz had been before, with the evidences of a higher civilization constantly exhibited in the general aspect of the country and its inhabitants. The hand of cultivation was visible in every quarter. The natural appearance of the coast, too, had something in it more inviting; for, instead of the eternal labyrinth of mangrove trees, with their complicated roots snarled into formidable coils under the water, as if to waylay and entangle the voyager, the low margin of the sea was covered with a stately growth of ebony, and with a species of mahogany, and other hard woods that take the most brilliant and variegated polish. The sandal-wood, and many balsamic trees of unknown names, scattered their sweet odours far and wide, not in an atmosphere tainted with vegetable corruption, but on the pure breezes of the ocean, bearing health as well as fragrance on their wings.

Broad patches of cultivated land intervened, disclosing hill-sides covered with the yellow maize and the potato, or checkered, in the lower levels, with blooming plantations of cacao.

The villages became more numerous; and, as the vessels rode at anchor off the port of Tacamez, the Spaniards saw before them a town of two thousand houses or more, laid out into streets, with a numerous population clustering around it in the suburbs. The men and women displayed many ornaments of gold and precious stones about their persons....

The Spaniards gazed with delight on these undeniable evidences of wealth, and saw in the careful cultivation of the soil a comfortable assurance that they had at length reached the land which had so long been seen in brilliant, though distant, perspective before them. But here again they were doomed to be disappointed by the warlike spirit of the people, who, conscious of their own strength, showed no disposition to quail before the invaders. On the contrary, several of their canoes shot out, loaded with warriors, who, displaying a gold mask as their ensign, hovered round the vessels with looks of defiance, and, when pursued, easily took shelter under the lee of the land.

A more formidable body mustered along the shore, to the number, according to the Spanish accounts, of at least ten thousand warriors, eager, apparently, to come to close action with the invaders. Nor could Pizarro, who had landed with a party of his men in the hope of a conference with the natives, wholly prevent hostilities; and it might have gone hard with the Spaniards, hotly pressed by their resolute enemy so superior in numbers, but for a ludicrous accident reported by the historians as happening to one of the cavaliers. This was a fall from his horse, which so astonished the barbarians, who were

not prepared for this division of what seemed one and the same being into two, that, filled with consternation, they fell back, and left a way open for the Christians to regain their vessels.

The Conquest of Peru.

LORD MACAULAY

1800—1859

STATE OF THE NAVY UNDER CHARLES II

IF the jealousy of the Parliament and of the nation made it impossible for the King to maintain a formidable standing army, no similar impediment prevented him from making England the first of maritime powers. Both Whigs and Tories were ready to applaud every step tending to increase the efficiency of that force which, while it was the best protection of the island against foreign enemies, was powerless against civil liberty. All the greatest exploits achieved within the memory of that generation by English soldiers had been achieved in war against English princes. The victories of our sailors had been won over foreign foes, and had averted havoc and rapine from our own soil. By at least half the nation the battle of Naseby was remembered with horror, and the battle of Dunbar with pride chequered by many painful feelings: but the defeat of the Armada, and the encounters of Blake with the Hollanders and Spaniards, were recollected with unmixed exultation by all parties. Ever since the Restoration, the Commons, even when most discontented and most parsimonious, had always been bountiful to profusion where the interest of the navy was concerned. It had been represented to them, while Danby

was minister, that many of the vessels in the royal fleet were old and unfit for sea; and, although the House was, at that time, in no giving mood, an aid of near six hundred thousand pounds had been granted for the building of thirty new men-of-war.

But the liberality of the nation had been made fruitless by the vices of the government. The list of the King's ships, it is true, looked well. There were nine first rates, fourteen second rates, thirty-nine third rates, and many smaller vessels. The first rates, indeed, were less than the third rates of our time; and the third rates would not now rank as very large frigates. This force, however, if it had been efficient, would in those days have been regarded by the greatest potentate as formidable. But it existed only on paper. When the reign of Charles terminated, his navy had sunk into degradation and decay, such as would be almost incredible if it were not certified to us by the independent and concurring evidence of witnesses whose authority is beyond exception. Pepys, the ablest man in the English Admiralty, drew up, in the year 1684, a memorial on the state of his department, for the information of Charles. A few months later Bonrepaux, the ablest man in the French Admiralty, having visited England for the especial purpose of ascertaining her maritime strength, laid the result of his inquiries before Louis. The two reports are to the same effect. Bonrepaux declared that he found everything in disorder and in miserable condition, that the superiority of the French marine was acknowledged with shame and envy at Whitehall, and that the state of our shipping and dockyards was of itself a sufficient guarantee that we should not meddle in the disputes of Europe. Pepys informed his master that the naval administration was a prodigy of wastefulness, corruption, ignorance, and indolence, that no estimate could be trusted, that no

contract was performed, that no check was enforced. The vessels which the recent liberality of Parliament had enabled the government to build, and which had never been out of harbour, had been made of such wretched timber that they were more unfit to go to sea than the old hulls which had been battered thirty years before by Dutch and Spanish broadsides. Some of the new men of war, indeed, were so rotten that, unless speedily repaired, they would go down at their moorings. The sailors were paid with so little punctuality that they were glad to find some usurer who would purchase their tickets at forty per cent. discount¹. The commanders who had not powerful friends at court were even worse treated. Some officers, to whom large arrears were due, after vainly importuning the government during many years, had died for want of a morsel of bread.

Most of the ships which were afloat were commanded by men who had not been bred to the sea. This, it is true, was not an abuse introduced by the government of Charles. No state, ancient or modern, had, before that time, made a complete separation between the naval and military services. In the great civilised nations of antiquity, Cimon and Lysander, Pompey and Agrippa, had fought battles by sea as well as by land. Nor had the impulse which nautical science received at the close of the fifteenth century produced any new division of labour. At Flodden the right wing of the victorious army was led by the Admiral of England. At Jarnac and Moncontour the Huguenot ranks were marshalled by the Admiral of France. Neither John of Austria, the conqueror of Lepanto, nor Lord Howard of Effingham, to whose direction the marine of England was confided

¹ The seamen were not paid periodically on board ship. At the end of a cruise they received from the Purser a *Ticket* or Bill of Exchange, and this they found very difficult to convert into cash.

when the Spanish invaders were approaching our shores, had received the education of a sailor. Raleigh, highly celebrated as a naval commander, had served during many years as a soldier in France, the Netherlands, and Ireland. Blake had distinguished himself by his skilful and valiant defence of an inland town before he humbled the pride of Holland and of Castile on the ocean. Since the Restoration the same system had been followed. Great fleets had been entrusted to the direction of Rupert and Monk; Rupert, who was renowned chiefly as a hot and daring cavalry officer, and Monk, who, when he wished his ship to change her course, moved the mirth of his crew by calling out, "Wheel to the left!"

But about this time wise men began to perceive that the rapid improvement, both of the art of war and of the art of navigation, made it necessary to draw a line between two professions which had hitherto been confounded. Either the command of a regiment or the command of a ship was now a matter quite sufficient to occupy the attention of a single mind. In the year 1672 the French government determined to educate young men of good family from a very early age specially for the sea service. But the English government, instead of following this excellent example, not only continued to distribute high naval commands among landmen, but selected for such commands landmen who, even on land, could not safely have been put in any important trust. Any lad of noble birth, any dissolute courtier for whom one of the King's mistresses would speak a word, might hope that a ship of the line, and with it the honour of the country and the lives of hundreds of brave men, would be committed to his care. It mattered not that he had never in his life taken a voyage except on the Thames, that he could not keep his feet in a breeze, that he did not know the difference between latitude and longitude. No previous training

was thought necessary; or, at most, he was sent to make a short trip in a man-of-war, where he was subjected to no discipline, where he was treated with marked respect, and where he lived in a round of revels and amusements. If, in the intervals of feasting, drinking, and gambling, he succeeded in learning the meaning of a few technical phrases and the names of the points of the compass, he was thought fully qualified to take charge of a three-decker. This is no imaginary description. In 1666, John Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave, at seventeen years of age, volunteered to serve at sea against the Dutch. He passed six weeks on board, diverting himself, as well as he could, in the society of some young libertines of rank, and then returned home to take the command of a troop of horse. After this he was never on the water till the year 1672, when he again joined the fleet, and was almost immediately appointed Captain of a ship of eighty-four guns, reputed the finest in the navy. He was then twenty-three years old, and had not, in the whole course of his life, been three months afloat. As soon as he came back from sea he was made Colonel of a regiment of foot. This is a specimen of the manner in which naval commands of the highest importance were then given; and a very favourable specimen; for Mulgrave, though he wanted experience, wanted neither parts nor courage. Others were promoted in the same way who not only were not good officers, but who were intellectually and morally incapable of ever becoming good officers, and whose only recommendation was that they had been ruined by folly and vice. The chief bait which allured these men into the service was the profit of conveying bullion and other valuable commodities from port to port; for both the Atlantic and the Mediterranean were then so much infested by pirates from Barbary that merchants were not willing to trust precious cargoes to any custody but

that of a man-of-war. A Captain might thus clear several thousands of pounds by a short voyage; and for this lucrative business he too often neglected the interests of his country and the honour of his flag, made mean submissions to foreign powers, disobeyed the most direct injunctions of his superiors, lay in port when he was ordered to chase a Sallee rover, or ran with dollars to Leghorn when his instructions directed him to repair to Lisbon. And all this he did with impunity. The same interest which had placed him in a post for which he was unfit maintained him there. No Admiral, bearded by these corrupt and dissolute minions of the palace, dared to do more than mutter something about a court martial. If any officer showed a higher sense of duty than his fellows, he soon found that he lost money without acquiring honour. One Captain, who, by strictly obeying the orders of the Admiralty, missed a cargo which would have been worth four thousand pounds to him, was told by Charles, with ignoble levity, that he was a great fool for his pains.

The discipline of the navy was of a piece throughout. As the courtly Captain despised the Admiralty, he was in turn despised by his crew. It could not be concealed that he was inferior in seamanship to every foremast man on board. It was idle to expect that old sailors, familiar with the hurricanes of the tropics and with the icebergs of the Arctic Circle, would pay prompt and respectful obedience to a chief who knew no more of winds and waves than could be learned in a gilded barge between Whitehall Stairs and Hampton Court. To trust such a novice with the working of a ship was evidently impossible. The direction of the navigation was therefore taken from the Captain and given to the Master: but this partition of authority produced innumerable inconveniences. The line of demarcation was not, and perhaps could not be, drawn with precision.

There was therefore constant wrangling. The Captain, confident in proportion to his ignorance, treated the Master with lordly contempt. The Master, well aware of the danger of disobliging the powerful, too often, after a struggle, yielded against his better judgment; and it was well if the loss of ship and crew was not the consequence. In general the least mischievous of the aristocratical Captains were those who completely abandoned to others the direction of the vessels, and thought only of making money and spending it. The way in which these men lived was so ostentatious and voluptuous that, greedy as they were of gain, they seldom became rich. They dressed as if for a gala at Versailles, ate off plate, drank the richest wines, and kept harems on board, while hunger and scurvy raged among the crews, and while corpses were daily flung out of the portholes.

Such was the ordinary character of those who were then called Gentlemen Captains. Mingled with them were to be found, happily for our country, naval commanders of a very different description, men whose whole life had been passed on the deep, and who had worked and fought their way from the lowest offices of the forecastle to rank and distinction. One of the most eminent of these officers was Sir Christopher Myngs, who entered the service as a cabin boy, who fell fighting bravely against the Dutch, and whom his crew, weeping and vowing vengeance, carried to the grave. From him sprang, by a singular kind of descent, a line of valiant and expert sailors. His cabin boy was Sir John Narbrough; and the cabin boy of Sir John Narbrough was Sir Cloudisley Shovel. To the strong natural sense and dauntless courage of this class of men England owes a debt never to be forgotten. It was by such resolute hearts that, in spite of much maladministration, and in spite of the blunders and treasons of more courtly admirals,

our coasts were protected and the reputation of our flag upheld during many gloomy and perilous years. But to a landsman these tarpaulins, as they were called, seemed a strange and half savage race. All their knowledge was professional; and their professional knowledge was practical rather than scientific. Off their own element they were as simple as children. Their deportment was uncouth¹. There was roughness in their very good nature; and their talk, where it was not made up of nautical phrases, was too commonly made up of oaths and curses. Such were the chiefs in whose rude school were formed those sturdy warriors from whom Smollett, in the next age, drew Lieutenant Bowling and Commodore Trunnion. But it does not appear that there was in the service of any of the Stuarts a single naval officer such as, according to the notions of our times, a naval officer ought to be, that is to say, a man versed in the theory and practice of his calling, and steeled against all the dangers of battle and tempest, yet of cultivated mind and polished manners. There were gentlemen and there were seamen in the navy of Charles the Second. But the seamen were not gentlemen; and the gentlemen were not seamen².

History of England.

¹ Cp. above, p. 142 n.

² There is a foundation of truth underlying this passage; but Macaulay treats his subject with picturesque exaggeration. It is hardly correct to describe Sir Clowdisley Shovel as a *tarpaulin*; masters had always been responsible under the Captain for navigating ships of the line; and during the reign of Charles II the British government just as much as the French "determined to educate young men of good family from an early age for the sea-service." The establishment of midshipmen dates from 1676, and the examination for lieutenant from 1677.

CHARLES DICKENS

1812—1870

I

THE PEGGOTTYS AT HOME

I WAS quite tired, and very glad, when we saw Yarmouth. It looked rather spongy and soppy, I thought, as I carried my eye over the great dull waste that lay across the river; and I could not help wondering, if the world were really as round as my geography-book said, how any part of it came to be so flat. But I reflected that Yarmouth might be situated at one of the poles; which would account for it.

As we drew a little nearer, and saw the whole adjacent prospect lying a straight low line under the sky, I hinted to Peggotty that a mound or so might have improved it; and also that if the land had been a little more separated from the sea, and the town and the tide had not been quite so much mixed up, like toast and water, it would have been nicer. But Peggotty said, with greater emphasis than usual, that we must take things as we found them, and that, for her part, she was proud to call herself a Yarmouth Bloater.

When we got into the street (which was strange enough to me), and smelt the fish, and pitch, and oakum, and tar, and saw the sailors walking about, and the carts jingling up and down over the stones, I felt that I had done so busy a place an injustice; and said as much to Peggotty, who heard my expressions of delight with great complacency, and told me it was well known (I suppose to those who had the good fortune to be born Bloaters) that Yarmouth was, upon the whole, the finest place in the universe.

"Here's my Am!" screamed Peggotty, "grewed out of knowledge!"

He was waiting for us, in fact, at the public-house; and asked me how I found myself, like an old acquaintance. I did not feel, at first, that I knew him as well as he knew me, because he had never come to our house since the night I was born, and naturally he had the advantage of me. But our intimacy was much advanced by his taking me on his back to carry me home. He was, now, a huge, strong fellow of six feet high, broad in proportion, and round-shouldered; but with a simpering boy's face, and curly, light hair that gave him quite a sheepish look. He was dressed in a canvas jacket, and a pair of such very stiff trousers that they would have stood quite as well alone, without any legs in them. And you couldn't so properly have said he wore a hat, as that he was covered in a-top, like an old building, with something pitchy.

Ham carrying me on his back and a small box of ours under his arm, and Peggotty carrying another small box of ours, we turned down lanes bestrewn with bits of chips and little hillocks of sand, and went past gas-works, rope-walks, boat-builders' yards, shipwrights' yards, ship-breakers' yards, caulkers' yards, riggers' lofts, smiths' forges, and a great litter of such places, until we came out upon the dull waste I had already seen at a distance; when Ham said—

"Yon's our house, Mas'r Davy!"

I looked in all directions, as far as I could stare over the wilderness, and away at the sea, and away at the river, but no house could I make out. There was a black barge, or some other kind of superannuated boat, not far off, high and dry on the ground, with an iron funnel sticking out of it for a chimney and smoking very cosily; but nothing else in the way of a habitation that was visible to *me*.

“That’s not it?” said I. “That ship-looking thing?”
“That’s it, Mas’r Davy,” returned Ham.

If it had been Aladdin’s palace, roc’s egg and all, I suppose I could not have been more charmed with the romantic idea of living in it. There was a delightful door cut in the side, and it was roofed in, and there were little windows in it; but the wonderful charm of it was, that it was a real boat which had no doubt been upon the water hundreds of times, and which had never been intended to be lived in, on dry land. That was the captivation of it to me. If it had ever been meant to be lived in, I might have thought it small, or inconvenient, or lonely; but never having been designed for any such use, it became a perfect abode.

It was beautifully clean inside, and as tidy as possible. There was a table, and a Dutch clock, and a chest of drawers, and on the chest of drawers there was a tea-tray with a painting on it of a lady with a parasol, taking a walk with a military-looking child who was trundling a hoop. The tray was kept from tumbling down, by a Bible; and the tray, if it had tumbled down, would have smashed a quantity of cups and saucers and a teapot that were grouped around the book. On the walls there were some common coloured pictures, framed and glazed, of Scripture subjects; such as I have never seen since in the hands of pedlars, without seeing the whole interior of Peggotty’s brother’s house again, at one view. Abraham in red going to sacrifice Isaac in blue, and Daniel in yellow cast into a den of green lions, were the most prominent of these. Over the little mantleshef, was a picture of the *Sarah Jane* lugger, built at Sunderland, with a real little wooden stern stuck on to it; a work of art, combining composition with carpentry, which I considered to be one of the most enviable possessions that the world could afford. There were some hooks in the

beams of the ceiling, the use of which I did not divine then; and some lockers and boxes and conveniences of that sort, which served for seats and eked out the chairs.

All this, I saw in the first glance after I crossed the threshold—childlike, according to my theory—and then Peggotty opened a little door and showed me my bedroom. It was the completest and most desirable bedroom ever seen—in the stern of the vessel; with a little window, where the rudder used to go through; a little looking-glass, just the right height for me, nailed against the wall, and framed with oyster-shells; a little bed, which there was just room enough to get into; and a nosegay of seaweed in a blue mug on the table. The walls were whitewashed as white as milk, and the patchwork counterpane made my eyes quite ache with its brightness. One thing I particularly noticed in this delightful house, was the smell of fish; which was so searching, that when I took out my pocket-handkerchief to wipe my nose, I found it smelt exactly as if it had wrapped up a lobster. On my imparting this discovery in confidence to Peggotty, she informed me that her brother dealt in lobsters, crabs, and crawfish; and I afterwards found that a heap of these creatures, in a state of wonderful conglomeration with one another, and never leaving off pinching whatever they laid hold of, were usually to be found in a little wooden outhouse where the pots and kettles were kept.

We were welcomed by a very civil woman in a white apron, whom I had seen curtsying at the door when I was on Ham's back, about a quarter of a mile off. Likewise by a most beautiful little girl (or I thought her so) with a necklace of blue beads on, who wouldn't let me kiss her when I offered to, but ran away and hid herself. By and by, when we had dined in a sumptuous manner off boiled dabs, melted butter, and potatoes, with a chop for me, a hairy man with a very good-natured face came

home. As he called Peggotty "Lass," and gave her a hearty smack on the cheek, I had no doubt, from the general propriety of her conduct, that he was her brother; and so he turned out—being presently introduced to me as Mr. Peggotty, the master of the house.

"Glad to see you, sir," said Mr. Peggotty. "You'll find us rough, sir, but you'll find us ready."

I thanked him, and replied that I was sure I should be happy in such a delightful place.

"How's your Ma, sir?" said Mr. Peggotty. "Did you leave her pretty jolly?"

I gave Mr. Peggotty to understand that she was as jolly as I could wish, and that she desired her compliments—which was a polite fiction on my part.

"I'm much obleeged to her, I'm sure," said Mr. Peggotty. "Well, sir, if you can make out here, fur a fortnut, 'long wi' her," nodding at his sister, "and Ham, and little Em'ly, we shall be proud of your company."

Having done the honours of his house in this hospitable manner, Mr. Peggotty went out to wash himself in a kettleful of hot water, remarking that "cold would never get *his* muck off." He soon returned, greatly improved in appearance; but so rubicund, that I couldn't help thinking his face had this in common with the lobsters, crabs, and crawfish—that it went into the hot water very black, and came out very red.

After tea, when the door was shut and all was made snug (the nights being cold and misty now), it seemed to me the most delicious retreat that the imagination of man could conceive. To hear the wind getting up out at sea, to know that the fog was creeping over the desolate flat outside, and to look at the fire, and think that there was no house near but this one, and this one a boat, was like enchantment. Little Em'ly had overcome her shyness, and was sitting by my side upon the lowest and least of

the lockers, which was just large enough for us two, and just fitted into the chimney corner. Mrs. Peggotty, with the white apron, was knitting on the opposite side of the fire. Peggotty at her needlework was as much at home with St. Paul's and the bit of wax-candle, as if they had never known any other roof. Ham, who had been giving me my first lesson in all-fours, was trying to recollect a scheme of telling fortunes with the dirty cards, and was printing off fishy impressions of his thumb on all the cards he turned. Mr. Peggotty was smoking his pipe. I felt it was a time for conversation and confidence.

"Mr. Peggotty!" says I.

"Sir," says he.

"Did you give your son the name of Ham, because you lived in a sort of ark?"

David Copperfield.

II

TEMPEST AND SHIPWRECK

"WHAT is the matter?" I cried.

"A wreck! Close by!"

I sprung out of bed, and asked, "What wreck?"

"A schooner, from Spain or Portugal, laden with fruit and wine. Make haste, sir, if you want to see her! It's thought, down on the beach, she'll go to pieces every moment."

The excited voice went clamouring along the staircase; and I wrapped myself in my clothes as quickly as I could, and ran into the street.

Numbers of people were there before me, all running in one direction, to the beach. I ran the same way, outstripping a good many, and soon came facing the wild sea.

The wind might by this time have lulled a little, though not more sensibly than if the cannonading I had dreamed of, had been diminished by the silencing of half a dozen guns out of hundreds. But, the sea, having upon it the additional agitation of the whole night, was infinitely more terrific than when I had seen it last. Every appearance it had then presented, bore the expression of being *swelled*; and the height to which the breakers rose, and, looking over one another, bore one another down, and rolled in, in interminable hosts, was most appalling.

In the difficulty of hearing anything but wind and waves, and in the crowd, and the unspeakable confusion, and my first breathless efforts to stand against the weather, I was so confused that I looked out to sea for the wreck, and saw nothing but the foaming heads of the great waves. A half-dressed boatman, standing next me, pointed with his bare arm (a tattooed arrow on it, pointing in the same direction) to the left. Then, O great Heaven, I saw it, close in upon us!

One mast was broken short off, six or eight feet from the deck, and lay over the side, entangled in a maze of sail and rigging; and all that ruin, as the ship rolled and beat—which she did without a moment's pause, and with a violence quite inconceivable—beat the side as if it would stave it in. Some efforts were even then being made, to cut this portion of the wreck away; for, as the ship, which was broadside on, turned towards us in her rolling, I plainly descried her people at work with axes, especially one active figure with long curling hair, conspicuous among the rest. But, a great cry, which was audible even above the wind and water, rose from the shore at this moment; the sea, sweeping over the rolling wreck, made a clean breach, and carried men, spars, casks, planks, bulwarks, heaps of such toys, into the boiling surge.

The second mast was yet standing, with the rags of a rent sail, and a wild confusion of broken cordage flapping to and fro. The ship had struck once, the same boatman hoarsely said in my ear, and then lifted in and struck again. I understood him to add that she was parting amidships, and I could readily suppose so, for the rolling and beating were too tremendous for any human work to suffer long. As he spoke, there was another great cry of pity from the beach; four men arose with the wreck out of the deep, clinging to the rigging of the remaining mast; uppermost, the active figure with the curling hair.

There was a bell on board; and as the ship rolled and dashed, like a desperate creature driven mad, now showing us the whole sweep of her deck, as she turned on her beam-ends towards the shore, now nothing but her keel, as she sprung wildly over and turned towards the sea, the bell rang; and its sound, the knell of those unhappy men, was borne towards us on the wind. Again we lost her, and again she rose. Two men were gone. The agony on shore increased. Men groaned, and clasped their hands; women shrieked, and turned away their faces. Some ran wildly up and down along the beach, crying for help where no help could be. I found myself one of these, frantically imploring a knot of sailors whom I knew, not to let those two lost creatures perish before our eyes.

They were making out to me, in an agitated way—I don't know how, for the little I could hear I was scarcely composed enough to understand—that the lifeboat had been bravely manned an hour ago, and could do nothing; and that as no man would be so desperate as to attempt to wade off with a rope, and establish a communication with the shore, there was nothing left to try; when I noticed that some new sensation moved the people on

the beach, and saw them part, and Ham come breaking through them to the front.

I ran to him—as well as I know, to repeat my appeal for help. But, distracted though I was, by a sight so new to me and terrible, the determination in his face, and his look, out to sea—exactly the same look as I remembered in connection with the morning after Emily's flight—awoke me to a knowledge of his danger. I held him back with both arms; and implored the men with whom I had been speaking, not to listen to him, not to do murder, not to let him stir from off that sand!

Another cry arose on shore; and looking to the wreck, we saw the cruel sail, with blow on blow, beat off the lower of the two men, and fly up in triumph round the active figure left alone upon the mast.

Against such a sight, and against such determination as that of the calmly desperate man who was already accustomed to lead half the people present, I might as hopefully have entreated the wind. "Mas'r Davy," he said, cheerily grasping me by both hands, "if my time is come, 'tis come. If 'tan't, I'll bide it. Lord above bless you, and bless all! Mates, make me ready! I'm a going off!"

I was swept away, but not unkindly, to some distance, where the people around me made me stay; urging, as I confusedly perceived, that he was bent on going, with help or without, and that I should endanger the precautions for his safety by troubling those with whom they rested. I don't know what I answered, or what they rejoined; but, I saw hurry on the beach, and men running with ropes from a capstan that was there, and penetrating into a circle of figures that hid him from me. Then, I saw him standing alone, in a seaman's frock and trousers: a rope in his hand, or slung to his wrist: another round his body: and several of the best men holding, at a

little distance, to the latter, which he laid out himself, slack upon the shore, at his feet.

The wreck, even to my unpractised eye, was breaking up. I saw that she was parting in the middle, and that the life of the solitary man upon the mast hung by a thread. Still, he clung to it. He had a singular red cap on—not like a sailor's cap, but of a finer colour; and as the few yielding planks between him and destruction rolled and bulged, and his anticipative death-knell rung, he was seen by all of us to wave it. I saw him do it now, and thought I was going distracted, when his action brought an old remembrance to my mind of a once dear friend.

Ham watched the sea, standing alone, with the silence of suspended breath behind him, and the storm before, until there was a great retiring wave, when, with a backward glance at those who held the rope which was made fast round his body, he dashed in after it, and in a moment was buffeting with the water; rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the foam; then drawn again to land. They hauled in hastily.

He was hurt. I saw blood on his face, from where I stood; but he took no thought of that. He seemed hurriedly to give them some directions for leaving him more free—or so I judged from the motion of his arm—and was gone as before.

And now he made for the wreck, rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the rugged foam, borne in towards the shore, borne on towards the ship, striving hard and valiantly. The distance was nothing, but the power of the sea and wind made the strife deadly. At length he neared the wreck. He was so near, that with one more of his vigorous strokes he would be clinging to it—when, a high, green, vast hill-side of water moving on shoreward, from beyond the ship, he seemed to leap up into it with a mighty bound, and the ship was gone!

Some eddying fragments I saw in the sea, as if a mere cask had been broken, in running to the spot where they were hauling in. Consternation was in every face. They drew him to my very feet—insensible—dead. He was carried to the nearest house; and, no one preventing me now, I remained near him, busy, while every means of restoration were tried; but he had been beaten to death by the great wave, and his generous heart was stilled for ever.

David Copperfield.

JOHN RUSKIN

1819—1900

A PAIR OF SEASCAPES

I

STORM

FEW people comparatively have ever seen the effect on the sea of a powerful gale continued without intermission for three or four days and nights; and to those who have not, I believe it must be unimaginable, not from the mere force or size of surge, but from the complete annihilation of the limit between sea and air.

The water, from its prolonged agitation, is beaten, not into mere creamy foam, but into masses of accumulated yeast which hang in ropes and wreaths from wave to wave and, where one curls over to break, form a festoon like a drapery from its edge. These are taken up by the wind, not in dissipating dust, but bodily in writhing, hanging, coiling masses which make the air white and thick as snow—only the flakes are a foot or two long each. The surges themselves are full of foam in their very bodies

underneath, making them white all through as the water is under a great cataract. And their masses, being thus half water and half air, are torn to pieces by the wind whenever they rise and carried away in roaring smoke which chokes and strangles like actual water.

Add to this that when the air has been exhausted of its moisture by long rain, the spray of the sea is caught up by it as described above and covers its surface not merely with the smoke of finely divided water, but with boiling mist. Imagine also the low rain-clouds brought down to the very level of the sea, as I have often seen them, whirling and flying in rags and fragments from wave to wave. And finally conceive the surges themselves in their utmost pitch of power, velocity, vastness and madness, lifting themselves in precipices and peaks, furrowed with their whirl of ascent, through all this chaos; and you will understand that there is indeed no distinction left between the sea and the air, that no object nor horizon nor any landmark or natural evidence of position is left, that the heaven is all spray and the ocean all cloud, and that you can see no farther in any direction than you could see through a cataract.

Modern Painters.

II

CALM

WE know that gentians grow on the Alps and olives on the Apennines. But we do not enough conceive for ourselves the variegated mosaic of the world's surface which a bird sees in its migration, that difference between the district of the gentian and the olive which the stork and swallow see far off, as they lean upon the scirocco wind.

Let us for a moment try to raise ourselves even above the level of their flight and imagine the Mediterranean lying beneath us like an irregular lake and all its ancient promontories sleeping in the sun: here and there an angry spot of thunder, a grey stain of storm, moving upon the burning field; and here and there a fixed wreath of white volcano smoke surrounded by its circle of ashes; but for the most part, a great peacefulness of light, Syria and Greece, Italy and Spain, laid like pieces of a golden pavement into the sea-blue, chased, as we stoop nearer to them, with bossy beaten work of mountain chains, and glowing softly with terraced gardens, and flowers heavy with frankincense, mixed among masses of laurel and orange and plummy palm, that abate with their grey-green shadows the burning of the marble rocks, and of the ledges of porphyry sloping under lucent sand.

Stones of Venice.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

1804—1864

HOW JASON BUILT THE *ARGO* AND SET SAIL FOR COLCHIS

THE first thing that Jason thought of doing, after he left the king's presence, was to go to Dodona, and inquire of the Talking Oak what course it was best to pursue. This wonderful tree stood in the centre of an ancient wood. Its stately trunk rose up a hundred feet into the air, and threw a broad and dense shadow over more than an acre of ground. Standing beneath it, Jason looked up among the knotted branches and green leaves, and into the mysterious heart of the old tree,

and spoke aloud, as if he were addressing some person who was hidden in the depths of the foliage.

"What shall I do," said he, "in order to win the Golden Fleece?"

At first there was a deep silence, not only within the shadow of the Talking Oak, but all through the solitary wood. In a moment or two, however, the leaves of the oak began to stir and rustle, as if a gentle breeze were wandering amongst them, although the other trees of the wood were perfectly still. The sound grew louder, and became like the roar of a high wind. By and by, Jason imagined that he could distinguish words, but very confusedly, because each separate leaf of the tree seemed to be a tongue, and the whole myriad of tongues were babbling at once. But the noise waxed broader and deeper, until it resembled a tornado sweeping through the oak, and making one great utterance out of the thousand and thousand of little murmurs which each leafy tongue had caused by its rustling. And now, though it still had the tone of a mighty wind roaring among the branches, it was also like a deep bass voice, speaking, as distinctly as a tree could be expected to speak, the following words:

"Go to Argus, the shipbuilder, and bid him build a galley with fifty oars."

Then the voice melted again into the indistinct murmur of the rustling leaves, and died gradually away. When it was quite gone, Jason felt inclined to doubt whether he had actually heard the words, or whether his fancy had not shaped them out of the ordinary sound made by a breeze, while passing through the thick foliage of the tree.

But on inquiry among the people of Iolchos, he found that there was really a man in the city, by the name of Argus, who was a very skilful builder of vessels. This

showed some intelligence in the oak; else how should it have known that any such person existed? At Jason's request, Argus readily consented to build him a galley so big that it should require fifty strong men to row it; although no vessel of such a size and burden had heretofore been seen in the world. So the head carpenter, and all his journeymen and apprentices, began their work; and for a good while afterwards, there they were, busily employed, hewing out the timbers, and making a great clatter with their hammers; until the new ship, which was called the *Argo*, seemed to be quite ready for sea. And, as the Talking Oak had already given him such good advice, Jason thought that it would not be amiss to ask for a little more. He visited it again, therefore, and standing beside its huge, rough trunk, inquired what he should do next.

This time, there was no such universal quivering of the leaves, throughout the whole tree, as there had been before. But after a while, Jason observed that the foliage of a great branch which stretched above his head had begun to rustle, as if the wind were stirring that one bough, while all the other boughs of the oak were at rest.

"Cut me off!" said the branch, as soon as it could speak distinctly; "cut me off! cut me off! and carve me into a figure-head for your galley."

Accordingly, Jason took the branch at its word, and lopped it off the tree. A carver in the neighbourhood engaged to make the figure-head. He was a tolerably good workman, and had already carved several figure-heads, in what he intended for feminine shapes, and looking pretty much like those which we see nowadays stuck up under a vessel's bowsprit, with great staring eyes that never wink at the dash of the spray. But (what was very strange) the carver found that his hand

was guided by some unseen power, and by a skill beyond his own, and that his tools shaped out an image which he had never dreamed of. When the work was finished, it turned out to be the figure of a beautiful woman with a helmet on her head, from beneath which the long ringlets fell down upon her shoulders. On the left arm was a shield, and in its centre appeared a lifelike representation of the head of Medusa with the snaky locks. The right arm was extended, as if pointing onward. The face of this wonderful statue, though not angry or forbidding, was so grave and majestic, that perhaps you might call it severe; and as for the mouth, it seemed just ready to uncloset its lips, and utter words of the deepest wisdom.

Jason was delighted with the oaken image, and gave the carver no rest until it was completed, and set up where a figure-head has always stood, from that time to this, in the vessel's prow.

"And now," cried he, as he stood gazing at the calm, majestic face of the statue, "I must go to the Talking Oak, and inquire what next to do."

"There is no need of that, Jason," said a voice which, though it was far lower, reminded him of the mighty tones of the great oak. "When you desire good advice, you can seek it of me."

Jason had been looking straight into the face of the image when these words were spoken. But he could hardly believe either his ears or his eyes. The truth was, however, that the oaken lips had moved, and, to all appearance, the voice had proceeded from the statue's mouth. Recovering a little from his surprise, Jason bethought himself that the image had been carved out of the wood of the Talking Oak, and that, therefore, it was really no great wonder, but on the contrary, the most natural thing in the world, that it should possess

the faculty of speech. It would have been very odd, indeed, if it had not. But certainly it was a great piece of good fortune that he should be able to carry so wise a block of wood along with him in his perilous voyage.

"Tell me, wondrous image," exclaimed Jason,—
"since you inherit the wisdom of the Speaking Oak of Dodona, whose daughter you are,—tell me, where shall I find fifty bold youths, who will take each of them an oar of my galley? They must have sturdy arms to row, and brave hearts to encounter perils, or we shall never win the Golden Fleece."

"Go," replied the oaken image, "go, summon all the heroes of Greece."

And, in fact, considering what a great deed was to be done, could any advice be wiser than this which Jason received from the figure-head of his vessel? He lost no time in sending messengers to all the cities, and making known to the whole people of Greece, that Prince Jason, the son of King Æson, was going in quest of the Fleece of Gold, and that he desired the help of forty-nine of the bravest and strongest young men alive, to row his vessel and share his dangers. And Jason himself would be the fiftieth.

At this news, the adventurous youths, all over the country, began to bestir themselves. Some of them had already fought with giants, and slain dragons; and the younger ones, who had not yet met with such good fortune, thought it a shame to have lived so long without getting astride of a flying serpent, or sticking their spears into a Chimæra, or, at least, thrusting their right arms down a monstrous lion's throat. There was a fair prospect that they would meet with plenty of such adventures before finding the Golden Fleece. As soon as they could furnish up their helmets and shields, therefore, and gird on their trusty swords, they came thronging to Iolchos, and

clambered on board the new galley. Shaking hands with Jason, they assured him that they did not care a pin for their lives, but would help row the vessel to the remotest edge of the world, and as much farther as he might think it best to go.

Many of these brave fellows had been educated by Chiron, the four-footed pedagogue, and were therefore old schoolmates of Jason, and knew him to be a lad of spirit. The mighty Hercules, whose shoulders afterwards held up the sky, was one of them. And there were Castor and Pollux, the twin brothers, who were never accused of being chicken-hearted, although they had been hatched out of an egg; and Theseus, who was so renowned for killing the Minotaur; and Lynceus, with his wonderfully sharp eyes, which could see through a millstone, or look right down into the depths of the earth, and discover the treasures that were there; and Orpheus, the very best of harpers, who sang and played upon his lyre so sweetly, that the brute beasts stood upon their hind legs, and capered merrily to the music. Yes, and at some of his more moving tunes, the rocks bestirred their moss-grown bulk out of the ground, and a grove of forest trees uprooted themselves, and, nodding their tops to one another, performed a country dance.

One of the rowers was a beautiful young woman named Atalanta, who had been nursed among the mountains by a bear. So light of foot was this fair damsel that she could step from one foamy crest of a wave to the foamy crest of another, without wetting more than the sole of her sandal. She had grown up in a very wild way, and talked much about the rights of women, and loved hunting and war far better than her needle. But, in my opinion, the most remarkable of this famous company were two sons of the North Wind (airy youngsters, and of rather a blustering disposition), who had

wings on their shoulders, and, in case of a calm, could puff out their cheeks, and blow almost as fresh a breeze as their father. I ought not to forget the prophets and conjurers, of whom there were several in the crew, and who could foretell what would happen to-morrow, or the next day, or a hundred years hence, but were generally quite unconscious of what was passing at the moment.

Jason appointed Tiphys to be helmsman, because he was a star-gazer, and knew the points of the compass. Lynceus, on account of his sharp sight, was stationed as a lookout in the prow, where he saw a whole day's sail ahead, but was rather apt to overlook things that lay directly under his nose. If the sea only happened to be deep enough, however, Lynceus could tell you exactly what kind of rocks or sand were at the bottom of it; and he often cried out to his companions, that they were sailing over heaps of sunken treasure, which yet he was none the richer for beholding. To confess the truth, few people believed him when he said it.

Well! But when the Argonauts, as these fifty brave adventurers were called, had prepared everything for the voyage, an unforeseen difficulty threatened to end it before it was begun. The vessel, you must understand, was so long, and broad, and ponderous, that the united force of all the fifty was insufficient to shove her into the water. Hercules, I suppose, had not grown to his full strength, else he might have set her afloat as easily as a little boy launches his boat upon a puddle. But here were these fifty heroes, pushing, and straining, and growing red in the face, without making the *Argo* start an inch. At last, quite wearied out, they sat themselves down on the shore, exceedingly disconsolate, and thinking that the vessel must be left to rot and fall in pieces, and that they must either swim across the sea or lose the Golden Fleece.

All at once, Jason bethought himself of the galley's miraculous figure-head.

"O daughter of the Talking Oak," cried he, "how shall we set to work to get our vessel into the water?"

"Seat yourselves," answered the image (for it had known what ought to be done from the very first, and was only waiting for the question to be put)—"seat yourselves, and handle your oars, and let Orpheus play upon his harp."

Immediately the fifty heroes got on board, and seizing their oars, held them perpendicularly in the air, while Orpheus (who liked such a task far better than rowing) swept his fingers across the harp. At the first ringing note of the music, they felt the vessel stir. Orpheus thrummed away briskly, and the galley slid at once into the sea, dipping her prow so deeply that the figure-head drank the waves with its marvellous lips, and rose again as buoyant as a swan. The rowers plied their fifty oars; the white foam boiled up before the prow; the water gurgled and bubbled in their wake: while Orpheus continued to play so lively a strain of music, that the vessel seemed to dance over the billows by way of keeping time to it.

Tanglewood Tales.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

1775—1864

AN IMAGINARY CONVERSATION

ADMIRAL BLAKE AND HUMPHREY BLAKE¹

BLAKE. Humphrey! it hath pleased God, upon this day, to vouchsafe unto the English arms a signal victory. Brother! it grieves my heart that neither of us can rejoice in it as we should do. Evening is closing on the waters: our crews are returning thanks and offering up prayers to the Almighty. Alas! alas! that we, who ought to be the most grateful for his protection, and for the spirit he hath breathed into our people, should be the only men in this vast armament whom he hath sorely chastened; that we of all others should be ashamed to approach the throne of grace among our countrymen and comrades! There are those who accuse you, and they are brave and honest men...there are those, O Humphrey! Humphrey! ...was the sound ever heard in our father's house?... who accuse you, brother! brother!...how can I ever find utterance for the word?...yea, of cowardice.

¹ "A story has been told and repeated that Blake's brother, Benjamin, commanded a ship at Santa Cruz, was there guilty of cowardice, was tried by court martial at Blake's order, was sentenced to death, with a recommendation to mercy, to which the General yielded, and sent the culprit home with an order 'he shall never be employed more.' The story is utterly false. Benjamin Blake went out to the West Indies with Penn, and was appointed by him vice-admiral of the fleet left there, under Goodsonn as commander-in-chief. Between these two a quarrel arose, apparently as to the right of command. The details are not known, but the result was that Goodsonn sent his second in command home. From beginning to end the General had nothing to do with the matter, except indeed that, out of respect to him, the case was not pressed as it otherwise might have been."—Sir John Laughton, R.N., in the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

Stand off! I want no help: let me be.

HUMPHREY. To-day, for the first time in my life, I was in the midst of many ships of superior force firing upon mine, at once and incessantly.

BLAKE. The very position where most intrepidity was required. Were none with you? were none in the same danger? Shame! Shame! You owed many an example, and you defrauded them of it. They could not gain promotion, the poor seamen! they could not hope for glory in the wide world: example they might have hoped for. You would not have robbed them of their prize-money....

HUMPHREY. Brother! was ever act of dishonesty imputed to a Blake?

BLAKE....Until now. You have robbed them even of the chance they had of winning it: you have robbed them of the pride, the just and chastened pride, awaiting them at home: you have robbed their children of their richest inheritance, a father's good repute.

HUMPHREY. Despite of calumniators, there are worthy men ready to speak in my favour, at least in extenuation....

BLAKE. I will hear them, as becomes me, although I myself am cognizant of your default; for during the conflict how anxiously, as often as I could, did I look toward your frigate! Especial care could not be fairly taken that aid at the trying moment should be at hand: other vessels were no less exposed than yours; and it was my duty to avoid all partiality in giving my support.

HUMPHREY. Grievous as my shortcoming may be, surely I am not precluded from what benefit the testimony of my friends may afford me.

BLAKE. Friends...ah thou hast many, Humphrey! and many hast thou well deserved. In youth, in boyhood,

in childhood, thy honeyed temper brought ever warm friends about thee. Easiness of disposition conciliates bad and good alike: it draws affections to it, and relaxes enmities: but that same easiness renders us, too often, negligent of our graver duties. God knows, I may without the same excuse (if it is any) be impeached of negligence in many of mine; but never where the honour or safety of my country was concerned. Wherefore the Almighty's hand, in this last battle, as in others no less prosperous, hath conducted and sustained me.

HUMPHREY! did thy heart wax faint within thee through want of confidence in our sole Deliverer?

HUMPHREY. Truly I have no such plea.

BLAKE. It were none; it were an aggravation.

HUMPHREY. I confess I am quite unable to offer any adequate defence for my backwardness, my misconduct. Oh! could the hour return, the battle rage again. How many things are worse than death! how few things better! I am twelve years younger than you are, brother, and want your experience¹.

BLAKE. Is that your only want? Deplorable is it to know, as now I know, that you will never have it, and that you will have a country which you can never serve.

HUMPHREY. Deplorable it is indeed. God help me!

BLAKE. Worse evil soon may follow; worse to me, remembering thy childhood. Merciful Father! after all the blood that hath been shed this day, must I devote a brother's?

HUMPHREY. O Robert! always compassionate, always kind and generous! do not inflict on yourself so lasting a calamity, so unavailing a regret! Listen!...not to me...but listen. I hear under your bow the sound of

¹ Admiral Blake had eleven brothers. He himself was the eldest and Humphrey came next.

oars. I hear them drawn into boats. Verily do I believe that several of the captains are come to intercede for me, as they said they would do.

BLAKE. Intercession is vain. Honourable men shall judge you. A man to be honourable must be strictly just, at the least. Will brave men spare you? It lies with them. Whatever be their sentence, my duty is (God give me strength!) to execute it.

[Officers come aboard.]

Gentlemen! who sent for you?

SENIOR OFFICER. General! we, the captains of your fleet, come before you upon the most painful of duties.

BLAKE *(to himself)*. I said so: his doom is sealed. *(to Senior Officer)* Speak, sir! speak out, I say. A man who hath fought so bravely as you have fought to-day ought never to hesitate and falter.

SENIOR OFFICER. General! we grieve to say that Captain Humphrey Blake, commanding a frigate in the service of the Commonwealth, is accused of remissness in his duty.

BLAKE. I know it. Where is the accuser? What! no answer from any of you? Then I am he. Captain Humphrey Blake is here impleaded of neglecting to perform his uttermost in the seizure or destruction of the enemy's galloons. Is the crime...write it, write it down!...no need to speak it here...capital? Negligence? no worse? but worse can there be?

SENIOR OFFICER. We would humbly represent....

BLAKE. Representations, if made at all, must be made elsewhere. He goes forthwith to England. Return each of you to his vessel. Delinquency, grave delinquency, there hath been, of what nature and to what extent you must decide. Take him away. *(Alone.)* Just God! am I the guilty man, that I should drink to the very dregs such a cup of bitterness?

Forgive, forgive, O Lord! the sinful cry of thy servant!
Thy will be done! Thou hast shown thy power this day,
O Lord! now show, and make me worthy of, thy mercy!

Imaginary Conversations.

JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY

1814—1877

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE SEA TO LEYDEN

MEANTIME, the besieged city was at its last gasp. The burghers had been in a state of uncertainty for many days; being aware that the fleet¹ had set forth for their relief, but knowing full well the thousand obstacles which it had to surmount. They had guessed its progress by the illumination from the blazing villages; they had heard its salvos of artillery, on its arrival at North Aa; but since then, all had been dark and mournful again, hope and fear, in sickening alternation, distracting every breast. They knew that the wind was unfavourable, and at the dawn of each day every eye was turned wistfully to the vanes of the steeples. So long as the easterly breeze prevailed, they felt, as they anxiously stood on towers and housetops, that they must look in vain for the welcome ocean. Yet, while thus patiently waiting, they were literally starving; for even the misery endured at Haarlem had not reached that depth and intensity of agony to which Leyden was now reduced. Bread, malt-cake,

¹ The fleet under Admiral Boisot comprised in all more than two hundred ships. One of them, *The Ark of Delft*, was an enormous vessel. She was moved by paddle-wheels turned by a crank and was said to have shot-proof sides. Her consorts were propelled by oars, from ten to twenty apiece; and mounted on the average ten pieces of cannon. The ships' companies included some 2500 Sea Beggars, the fiercest, wildest, and most relentless of mankind.

horseflesh, had entirely disappeared; dogs, cats, rats, and other vermin, were esteemed luxuries. A small number of cows, kept as long as possible for their milk, still remained; but a few were killed from day to day, and distributed in minute proportions, hardly sufficient to support life among the famishing population. Starving wretches swarmed daily around the shambles where these cattle were slaughtered, contending for any morsel which might fall, and lapping eagerly the blood as it ran along the pavement; while the hides, chopped and boiled, were greedily devoured. Women and children, all day long, were seen searching gutters and dunghills for morsels of food, which they disputed fiercely with the famishing dogs. The green leaves were stripped from the trees, every living herb was converted into human food, but these expedients could not avert starvation. The daily mortality was frightful...mothers dropped dead in the streets, with their dead children in their arms. In many a house the watchmen, in their rounds, found a whole family of corpses, father, mother, children, side by side, for a disorder called the plague, naturally engendered of hardship and famine, now came, as if in kindness, to abridge the agony of the people. The pestilence stalked at noonday through the city, and the doomed inhabitants fell like grass beneath its scythe. From six thousand to eight thousand human beings sank before this scourge alone, yet the people resolutely held out—women and men mutually encouraging each other to resist the entrance of their foreign foe—an evil more horrible than pest or famine.

The missives from Valdez, who saw more vividly than the besieged could do, the uncertainty of his own position, now poured daily into the city, the enemy becoming more prodigal of his vows, as he felt that the ocean might yet save the victims from his grasp. The inhabitants, in

their ignorance, had gradually abandoned their hopes of relief, but they spurned the summons to surrender. Leyden was sublime in its despair. A few murmurs were, however, occasionally heard at the steadfastness of the magistrates, and a dead body was placed at the door of the burgomaster, as a silent witness against his inflexibility. A party of the more faint-hearted even assailed the heroic Adrian van der Werf with threats and reproaches as he passed through the streets. A crowd had gathered around him, as he reached a triangular place in the centre of the town, into which many of the principal streets emptied themselves, and upon one side of which stood the Church of Saint Pancras, with its high brick tower surmounted by two pointed turrets, and with two ancient lime-trees at its entrance. There stood the burgomaster, a tall, haggard, imposing figure, with dark visage, and a tranquil but commanding eye. He waved his broad-leaved felt hat for silence, and then exclaimed, in language which has been almost literally preserved, "What would ye, my friends? Why do ye murmur that we do not break our vows and surrender the city to the Spaniards? a fate more horrible than the agony which she now endures. I tell you I have made an oath to hold the city, and may God give me strength to keep my oath! I can die but once; whether by your hands, the enemy's, or by the hand of God. My own fate is indifferent to me, not so that of the city entrusted to my care. I know that we shall starve if not soon relieved; but starvation is preferable to the dishonoured death which is the only alternative. Your menaces move me not; my life is at your disposal; here is my sword, plunge it into my breast, and divide my flesh among you. Take my body to appease your hunger, but expect no surrender, so long as I remain alive."

The words of the stout burgomaster inspired a new

courage in the hearts of those who heard him, and a shout of applause and defiance arose from the famishing but enthusiastic crowd. They left the place, after exchanging new vows of fidelity to their magistrate, and again ascended tower and battlement to watch for the coming fleet. From the ramparts they hurled renewed defiance at the enemy. "Ye call us rat-eaters and dog-eaters," they cried, "and it is true. So long, then, as ye hear dog bark or cat mew within the walls, ye may know that the city holds out...."

Such words of defiance, thundered daily from the battlements, sufficiently informed Valdez as to his chance of conquering the city, either by force or fraud, but at the same time, he felt comparatively relieved by the inactivity of Boisot's fleet, which still lay stranded at North Aa. "As well," shouted the Spaniards, derisively, to the citizens, "as well can the Prince of Orange pluck the stars from the sky as bring the ocean to the walls of Leyden for your relief."

On the 28th of September, a dove flew into the city, bringing a letter from Admiral Boisot. In this dispatch, the position of the fleet at North Aa was described in encouraging terms, and the inhabitants were assured that in a very few days at furthest, the long-expected relief would enter their gates. The letter was read publicly upon the market-place, and the bells were rung for joy. Nevertheless, on the morrow, the vanes pointed to the east, the waters, so far from rising, continued to sink, and Admiral Boisot was almost in despair. He wrote to the Prince, that if the spring-tide, now to be expected, should not, together with a strong and favourable wind, come immediately to their relief, it would be in vain to attempt anything further, and that the expedition would, of necessity, be abandoned. The tempest came to their relief. A violent equinoctial gale, on the night of the

1st and 2nd of October, came storming from the north-west, shifting after a few hours full eight points, and then blowing still more violently from the south-west. The waters of the North Sea were piled in vast masses upon the southern coast of Holland, and then dashed furiously landward, the ocean rising over the earth, and sweeping with unrestrained power across the ruined dykes.

In the course of twenty-four hours the fleet at North Aa, instead of nine inches, had more than two feet of water. No time was lost. The Kirkway, which had been broken through according to the Prince's instructions, was now completely overflowed, and the fleet sailed at midnight, in the midst of the storm and darkness. A few sentinel vessels of the enemy challenged them as they steadily rowed towards Zoeterwoude. The answer was a flash from Boisot's cannon, lighting up the black waste of waters. There was a fierce naval midnight battle; a strange spectacle among the branches of those quiet orchards, and with the chimney stacks of half-submerged farm-houses rising around the contending vessels. The neighbouring village Zoeterwoude shook with the discharges of the Zeelander's cannon, and the Spaniards assembled in that fortress knew that the rebel Admiral was at last afloat and on his course. The enemy's vessels were soon sunk, and their crews hurled into the waves. On went the fleet, sweeping over the broad waters which lay between Zoeterwoude and Zwieten. As they approached some shallows, which led into the great mere, the Zeelanders dashed into the sea, and with sheer strength shouldered every vessel through. Two obstacles lay still in their path—the forts of Zoeterwoude and Lammen, distant from the city five hundred and two hundred and fifty yards respectively. Strong redoubts both well supplied with troops and artillery, they were likely to give a rough reception to the light flotilla. But the

panic, which had hitherto driven their foes before the advancing patriots, had reached Zoeterwoude. Hardly was the fleet in sight when the Spaniards, in the early morning, poured out from the fortress, and fled precipitately to the left, along a road which led in a westerly direction towards the Hague. Their narrow path was rapidly vanishing in the waves, and hundreds sank beneath the constantly deepening and treacherous flood. The wild Zeelanders, too, sprang from their vessels upon the crumbling dyke and drove their retreating foes into the sea. They hurled their harpoons at them, with an accuracy acquired in many a polar chase; they plunged into the waves in keen pursuit, attacking them with boat-hook and dagger. The numbers who thus fell beneath these corsairs, who neither gave nor took quarter, were never counted, but probably not less than a thousand perished. The rest effected their escape to the Hague.

The first fortress was thus seized, dismantled, set on fire, and passed, and a few strokes of the oars brought the whole fleet close to Lammen. This last obstacle rose formidable and frowning directly across their path. Swarming as it was with soldiers, and bristling with artillery, it seemed to defy the armada either to carry it by storm or to pass under its guns into the city. It appeared that the enterprise was, after all, to founder within sight of the long expecting and expected haven. Boisot anchored his fleet within a respectful distance, and spent what remained of the day in carefully reconnoitring the fort, which seemed only too strong....

Meantime, the citizens had grown wild with expectation. A dove had been dispatched by Boisot, informing them of his precise position, and a number of citizens accompanied the burgomaster, at nightfall, toward the tower of Hengist—"Yonder," cried the magistrate, stretching out his hand towards Lammen, "yonder,

behind that fort, are bread and meat, and brethren in thousands. Shall all this be destroyed by the Spanish guns, or shall we rush to the rescue of our friends?" "We will tear the fortress to fragments with our teeth and nails," was the reply, "before the relief, so long expected, shall be wrested from us." It was resolved that a sortie, in conjunction with the operations of Boisot, should be made against Lammen with the earliest dawn. Night descended upon the scene, a pitch dark night, full of anxiety to the Spaniards, to the armada, to Leyden. Strange sights and sounds occurred at different moments to bewilder the anxious sentinels. A long procession of lights issuing from the fort was seen to flit across the black face of the waters, in the dead of night, and the whole of the city wall, between the Cow-gate and the Tower of Burgundy, fell with a loud crash. The horror-struck citizens thought that the Spaniards were upon them at last; the Spaniards imagined the noise to indicate a desperate sortie of the citizens. Everything was vague and mysterious.

Day dawned, at length, after the feverish night, and the Admiral prepared for the assault. Within the fortress reigned a death-like stillness, which inspired a sickening suspicion. Had the city, indeed, been carried in the night; had the massacre already commenced; had all this labour and audacity been expended in vain? Suddenly a man was descried, wading breast-high through the water from Lammen towards the fleet, while at the same time, one solitary boy was seen to wave his cap from the summit of the fort. After a moment of doubt, the happy mystery was solved. The Spaniards had fled, panic-struck, during the darkness. Their position would still have enabled them, with firmness, to frustrate the enterprise of the patriots, but the hand of God, which had sent the ocean and the tempest to the deliverance

of Leyden, had struck her enemies with terror likewise. The lights which had been seen moving during the night were the lanterns of the retreating Spaniards, and the boy who was now waving his triumphant signal from the battlements had alone witnessed the spectacle. So confident was he in the conclusion to which it led him, that he had volunteered at daybreak to go thither all alone. The magistrates, fearing a trap, hesitated for a moment to believe the truth, which soon, however, became quite evident. Valdez, flying himself from Leyderdorp, had ordered Colonel Borgia to retire with all his troops from Lammen. Thus, the Spaniards had retreated at the very moment that an extraordinary accident had laid bare a whole side of the city for their entrance. The noise of the wall, as it fell, only inspired them with fresh alarm; for they believed that the citizens had sallied forth in the darkness, to aid the advancing flood in the work of destruction. All obstacles being now removed, the fleet of Boisot swept by Lammen, and entered the city on the morning of the 3rd of October. Leyden was relieved.

The quays were lined with the famishing population, as the fleet rowed through the canals, every human being who could stand coming forth to greet the preservers of the city. Bread was thrown from every vessel among the crowd. The poor creatures who for two months had tasted no wholesome human food, and who had literally been living within the jaws of death, snatched eagerly the blessed gift, at last too liberally bestowed. Many choked themselves to death, in the greediness with which they devoured their bread; others became ill with the effects of plenty thus suddenly succeeding starvation;—but these were isolated cases, a repetition of which was prevented. The Admiral, stepping ashore, was welcomed by the magistracy, and a solemn procession was

immediately formed. Magistrates and citizens, wild Zeelanders, emaciated burgher guards, sailors, soldiers, women, children—nearly every living person within the walls, all repaired without delay to the great church, stout Admiral Boisot leading the way. The starving and heroic city, which had been so firm in its resistance to an earthly king, now bent itself in humble gratitude before the King of kings. After prayers, the whole vast congregation joined in the thanksgiving hymn. Thousands of voices raised the song, but few were able to carry it to its conclusion, for the universal emotion, deepened by the music, became too full for utterance. The hymn was abruptly suspended, while the multitude wept like children.

The Rise of the Dutch Republic.

CHARLES KINGSLEY

1819—1875

I

THE LAST OF THE *MADRE DOLOROSA*

AND then again to quarters; for half the day's work, or more than half, still remained to be done; and hardly were the decks cleared afresh, and the damage repaired as best it could be, when she came ranging up to leeward, as closehauled¹ as she could.

She was, as I said, a long flush-decked² ship of full five hundred tons, more than double the size, in fact, of the *Rose*, though not so lofty in proportion; and many

¹ *Close-hauled.* As near the wind as possible.

² *Flush-decked.* Having a continuous floor from stem to stern, upon one level, without any break.

a bold heart beat loud, and no shame to them, as she began firing away merrily, determined, as all well knew, to wipe out in English blood the disgrace of her late foil.

"Never mind, my merry masters," said Amyas, "she has quantity and we quality."

"That's true," said one, "for one honest man is worth two rogues."

"And one culverin three of their footy little ordnance," said another. "So when you will, captain, and have at her."

"Let her come abreast of us, and don't burn powder. We have the wind, and can do what we like with her. Serve the men out a horn of ale all round, steward, and all take your time."

So they waited for five minutes more, and then set to work quietly, after the fashion of English mastiffs, though, like those mastiffs, they waxed right mad before three rounds were fired, and the white splinters (sight beloved) began to crackle and fly.

Amyas, having, as he had said, the wind, and being able to go nearer it than the Spaniard, kept his place at easy point-blank range for his two eighteen-pounder culverins, which Yeo and his mate worked with terrible effect.

"We are hacking her through and through every shot," said he. "Leave the small ordnance alone yet awhile, and we shall sink her without them."

"Whing, whing," went the Spaniard's shot, like so many humming-tops, through the rigging far above their heads; for the ill-constructed ports of those days prevented the guns from hulling¹ an enemy who was to windward, unless close alongside.

"Blow, jolly breeze," cried one, "and lay the Don over all thou canst.—What the murrain is gone, aloft there?"

¹ *To hull.* To fire cannon-balls into a vessel's hull.

Alas! a crack, a flap, a rattle; and blank dismay! An unlucky shot had cut the foremast (already wounded) in two, and all forward was a mass of dangling wreck.

"Forward, and cut away the wreck!" said Amyas, unmoved. "Small arm men, be ready. He will be aboard of us in five minutes!"

It was too true. The *Rose*, unmanageable from the loss of her head-sail, lay at the mercy of the Spaniard; and the archers and musketeers had hardly time to range themselves to leeward, when the *Madre Dolorosa's* chains were grinding against the *Rose's* and grapples tossed on board from stem to stern.

"Don't cut them loose!" roared Amyas. "Let them stay and see the fun! Now, dogs of Devon, show your teeth, and hurrah for God and the Queen!"

And then began a fight most fierce and fell: the Spaniards, according to their fashion, attempting to board, the English, amid fierce shouts of "God and the Queen!" "God and St. George for England!" sweeping them back by showers of arrows and musket balls, thrusting them down with pikes, hurling grenades and stink-pots from the tops; while the swivels on both sides poured their grape, and bar, and chain, and the great main-deck guns, thundering muzzle to muzzle, made both ships quiver and recoil, as they smashed the round shot through and through each other.

So they roared and flashed, fast clenched to each other in that devil's wedlock, under a cloud of smoke beneath the cloudless tropic sky; while all around, the dolphins gambolled, and the flying-fish shot on from swell to swell, and the rainbow-hued jellies opened and shut their cups of living crystal to the sun, as merrily as if man had never fallen, and hell had never broken loose on earth.

So it raged for an hour or more, till all arms were

weary, and all tongues clove to the mouth. And sick men, rotting with scurvy, scrambled up on deck, and fought with the strength of madness: and tiny powder-boys, handing up cartridges from the hold, laughed and cheered as the shots ran past their ears; and old Salvation Yeo, a text upon his lips, and a fury in his heart as of Joshua or Elijah in old time, worked on, calm and grim, but with the energy of a boy at play. And now and then an opening in the smoke showed the Spanish captain, in his suit of black steel armour, standing cool and proud, guiding and pointing, careless of the iron hail, but too lofty a gentleman to soil his glove with aught but a knightly sword-hilt: while Amyas and Will, after the fashion of the English gentlemen, had stripped themselves nearly as bare as their own sailors, and were cheering, thrusting, hewing, and hauling, here, there, and everywhere, like any common mariner, and filling them with a spirit of self-respect, fellow-feeling, and personal daring, which the discipline of the Spaniards, more perfect mechanically, but cold and tyrannous, and crushing spiritually, never could bestow. The black-plumed Señor was obeyed; but the golden-locked Amyas was followed; and would have been followed through the jaws of hell.

The Spaniards, ere five minutes had passed, poured en masse into the *Rose's* waist: but only to their destruction. Between the poop and forecastle (as was then the fashion) the upper-deck beams were left open and unplanked, with the exception of a narrow gangway on either side; and off that fatal ledge the boarders, thrust on by those behind, fell headlong between the beams to the main-deck below, to be slaughtered helpless in that pit of destruction, by the double fire from the bulkheads fore and aft; while the few who kept their footing on the gangway, after vain attempts to force the stockades on poop and forecastle, leaped overboard again amid a

shower of shot and arrows. The fire of the English was as steady as it was quick; and though three-fourths of the crew had never smelt powder before, they proved well the truth of the old chronicler's saying (since proved again more gloriously than ever, at Alma, Balaclava, and Inkermann), that "the English never fight better than in their first battle."

Thrice the Spaniards clambered on board; and thrice surged back before that deadly hail. The decks on both sides were very shambles; and Jack Brimblecombe, who had fought as long as his conscience would allow him, found when he turned to a more clerical occupation, enough to do in carrying poor wretches to the surgeon, without giving that spiritual consolation which he longed to give, and they to receive. At last there was a lull in that wild storm. No shot was heard from the Spaniard's upper-deck.

Amyas leaped into the mizzen rigging, and looked through the smoke. Dead men he could descry through the blinding veil, rolled in heaps, laid flat; dead men and dying: but no man upon his feet. The last volley had swept the deck clear; one by one had dropped below to escape that fiery shower: and alone at the helm, grinding his teeth with rage, his mustachios curling up to his very eyes, stood the Spanish captain.

Now was the moment for a counter-stroke. Amyas shouted for the boarders, and in two minutes more he was over the side, and clutching at the Spaniard's mizzen rigging.

What was this? The distance between him and the enemy's side was widening. Was she sheering off? Yes—and rising too, growing bodily higher every moment, as if by magic. Amyas looked up in astonishment and saw what it was. The Spaniard was heeling fast over to leeward away from him. Her masts were all sloping forward, swifter and swifter—the end was come, then!

"Back! in God's name back, men! She is sinking by the head¹!" And with much ado some were dragged back, some leaped back—all but old Michael Heard.

With hair and beard floating in the wind, the bronzed naked figure, like some weird old Indian fakir, still climbed on steadfastly up the mizzen-chains of the Spaniard, hatchet in hand.

"Come back, Michael! Leap while you may!" shouted a dozen voices. Michael turned—

"And what should I come back for, then, to go home where no one knoweth me? I'll die like an Englishman this day, or I'll know the reason why!" and turning, he sprang in over the bulwarks, as the huge ship rolled up more and more, like a dying whale, exposing all her long black hulk almost down to the keel, and one of her lower-deck guns, as if in defiance, exploded upright into the air, hurling the ball to the very heavens.

In an instant it was answered from the *Rose* by a column of smoke, and the eighteen-pound ball crashed through the bottom of the defenceless Spaniard.

"Who fired? Shame to fire on a sinking ship!"

"Gunner Yeo, sir," shouted a voice up from the main-deck. "He's like a madman down here."

"Tell him if he fires again, I'll put him in irons, if he were my own brother. Cut away the grapples aloft, men. Don't you see how she drags us over? Cut away, or we shall sink with her."

They cut away, and the *Rose*, released from the strain, shook her feathers on the wave-crest like a freed sea-gull, while all men held their breaths.

Suddenly the glorious creature righted herself, and rose again, as if in noble shame, for one last struggle with her doom. Her bows were deep in the water, but her after-deck still dry. Righted: but only for a moment,

¹ *By the head.* Bows foremost.

long enough to let her crew come pouring wildly up on deck, with cries and prayers, and rush aft to the poop, where, under the flag of Spain, stood the tall captain, his left hand on the standard-staff, his sword pointed in his right.

"Back, men!" they heard him cry, "and die like valiant mariners."

Some of them ran to the bulwarks, and shouted "Mercy! We surrender!" and the English broke into a cheer and called to them to run her alongside.

"Silence!" shouted Amyas. "I take no surrender from mutineers. Señor," cried he to the captain, springing into the rigging and taking off his hat, "for the love of God and these men, strike! and surrender à buena guerra."

The Spaniard lifted his hat and bowed courteously, and answered, "Impossible, Señor. No guerra is good which stains my honour."

"God have mercy on you, then!"

"Amen!" said the Spaniard, crossing himself.

She gave one awful lunge forward, and dived under the coming swell, hurling her crew into the eddies. Nothing but the point of her poop remained, and there stood the stern and steadfast Don, cap-à-pie in his glistening black armour, immovable as a man of iron, while over him the flag, which claimed the empire of both worlds, flaunted its gold aloft and upwards in the glare of the tropic noon.

"He shall not carry that flag to the devil with him; I will have it yet, if I die for it!" said Will Cary, and rushed to the side to leap overboard, but Amyas stopped him.

"Let him die as he has lived, with honour."

A wild figure sprang out of the mass of sailors who struggled and shrieked amid the foam, and rushed upward at the Spaniard. It was Michael Heard. The Don, who stood above him, plunged his sword into the old man's

body: but the hatchet gleamed, nevertheless: down went the blade through headpiece and through head; and as Heard sprang onward, bleeding, but alive, the steel-clad corpse rattled down the deck into the surge. Two more strokes, struck with the fury of a dying man, and the standard-staff was hewn through. Old Michael collected all his strength, hurled the flag far from the sinking ship, and then stood erect one moment and shouted, "God save Queen Bess!" and the English answered with a "Hurrah!" which rent the welkin.

Another moment and the gulf had swallowed his victim, and the poop, and him; and nothing remained of the *Madre Dolorosa* but a few floating spars and struggling wretches, while a great awe fell upon all men, and a solemn silence, broken only by the cry

"Of some strong swimmer in his agony."

And then, suddenly collecting themselves, as men awakened from a dream, half-a-dozen desperate gallants, reckless of sharks and eddies, leaped overboard, swam towards the flag, and towed it alongside in triumph.

Westward Ho!

II

"VENGEANCE IS MINE," SAITH THE LORD

CARY went away with a shudder. As he passed down the hatchway he looked back. Amyas had got the hone out of his pocket, and was whetting away again at his sword-edge, as if there was some dreadful doom on him, to whet, and whet forever.

The weary day wore on. The strip of blue sky was curtained over again, and all was dismal as before; though it grew sultrier every moment, and now and then a distant mutter shook the air to westward. Nothing could

be done to lessen the distance between the ships, for the *Vengeance* had had all her boats carried away but one, and that was much too small to tow her: and while the men went down again to finish dinner, Amyas worked on at his sword, looking up every now and then suddenly at the Spaniard, as if to satisfy himself that it was not a vision which had vanished.

About two Yeo came up to him.

"He is ours safely now, sir. The tide has been running to the eastward for this two hours."

"Safe as a fox in a trap. Satan himself cannot take him from us!"

"But God may," said Brimblecombe simply.

"Who spoke to you, sir? If I thought that He— There comes the thunder at last!"

And as he spoke an angry growl from the westward heavens seemed to answer his wild words, and rolled and loudened nearer and nearer, till right over their heads it crashed against some cloud-cliff far above, and all was still.

Each man looked in the other's face: but Amyas was unmoved.

"The storm is coming," said he, "and the wind in it. It will be Eastward-ho now, for once, my merry men all!"

"Eastward-ho never brought us luck," said Jack in an undertone to Cary. But by this time all eyes were turned to the north-west, where a black line along the horizon began to define the boundary of sea and air, till now all dim in mist.

"There comes the breeze."

"And there the storm, too."

And with that strangely accelerating pace which some storms seem to possess, the thunder, which had been growling slow and seldom far away, now rang peal on peal along the cloudy floor above their heads.

"Here comes the breeze. Round with the yards, or we shall be taken aback."

The yards creaked round; the sea grew crisp around them; the hot air swept their cheeks, tightened every rope, filled every sail, bent her over. A cheer burst from the men as the helm went up, and they staggered away before the wind, right down upon the Spaniard, who lay still becalmed.

"There is more behind, Amyas," said Cary. "Shall we not shorten sail a little?"

"No. Hold on every stitch," said Amyas. "Give me the helm, man. Boatswain, pipe away to clear for fight."

It was done, and in ten minutes the men were all at quarters, while the thunder rolled louder and louder overhead and the breeze freshened fast.

"The dog has it now. There he goes!" said Cary.

"Right before the wind. He has no liking to face us."

"He is running into the jaws of destruction," said Yeo. "An hour more will send him either right up the Channel, or smack on shore somewhere."

"There! he has put his helm down. I wonder if he sees land?"

"He is like a March hare beat out of his country," said Cary, "and don't know whither to run next."

Cary was right. In ten minutes more the Spaniard fell off again, and went away dead down wind, while the *Vengeance* gained on him fast. After two hours more, the four miles had diminished to one, while the lightning flashed nearer and nearer as the storm came up; and from the vast mouth of a black cloud-arch poured so fierce a breeze that Amyas yielded unwillingly to hints which were growing into open murmurs, and bade shorten sail.

On they rushed with scarcely lessened speed, the black arch following fast, curtained by one flat grey sheet of pouring rain, before which the water was boiling in a long white line; while every moment behind the watery veil, a keen blue spark leapt down into the sea, or darted zigzag through the rain.

“We shall have it now, and with a vengeance; this will try your tackle, master,” said Cary.

The functionary answered with a shrug, and turned up the collar of his rough frock, as the first drops flew stinging round his ears. Another minute and the squall burst full upon them, in rain, which cut like hail—hail which lashed the sea into froth, and wind which whirled off the heads of the surges, and swept the waters into one white seething waste. And above them, and behind them, and before them, the lightning leapt and ran, dazzling and blinding, while the deep roar of the thunder was changed to sharp ear-piercing cracks.

“Get the arms and ammunition under cover, and then below with you all,” shouted Amyas from the helm.

“And heat the pokers in the galley fire,” said Yeo, to be ready if the rain puts our linstocks out. I hope you’ll let me stay on deck, sir, in case——”

“I must have some one, and who better than you? Can you see the chase?”

No; she was wrapped in the grey whirlwind. She might be within half a mile of them, for aught they could have seen of her.

And now Amyas and his old liegeman were alone. Neither spoke; each knew the other’s thoughts, and knew that they were his own. The squall blew fiercer and fiercer, the rain poured heavier and heavier. Where was the Spaniard?

“If he has laid-to, we may overshoot him, sir!”

“If he has tried to lay-to, he will not have a sail left

in the bolt-ropes, or perhaps a mast on deck. I know the stiff-neckedness of those Spanish tubs. Hurrah! there he is, right on our larboard bow!"

There she was indeed, two musket-shots' off, staggering away with canvas split and flying.

"He has been trying to hull¹, sir, and caught a buffet," said Yeo, rubbing his hands. "What shall we do now?"

"Range alongside, if it blow live imps and witches, and try our luck once more. Pah! how this lightning dazzles!"

On they swept, gaining fast on the Spaniard.

"Call the men up, and to quarters; the rain will be over in ten minutes."

Yeo ran forward to the gangway; and sprang back again, with a face white and wild—

"Land right ahead! Port your helm, sir! For the love of God, port your helm!"

Amyas, with the strength of a bull, jammed the helm down, while Yeo shouted to the men below.

She swung round. The masts bent like whips; crack went the fore-sail like a cannon. What matter? Within two hundred yards of them was the Spaniard; in front of her, and above her, a huge dark bank rose through the dense hail, and mingled with the clouds; and at its foot, plainer every moment, pillars and spouts of leaping foam.

"What is it? Morte? Hartland?"

It might be anything for thirty miles.

"Lundy!" said Yeo. "The south end! I see the head of the Shutter in the breakers! Hard a-port yet, and get her close-hauled as you can, and the Lord may have mercy on us still! Look at the Spaniard!"

Yes, look at the Spaniard!

¹ *To hull.* See above, p. 176 n.

On their left hand, as they broached-to¹, the wall of granite sloped down from the clouds toward an isolated peak of rock, some two hundred feet in height. Then a hundred yards of roaring breaker upon a sunken shelf, across which the race of the tide poured like a cataract; then, amid a column of salt smoke, the Shutter, like a huge black fang, rose waiting for its prey; and between the Shutter and the land, the great galleon loomed dimly through the storm.

He, too, had seen his danger, and tried to broach-to. But his clumsy mass refused to obey the helm; he struggled a moment, half hid in foam; fell away again, and rushed upon his doom.

"Lost! lost! lost!" cried Amyas madly, and throwing up his hands, let go the tiller. Yeo caught it just in time.

"Sir! sir! What are you at? We shall clear the rock yet."

"Yes!" shouted Amyas in his frenzy; "but he will not!"

Another minute. The galleon gave a sudden jar, and stopped. Then one long heave and bound, as if to free herself. And then her bows lighted clean upon the Shutter.

An awful silence fell on every English soul. They heard not the roaring of wind and surge; they saw not the blinding flashes of the lightning; but they heard one long ear-piercing wail to every saint in heaven rise from five hundred human throats; they saw the mighty ship heel over from the wind, and sweep headlong down the cataract of the race, plunging her yards into the foam,

¹ *To broach-to.* When a ship is running directly before the wind, "to deviate from the line of her course, either to the right or the left, with such rapidity as to bring the ship's side to the wind without shortening sail. The process exposes her to the risk of oversetting.

and showing her whole black side even to her keel, till she rolled clean over, and vanished for ever and ever.

"Shame!" cried Amyas, hurling his sword far into the sea, "to lose my right, my right! when it was in my very grasp! Unmerciful!"

A crack which rent the sky, and made the granite ring and quiver; a bright world of flame, and then a blank of utter darkness, against which stood out, glowing red-hot, every mast, and sail, and rock, and Salvation Yeo as he stood just in front of Amyas, the tiller in his hand. All red-hot, transfigured into fire; and behind, the black, black night.

* * * * *

A whisper, a rustling close beside him, and Brimblecombe's voice said softly,—

"Give him more wine, Will; his eyes are opening."

"Hey day?" said Amyas faintly, "not past the Shutter yet! How long she hangs in the wind!"

"We are long past the Shutter, Sir Amyas," said Brimblecombe.

"Are you mad? Cannot I trust my own eyes?"

There was no answer for awhile.

"We are past the Shutter, indeed," said Cary very gently, "and lying in the cove at Lundy."

"Will you tell me that that is not the Shutter, and that the Devil's-limekiln, and that the cliff—that villain Spaniard only gone—and that Yeo is not standing here by me, and Cary there forward, and—why, by-the-by, where are you, Jack Brimblecombe, who were talking to me this minute?"

"Oh, Sir Amyas Leigh, dear Sir Amyas Leigh," blubbered poor Jack, "put out your hand, and feel where you are, and pray the Lord to forgive you for your wilfulness!"

A great trembling fell upon Amyas Leigh; half fearfully

he put out his hand; he felt that he was in his hammock, with the deck beams close above his head. The vision which had been left upon his eye-balls vanished like a dream.

"What is this? I must be asleep? What has happened? Where am I?"

"In your cabin, Amyas," said Cary.

"What? And where is Yeo?"

"Yeo is gone where he longed to go, and as he longed to go. The same flash which struck you down, struck him dead."

"Dead? Lightning? Any more hurt? I must go and see. Why, what is this?" and Amyas passed his hand across his eyes. "It is all dark—dark, as I live!" And he passed his hand over his eyes again.

There was another dead silence. Amyas broke it.

"Oh, God!" shrieked the great proud sea-captain, "Oh, God, I am blind! blind! blind! And writhing in his great horror, he called to Cary to kill him and put him out of his misery, and then wailed for his mother to come and help him, as if he had been a boy once more; while Brimblecombe and Cary, and the sailors who crowded round the cabin-door, wept as if they too had been boys once more.

Westward Ho!

THOMAS DE QUINCEY

1785—1859

THE SPANISH MILITARY NUN

UGLY indeed is that dilemma where shipwreck and the sea are on one side of you, and famine on the other; or, if a chance of escape is offered, apparently it depends upon taking the right road where there is no guide-post.

St. Lucar being the port of rendezvous for the Peruvian expedition, thither she went. All comers were welcome on board the fleet; much more a fine young fellow like Kate¹. She was at once engaged as a mate; and *her* ship, in particular, after doubling Cape Horn without loss, made the coast of Peru. Payta was the port of her destination. Very near to this port they were, when a storm threw them upon a coral reef. There was little hope of the ship from the first, for she was unmanageable, and was not expected to hold together for twenty-four hours. In this condition, with death before their faces, mark what Kate did; and please to remember it for her benefit, when she does any other little thing that angers you. The crew lowered the long-boat. Vainly the Captain protested against this disloyal desertion of a King's ship, which might yet, perhaps, be run on shore, so as to save the stores. All the crew, to a man, deserted the Captain. You may say *that* literally; for the single exception was *not* a man, being our bold-hearted Kate. She was the only sailor

¹ The real name of this remarkable young woman, who broke away from a nunnery and in man's clothes sought a life of adventure on both sides of the world, was Catalina de Erauso. She was born in 1592 and disappeared mysteriously some forty years later. There is a portrait of her by Pacheco.

that refused to leave her Captain, or the King of Spain's ship. The rest pulled away for the shore, and with fair hopes of reaching it. But one half-hour told another tale: just about that time came a broad sheet of lightning, which, through the darkness of evening, revealed the boat in the very act of mounting like a horse upon an inner reef, instantly filling, and throwing out the crew, every man of whom disappeared amongst the breakers. The night which succeeded was gloomy for both the representatives of his Catholic Majesty. It cannot be denied by the underwriters at Lloyd's, that the muleteer's stable at Valladolid was worth twenty such ships, though the stable was *not* insured against fire, and the ship *was* insured against the sea and the wind by some fellow that thought very little of his engagements. But what's the use of sitting down to cry? That was never any trick of Catalina's. By daybreak, she was at work with an axe in her hand. I knew it, before ever I came to this place in her memoirs. I felt, as sure as if I had read it, that when day broke, we should find Kate at work. Thimble or axe, trousers or raft, all one to *her*.

The Captain, though true to his duty, faithful to his King, and on his King's account even hopeful, seems from the first to have desponded on his own. He gave no help towards the raft. Signs were speaking, however, pretty loudly that he must do something; for notice to quit was now served pretty liberally. Kate's raft was ready; and she encouraged the Captain to think that it would give both of them something to hold by in swimming, if not even carry double. At this moment, when all was waiting for a start, and the ship herself was waiting only for a final lurch to say good-bye to the King of Spain, Kate went and did a thing which some erring people will misconstrue. She knew of a box laden with gold coins,

reputed to be the King of Spain's, and meant for contingencies on the voyage out. This she smashed open with her axe, and took out a sum in ducats and pistoles equal to one hundred guineas English; which, having well secured in a pillow-case, she then lashed firmly to the raft. Now this, you know, though not "flotsam," because it would not float, was certainly, by maritime law, "jetsam." It would be the idlest of scruples to fancy that the sea or a shark had a better right to it than a philosopher, or a splendid girl who showed herself capable of writing a very fair 8vo, to say nothing of her decapitating in battle, as you will find, more than one of the King's enemies, and recovering the King's banner. No sane moralist would hesitate to do the same thing under the same circumstances, even on board an English vessel, and though the First Lord of the Admiralty, and the Secretary, that pokes his nose into everything nautical, should be looking on. The raft was now thrown into the sea. Kate jumped after it, and then entreated the Captain to follow her. He attempted it; but, wanting her youthful agility, he struck his head against a spar, and sank like lead, giving notice below that his ship was coming after him as fast as she could make ready. Kate's luck was better: she mounted the raft, and by the rising tide was gradually washed ashore, but so exhausted, as to have lost all recollection. She lay for hours, until the warmth of the sun revived her. On sitting up, she saw a desolate shore stretching both ways—nothing to eat, nothing to drink, but fortunately the raft and the money had been thrown near her; none of the lashings having given way—only what is the use of a golden ducat, though worth nine shillings in silver, or even of a hundred, amongst tangle and sea-gulls? The money she distributed amongst her pockets, and soon found strength to rise and march forward. But

which *was* forward? and which backward? She knew by the conversation of the sailors that Payta must be in the neighbourhood; and Payta, being a port, could not be in the inside of Peru, but, of course, somewhere on its outside—and the outside of a maritime land must be the shore; so that, if she kept the shore, and went far enough, she could not fail of hitting her foot against Payta at last, in the very darkest of nights, provided only she could first find out which was *up* and which was *down*; else she might walk her shoes off, and find herself, after all, a thousand miles in the wrong. Here was an awkward case, and all for want of a guide-post. Still, when one thinks of Kate's prosperous horoscope; that, after so long a voyage, *she* only, out of the total crew, was thrown on the American shore, with one hundred and five pounds in her purse of clear gain on the voyage, a conviction arises that she *could* not guess wrongly. She might have tossed up, having coins in her pocket, "Heads or tails!" but this kind of sortilege was then coming to be thought irreligious in Christendom, as a Jewish and a heathen mode of questioning the dark future. She simply guessed, therefore; and very soon a thing happened which, though adding nothing to strengthen her guess as a true one, did much to sweeten it, if it should prove a false one. On turning a point of the shore, she came upon a barrel of biscuit washed ashore from the ship. Biscuit is one of the best things I know, even if not made by Mrs. Bobo; but it is the soonest spoiled; and one would like to hear counsel on one puzzling point, why it is that a touch of water utterly ruins it, taking its life, and leaving behind a *caput mortuum*. Upon this *caput*, in default of anything better, Kate breakfasted. And, breakfast being over, she rang the bell for the waiter to take away, and to—— Stop! what nonsense! There could be no bell; besides which,

there could be no waiter. Well, then, without asking the waiter's aid, she that was always prudent packed up some of the Catholic King's biscuit, as she had previously packed up far too little of his gold. But in such cases a most delicate question occurs, pressing equally on dietetics and algebra. It is this: if you pack up too much, then, by this extra burden of salt provisions, you may retard for days your arrival at fresh provisions; on the other hand, if you pack up too little, you may famish, and never arrive at all. Catalina hit the *juste milieu*; and, about twilight on the third day, she found herself entering Payta, without having had to swim any *very* broad river in her walk.

The Spanish Military Nun.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

1803—1882

THE VOYAGE TO ENGLAND

I took my berth in the packet-ship *Washington Irving* and sailed from Boston on Tuesday, 5 October, 1847.

On Friday at noon we had only made 134 miles. A nimble Indian would have swum as far. But the captain affirmed that the ship would show us in time all her paces and we crept along through the floating drift of boards, logs and chips, which the rivers of Maine and New Brunswick pour into the sea after a freshet.

At last, on Sunday night, after doing one day's work in four, the storm came, the winds blew, and we flew before a north-wester, which strained every rope and sail. The good ship darts through the water all day, all night, like a fish, quivering with speed, gliding through

liquid leagues, sliding from horizon to horizon. She has passed Cape Sable; she has reached the Banks; the land-birds are left; gulls, haglets, ducks, petrels, swim, dive and hover around; no fishermen; she has passed the Banks; left five sail behind her, far on the edge of the west at sundown, which were far east of us at morn—though they say at sea a stern chase is a long race—and still we fly for our lives. The shortest sea-line from Boston to Liverpool is 2850 miles. This a steamer keeps, and saves 150 miles. A sailing ship can never go in a shorter line than 3000, and usually it is much longer. Our good master keeps his kites¹ up to the last moment, studding sails alow and aloft, and by incessant straight steering never loses a rod of way. Watchfulness is the law of the ship—watch on watch, for advantage and for life. Since the ship was built, it seems, the master never slept but in his day-clothes whilst on board. “There are many advantages,” says Saadi, “in sea-voyaging, but security is not one of them.” Yet in hurrying over these abysses, whatever dangers we are running into, we are certainly running out of the risks of hundreds of miles every day, which have their own chances of squall, collision, sea-stroke, piracy, cold and thunder. Hour for hour, the risk on² a steamboat is greater; but the speed is safety, or twelve days of danger instead of twenty-four.

Our ship was registered 750 tons, and weighed perhaps with all her freight 1500 tons. The mainmast from deck to the top-button³ measured 115 feet; the length of the deck from stem to stern, 155. It is impossible not to personify a ship; everybody does, in everything they say. She behaves well; she minds her rudder; she

¹ The very lofty sails which are as a rule only set in fine weather, such as sky sails, royal studding sails and all above them.

² Cp. p. 74 n. and 149 n.

³ Truck.

swims like a duck; she runs her nose into the water; she looks into a port. Then that wonderful *esprit de corps*, by which we adopt into our self-love everything we touch, makes us all champions of her sailing qualities.

The conscious ship hears all the praise. In one week she has made 1467 miles, and now, at night, seems to hear the steamer behind her, which left Boston to-day at two, has mended her speed, and is flying before the grey south wind eleven and a half knots an hour. The sea-fire shines in her wake, and far around wherever a wave breaks. I read the hour, 9 h. 45', on my watch by this light. Near the equator you can read small print by it; and the mate describes the phosphoric insects, when taken up in a pail, as shaped like a Carolina potato.

I find the sea-life an acquired taste, like that for tomatoes and olives. The confinement, cold, motion, noise and odour are not to be dispensed with. The floor of your room is sloped at an angle of twenty or thirty degrees, and I waked every morning with the belief that someone was tipping up my berth. Nobody likes to be treated ignominiously, upset, shoved against the side of the house, rolled over, suffocated with bilge, mephitis and stewing oil. We get used to these annoyances at last, but the dread of the sea remains longer. The sea is masculine, the type of active strength. Look, what egg-shells are drifting all over it, each one, like ours, filled with men in ecstasies of terror, alternating with cockney conceit, as the sea is rough or smooth. Is this sad-coloured circle an eternal cemetery? In our graveyards we scoop a pit. But this aggressive water opens mile-wide pits and chasms, and makes a mouthful of a fleet. To the geologist, the sea is the only firmament. The land is in perpetual flux and change, now blown up like a tumour, now sunk in a chasm; and the registered

observations of a few hundred years find it in a perpetual tilt, rising and falling. The sea keeps its old level. And 'tis no wonder that the history of our race is so recent, if the roar of the ocean is silencing our traditions. A rising of the sea, such as has been observed, say an inch in a century, from east to west on the land, will bury all the towns, monuments, bones, and knowledge of mankind, steadily and insensibly.

If it is capable of these great and secular mischiefs, it is quite as ready at private and local damage; and of this no landsman seems so fearful as the seaman. Such discomfort and such danger as the narratives of the captain and mate disclose are bad enough as the costly fee we pay for entrance to Europe; but the wonder is always new that any sane man can be a sailor. And here, on the second day of our voyage, stepped out a little boy in his shirt-sleeves, who had hid himself, whilst the ship was in port, in the bread-closet, having no money, and wishing to go to England. The sailors have dressed him in a Guernsey frock, with a knife in his belt, and he is climbing nimbly about after them, "likes the work first-rate, and if the captain will take him, means now to come back again in the ship." The mate avers that this is the history of all sailors; nine out of ten are run-away boys; and adds that all of them are sick of the sea but stay in it out of pride. Jack has a life of risks, incessant abuse, and the worst of pay. It is a little better with the mate and not very much better with the captain. A hundred dollars a month is reckoned high pay. If sailors were contented, if they had not resolved again and again not to go to sea any more, I should respect them.

Of course, the inconveniences and terrors of the sea are not of any account to those whose minds are pre-occupied. The water-laws, arctic frost, the mountain

the mine, only shatter cockneyism; every noble activity makes room for itself. A great mind is a good sailor, as a great heart is. And the sea is not slow in disclosing inestimable secrets to a good naturalist.

'Tis a good rule in every journey to provide some piece of literal study to rescue the hours which bad weather, bad company, and taverns steal from the best economist. Classics which at home are drowsily read have a strange charm in a country inn, or in the transom¹ of a merchant brig. I remember that some of the happiest and most valuable hours I have owed to books, passed, many years ago, on shipboard. The worst impediment I have found at sea is the want of light in the cabin.

We found on board the usual cabin library; Basil Hall, Dumas, Dickens, Bulwer, Balzac and Sand were our sea-gods. Among the passengers, there was some variety of talent and profession. We exchanged our experiences and all learned something. The busiest talk with leisure and convenience at sea, and sometimes a memorable fact turns up, which you have long had a vacant niche for and seize with the joy of a collector. But, under the best conditions, a voyage is one of the severest tests to a man. A college examination is nothing to it. Sea-days are long—these lack-lustre, joyless days which whistled over us; but they were few—only fifteen as the captain counted, sixteen according to me. Reckoned from the time when we left soundings, our speed was such that the captain drew the line of his course in red ink on his chart for the encouragement or envy of future navigators.

It has been said that the King of England would consult his dignity by giving audience to foreign ambassadors in the cabin of a man-of-war. And I think

¹ The after wall of the stern-cabin; here used for the stern-cabin itself.

the white path of an Atlantic ship the right avenue to the palace front of this seafaring people, who for hundreds of years claimed the strict sovereignty of the sea and exacted toll and the striking sail from the ships of all other peoples. When their privilege was disputed by the Dutch and other junior marines, on the plea that you could never anchor on the same wave or hold property in what was always flowing, the English did not stick to claim the channel or bottom of all the main. "As if," said they, "we contended for the drops of the sea and not for its situation or the bed of those waters. The sea is bounded by His Majesty's empire."

English Traits.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

1811—1863

THE FIGHTING *TÉMÉRAIRE*

I MUST request you to turn your attention to a noble river-piece by J. W. M. Turner, Esq., R.A., "The Fighting *Téméraire*"—as grand a painting as ever figured on the walls of any academy, or came from the easel of any painter. The old *Téméraire* is dragged to her last home by a little, spiteful, diabolical steamer. A mighty red sun, amidst a host of flaring clouds, sinks to rest on one side of the picture, and illumines a river that seems interminable, and a countless navy that fades away into such a wonderful distance as never was painted before. The little demon of a steamer is belching out a volume (Why do I say a volume? Not a hundred volumes could express it) of foul, lurid, red-hot, malignant smoke,

paddling furiously, and lashing up the water round about it; while behind it (a cold grey moon looking down on it), slow, sad, and majestic, follows the brave old ship, with death, as it were, written on her. I think, my dear Bricabrac (although, to be sure, your nation would be somewhat offended by such a collection of trophies), that we ought not, in common gratitude, to sacrifice entirely these noble old champions of ours, but that we should have somewhere a museum of their skeletons, which our children might visit, and think of the brave deeds which were done in them. The bones of the *Agamemnon* and the *Captain*, the *Vanguard*, the *Culloden*, and the *Victory*, ought to be sacred relics, for Englishmen to worship almost. Think of them when alive, and braving the battle and the breeze, they carried Nelson and his heroes victorious by the Cape of St. Vincent, in the dark waters of Aboukir, and through the fatal conflict of Trafalgar. All these things, my dear Bricabrac, are, you will say, absurd, and not to the purpose. Be it so: but Bowbellites as we are, we Cockneys feel our hearts leap up when we recall them to memory; and every clerk in Threadneedle Street feels the strength of a Nelson, when he thinks of the mighty actions performed by him.

It is absurd, you will say (and with a great deal of reason), for Titmarsh, or any other Briton, to grow so politically enthusiastic about a four-foot canvas, representing a ship, a steamer, a river, and a sunset. But herein surely lies the power of the great artist. He makes you see and think of a great deal more than the objects before you; he knows how to soothe or to intoxicate, to fire or to depress, by a few notes, or forms, or colours, of which we cannot trace the effect to the source, but only acknowledge the power. I recollect, some years ago, at the theatre at Weimar, hearing Beethoven's "Battle of

Vittoria," in which, amidst a storm of glorious music, the air of "God save the King" was introduced. The very instant it began, every Englishman in the house was bolt upright, and so stood reverently until the air was played out. Why so? From some such thrill of excitement as makes us glow and rejoice over Mr. Turner and his "Fighting *Téméraire*"; which I am sure, when the art of translating colours into music or poetry shall be discovered, will be found to be a magnificent national ode or piece of music.

Art Criticisms.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

1819—91

MR. X, CHIEF MATE

My first acquaintance with him was made over my knife, which he asked to look at, and, after a critical examination, handed back to me, saying, "I shouldn't wonder if that 'ere was a good piece o' stuff." Since then he has transferred a part of his regard for my knife to its owner. I like folks who like an honest piece of steel, and take no interest whatever in "your Raphaels, Correggios, and stuff." There is always more than the average human nature in a man who has a hearty sympathy with iron. It is a manly metal, with no sordid associations like gold and silver. My sailor fully came up to my expectation on further acquaintance. He might well be called an old salt who had been wrecked on Spitzbergen before I was born. He was not an American, but I should never have guessed it by his speech, which was the purest Cape Cod, and I reckon myself a good taster of dialects. Nor was he less Americanized

in all his thoughts and feelings, a singular proof of the ease with which our omnivorous country assimilates foreign matter, provided it be Protestant. For he was a man ere he became an American citizen. He used to walk the deck with his hands in his pockets, in seeming abstraction, but nothing escaped his eye. *How* he saw, I could never make out, though I had a theory that it was with his elbows. After he had taken me (or my knife) into his confidence, he took care that I should see whatever he deemed of interest to a landsman. Without looking up, he would say, suddenly, "There's a whale blowin' clearn up to win'ard," or, "Them's porpises to leeward. That means change o' wind."

He is as impervious to cold as the polar bear, and paces the deck during his watch much as one of those yellow hummocks goes slumping up and down his cage. On the Atlantic, if the wind blew a gale from the north-east, and it was cold as an English summer, he was sure to turn out in a calico shirt and trousers, his furzy brown chest half bare, and slippers, without stockings. But lest you might fancy this to have chanced by defect of wardrobe, he comes out in a monstrous pea-jacket here in the Mediterranean when the evening is so hot that Adam would have been glad to leave off his fig-leaves. "It's a kind o' damp and unwholesome in these 'ere waters," he says, evidently regarding the Midland Sea as a vile standing pool, in comparison with the bluff ocean. At meals he is superb, not only for his strengths, but his weaknesses. He has somehow or other come to think me a wag, and if I ask him to pass the butter, detects an occult joke, and laughs as much as is proper for a mate. For you must know that our social hierarchy on shipboard is precise, and the second mate, were he present, would only laugh half as much as the first. Mr. X always combs his hair, and works himself into a black

frock-coat (on Sundays he adds a waistcoat) before he comes to meals, sacrificing himself nobly and painfully to the social proprieties. The second mate, on the other hand, who eats after us, enjoys the privilege of shirt-sleeves, and is, I think, the happier man of the two....

The gradual fattening of the steward, a benevolent mulatto with whiskers and ear-rings, who looks as if he had been meant for a woman, and had become a man by accident, as in some of those stories of the elder physiologists, is an abiding topic of humorous comment with Mr. X. "That 'ere stooard," he says, with a brown grin like what you might fancy on the face of a serious and aged seal, "'s agittin' as fat 's a porpis. He was as thin's a shingle when he come aboard last v'ye. Them trousis'll bust yit. He don't darst take 'em off nights, for the whole ship's company couldn't git him into 'em agin." And then he turns aside to enjoy the intensity of his emotion by himself, and you hear at intervals low rumblings, an indigestion of laughter.

He tells me of St. Elmo's fires, Marvell's *corposants*¹, though with him the original *corpos santos* has suffered a sea change, and turned to *comepleasants*, pledges of fine weather. I shall not soon find a pleasanter companion. It is so delightful to meet a man who knows just what you do *not*. Nay, I think the tired mind finds something in plump ignorance like what the body feels in cushiony moss. Talk of the sympathy of kindred pursuits! It is the sympathy of the upper and nether millstones, both for ever grinding the same grist, and wearing each other smooth. One has not far to seek for book-nature, artist-nature, every variety of superinduced nature, in short, but genuine human-nature is hard to find. And how good it is! Wholesome as a potato, fit company for any

¹ While baleful Tritons to the shipwreck guide,
And corposants along the tackling slide.

dish. The freemasonry of cultivated men is agreeable, but artificial, and I like better the natural grip with which manhood recognizes manhood.

X has one good story, and with that I leave him, wishing him with all my heart that little inland farm at last which is his calenture as he paces the windy deck. One evening, when the clouds looked wild and whirling, I asked X if it was coming on to blow. "No, I guess not," said he; "bumby the moon'll be up, and scoff away that 'ere loose stuff." His intonation set the phrase "scoff away" in quotation marks as plain as print. So I put a query in each eye, and he went on. "Ther' was a Dutch cappen onct, an' his mate come to him in the cabin, where he sot takin' his schnapps, an' says, 'Cappen, it's agittin' thick, an' looks kin' o' squally; hedn't we's good's shorten sail?' 'Gimmy my alminick,' says the cappen. So he looks at it a spell, an' says he, 'The moon's due in less'n half an hour, an' she'll scoff away ev'ythin' clare agin.' So the mate he goes, an' bumby down he comes agin', an' says, 'Cappen, this 'ere's the allfiredest, powerfulest moon't ever you *did* see. She's scoffed away the maintogallants'l, an' she's to work on the foretops'l now. Guess you'd better look in the alminick agin, an' fin' out when *this* moon sets.' So the cappen thought 'twas 'bout time to go on deck. Dreadful slow them Dutch cappens be." And X walked away, rumbling inwardly like the rote of the sea heard afar.

And so we arrived at Malta. Did you ever hear of one of those eating-houses where, for a certain fee, the guest has the right to make one thrust with a fork into a huge pot, in which the whole dinner is bubbling, getting perhaps a bit of boiled meat, or a potato, or else nothing? Well, when the great cauldron of war is seething, and the nations stand around it striving to fish out something

to their purpose from the mess, Britannia always has a great advantage in her trident. Malta is one of the tit-bits she has impaled with that awful implement. I was not sorry for it, when I reached my clean inn, with its kindly English landlady.

Fireside Travels.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE

1818—1894

DRAKE

FRANCIS DRAKE was born near Tavistock in the year 1545. His father was a tenant of the House of Bedford, occupying lands which had belonged to the Abbey of Tavistock, and was related by marriage to the Hawkinses of Plymouth. He was a Protestant and must have been held in favour by the Russells, for the young Francis was godson of the second Earl, after whom he was named. Trouble rising in the neighbourhood under the Six Articles Act, the Drakes were driven out of Devonshire, and went to Chatham, where, on the accession of Edward, the old man, having a gift that way, became a preacher among the sailors of the King's fleet, and afterwards taking orders, was made Vicar of Upnor on the Medway.

Being brought up among seafaring people, Francis took early to the water. He served his time as an apprentice in a Channel coaster, and his master, who had been struck with his character, left the vessel to him in his will when he died. He was then twenty-one. His kinsman, John Hawkins, was fitting out his third expedition to the Spanish Main, and young Drake with a party of his Kentish friends, went to Plymouth and

joined him. The adventure ended in the disaster at St. John de Ulloa: Hawkins, Drake and a handful of their comrades, barely escaped with their lives, and Drake at least lost all that he possessed.

He was soon upon his feet again. In 1572.... "he made himself whole with the Spaniards" by seizing a convoy of bullion at Panama, and on that occasion having seen the South Pacific from the mountains, "he fell on his knees and prayed God that he might one day navigate those waters" which no English keel had yet furrowed.

The time and the opportunity had come. He was now in the prime of his strength, thirty-two years old, of middle height, with crisp brown hair, a broad high forehead; grey steady eyes, unusually long; small ears, tight to the head; the mouth and chin slightly concealed by the moustache and beard, but hard, inflexible and fierce. His dress, as he appears in his portrait, is a loose dark seaman's shirt, belted at the waist. About his neck is a plaited cord with a ring attached to it, in which, as if the attitude was familiar, one of his fingers is slung, displaying a small, delicate, but long and sinewy hand. When at sea he wore a scarlet cap with a gold band, and was exacting in the respect with which he required to be treated by his crew.

History of England.

APPENDIX

CHARLES SHADWELL

flor.

1710—1720

BRUTAL AND FINICAL

[SCENE—Deal. COMMODORE FLIP, CAPTAIN WORTHY, and CAPTAIN MIZZEN *returning from a cruise drop anchor in the Downs. One by one they come ashore. CAPTAIN WORTHY, on landing, meets an old friend, MR. ROVEWELL, who engages him in conversation.*]

WORTHY. But see! The Commodore! [*Enter Flip.*

FLIP. Ha! Rovewell, what cheer? What cheer, my lad?

ROVEWELL. Most noble Commodore, your humble servant.

FLIP. Noble! A plague of nobility I say. The best commodores that ever went between two ends of a ship had not a drop of nobility in 'em, thank Heaven.

ROVEWELL. Then you still value yourself for being a brute, and think ignorance a great qualification for a sea captain?

FLIP. I value myself for not being a coxcomb, that is, what you call a Gentleman Captain, which is a new name for sea fops, who forsooth must wear white linen, have field beds, lie in Holland sheets, and load their noddles with thirty ounces of horse-hair, which makes 'em hate the sight of an enemy, for fear bullets and gunpowder should spoil the beau wig and laced jacket. They are indeed pretty fellows at single rapier, and can

with a little drink in their heads cut the throats of their best friends. But catch 'em yard-arm and yard-arm with a Frenchman and down goes the colours. Oh! it was not so in the Dutch Wars. Then we valued ourselves upon wooden legs and stumps of arms, and fought as if heaven and earth was coming together.

ROVEWELL. Yes, yes. You fought very gloriously when you let the Dutch burn the fleet at Chatham.

FLIP. That accident was owing to the treachery of some rogues at land, and not to us sea-faring folks.

WORTHY. Come. Leave railing, my good Commodore. I believe thou art honest and brave; but, wanting sense and good manners, would fain put the world out of conceit with those accomplishments. You old captains that sit at Court Martials, are very envious, and often mulct a young fellow for actions, which were reckoned glorious ones when done by any of your stupid selves.

FLIP. By the lodestone I swear I am not one of those. I have served in every office belonging to a ship from cook's boy to Commodore and have all the sea-jests by heart from the forecastle to the Great Cabin. And I love a sailor.

WORTHY. Ay; so well as to get drunk with every mess in the ship once a week.

FLIP. Why! That makes the rogues love me. My jocularousness with 'em makes 'em fight for me. They keep me out of a French gaol. I'll follow my old method till I am superhanded, which I believe I shan't petition for this twenty years.

WORTHY. Since you love your common sailors so well, what reason can you have for using your lieutenant like a dog?

FLIP. Because he sets up for a fine gentleman and lies in gloves to make his hands white; and though 'tis his watch, when I ring my bell, the rogue is above

coming to my cabin. I sent him ashore yesterday to the post-house with a letter to the Ambraltry¹. I ordered him to buy me a quarter of mutton and three score cabbages for my own use. And the landlubber (for he's no sailor) had the impudence to tell me, he would not be my "boy." I told him I'd bring him to a Court Martial; and he threatened to throw up his commission and cut my throat.

ROVEWELL. Ha, ha. I'm glad thou hast met with a young fellow of life and vigour, that knows how to use you according to your deserts. But see who comes here so gay!

FLIP. 'Tis a water beau! One water spaniel is worth fifty of such fair-weather fops. Do but observe him now! Oh, monstrous!

[*Enter CAPTAIN MIZZEN and COXSWAIN.*]

MIZZEN [*to Coxswain*]. Go you to the Perfumer's. Buy me a gallon of Orange-flower Water and a pint of Jasmine Oil. Let the muslin curtains, and furbelowed toilet be washed out of hand. Carry on board a bushel of Sweet Powder, and tell the Purser I am resolved every man on board my ship shall have a clean white shirt at his charge. Tuesday next is my visiting-day; and I design to let all the world see how much I have reformed the Navy. [*Exit Coxswain.*]

FLIP. Ho, ho, ho! Here's a fine gentleman for you!

MIZZEN [*seeing the company*]. Dear Rovewell, split me on a rock, if I am not transported at the sight of you!

FLIP. It would be well for the nation if such butterflies as you were transported to some of the Plantations. I wish you were my bow-man, and the wind blew strong at east. I'd spoil your beauetry.

¹ Admiralty.

MIZZEN. Why, Lord, Commodore! Won't you give a man leave to be decent and clean? Will nothing please you but what stinks of tar and tobacco?...Why, dear Commodore! Do you think because we *gentlemen* put on clean shirts every day that we can't understand the affairs of the Navy as well as those who wear their shirts till they are lousy? Do you think that nastiness gives you a title to knowledge?

ROVEWELL. As my friend Mizzen says, because brutes are sailors, can none be sailors but brutes?

FLIP. I don't know what you mean by the word "brute." But I can perceive that no animal is so ridiculous as a monkey, except it be his charming imitator, a beau.

MIZZEN. Did you never see an unlicked bear? He, he, he.

FLIP. He, he, he! Yes, I have, booby. What then?

MIZZEN. Oh! dear monster, be civil.

FLIP. Bullets and gunpowder, what do you mean? If the government did but know what a swab thou art, I should be knighted for cutting thy throat.

ROVEWELL. Oh! fie! Let's have no quarrelling.

MIZZEN. No, no! There's no fear of it. The Commodore knows the length of my sword and nimble turn of my wrist too well to pick a quarrel with me.

FLIP. Why! Thou can'st only value thyself for being a fencing-master! Were we in a saw-pit together with each a blunderbuss, I'd try if I could not make a sieve of thy laced jacket. I'd soon singe thy curls so, that thy wig should hang like a parcel of rigging after an engagement.

WORTHY [*aside to Rovewell*]. This has been the continual diversion of our voyage.

ROVEWELL. Indeed I think my friend Flip does use Captain Mizzen too roughly.

FLIP. Ay, ay. You're all alike. A periwig-maker covers your noddles, and a dancing-master gives you a hitch in your pace. But the tailor finishes the fop. I find there's no bringing your folly to an anchor, so long as the wind blows strong in the nonsensical corner. So, fare you well!

[Exit Flip.]

ALL. Your humble servant.

ROVEWELL. 'Tis a wretched fellow!

MIZZEN. I have not words to express what a miserable plague he has been to me; besides a charge! Would you believe it! Now split me on a rock, if he did not one day break me forty pounds worth of *China*!

ROVEWELL. For Heaven's sake, where was it?

MIZZEN. Why, in my Great Cabin. I dare affirm it, no town-lady's withdrawing-room, nor country-gentlewoman's closet is nicer furnished than my cabin. 'Tis wainscoted with most charming *India*, *Japan*, and looking-glass. I have a very noble scrutoire and the most celebrated screen in Europe. I have an invention which makes the great guns in my cabin appear to be elbow chairs covered with cloth of *Tuisey*. I have six and thirty silver sconces and every vacancy is crammed with *China*.

ROVEWELL. These rarities are worth seeing indeed.

WORTHY. Oh! he keeps a visiting-day. You and I'll wait on him.

MIZZEN. I shall think myself prodigiously obliged to you. Maybe you'll see as great a concourse of people as there is at a General's when he returns victorious. Barges, pinnaces, Deal yawls, and long-boats innumerable.

ROVEWELL. Pray, who visits you in long-boats?

MIZZEN. Why, *Dutch* Admirals. You must know, I range 'em into the following order. My barges I call coaches and six. My pinnaces are chariots with two

horses. My Deal yawls are Sedans, and my long-boats hackney-coaches.

WORTHY. Very nice indeed.

MIZZEN. All my sconces are loaded with waxed tapers. My Lieutenants and Warrant Officers, nicely dressed and perfumed, place themselves on each side my steerage. My midshipmen and Quarters¹ are ranged from the bulkhead to the gangway in my own white shirts. The ship's side is manned by my Boat's Crew in spruce apparel and clean gloves. And the rest of the ship's company are ready upon all occasions to give cheers and huzzas, according to the quality of the visitants.

ROVEWELL. Well. And what entertainment are we to meet with?

MIZZEN. Why, I generally treat with tea. But the most modern way is to give nothing.

ROVEWELL. Pshaw! Methinks a bowl of punch would be most proper.

WORTHY. Oh, beastly! We at sea always smoke when we drink, and that would spoil all the gay furniture.

MIZZEN. Oh, wretched! And the stink would suffocate me.

ROVEWELL. What is your conversation?

MIZZEN. We imitate the ladies as near as we can, and therefore scandalize² everybody. We laugh at the ridiculous management of the Navy Board, pry into the rogueries of the Victualling Office, and tell the names of those clerks who were ten years ago barefoot, and are now twenty thousand pound men... Sometimes we quarrel about whose ship sails best, who makes the finest punch, or who has the greatest hardships by having great men's favourites put over their heads. But I keep them within the bounds of good manners and moderation.

¹ *Quarters*, quartermasters.

² *Scandalize*, backbite.

WORTHY. That is a very great point gained.

MIZZEN. May I be keel-hauled¹, if any man in the universe has more reformed the Navy than myself. I am now compiling a book wherein I mend the language wonderfully. I leave out your "larboard" and "starboard," "hawsers" and "swabs." I have no such things as "Haul, cat, haul!" nor "Belay!" — silly words, only fit for Dutchmen to pronounce. I put fine sentences into the mouths of our sailors, derived from the manliness of the Italian and the softness of the French. And by the time I am made an Admiral, I doubt not of bringing every sailor in the Navy to be more polite than most of our country gentlemen; and the next generation of them may pass very well for people of the first quality.

The Fair Quaker of Deal.

¹ *Keel-hauling* was one of the severest naval punishments. The culprit was suspended from one yard-arm with a rope attached to his back and a weight to his legs. Another rope, made fast to his body, led under the ship's bottom to a block at the opposite yard-arm. The victim was then lowered into the sea, dragged under the vessel's keel and hoisted on the opposite side of the ship. The punishment was waggishly described by the tars as "under-going a great hardship."

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